THE TIMES

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

77th Year

15 SEPTEMBER 1978

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T·L·S

THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

FRIDAY • 22 SEPTEMBER 1978 • No. 3,990 • 28p

John Butler Yeats, prodigal father

Mary Webb, Enid Bagnold, Gladys Deacon

The double tradition of Walter Pater

Crown and people; Making nationalization work

Talking to animals— the Clever Hans Fallacy

Dickens; Juan Gris; Dr Doyle's diary

Wittgenstein and the logic of colour

The Alhambra; the Tuareg; Uganda; the Isle of Purbeck



A portrait of W. B. Yeats drawn by his father in January, 1886, from William M. Murphy's Prodigal Father: The Life of John Butler Yeats, *reviewed in this issue.*

Kingsley Amis and 'Jake's Thing'

COMMENTARY

Brigid Brophy on 'The Philanderer'; the return of Ervin Nyiregyhazi

Aspects of micropublishing

'Poor painter, poor ghost'

By F. S. L. Lyons

WILLIAM M. MURPHY:
Prodigal Father
The Life of John Butler Yeats (1839-1922)
680pp. Cornell University Press. £17.50.

I am fortunate enough to be reviewing this biography of John Butler Yeats in a house which contains two of his portraits. One, painted in 1864, is of a former Vice-Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, Sir Andrew Hart, and although the artist was then forty-five years old it must be accounted an early work. The background is almost entirely dark, but out of the blackness rises a fine, white-bearded Victorian face, reminiscent of "O'Leary's noble head", the head, that is, of the old Fenian John O'Leary whom J. B. Yeats and his son were later to immortalize on canvas and in print. The second picture, a copy of an eighteenth-century work, was done twenty-two years later for the typically Yeatsian price of £10. It depicts John Sterne, Trinity College divine, predecessor of Swift as Dean of St. Patrick's, and ultimately a bishop of the Church of Ireland. This portrait makes no concessions. The gentle doctor looks meekly out from beneath a curiously simian brow, his face so like that of an angelic ape that it seems to confute equally Bishop Wilberforce and T. H. Huxley.

Neither of these paintings comes anywhere near the best of Yeats, but they share the same quality possessed in abundance by their creator throughout his life—they demand attention. Carping critics might object, indeed, that J. B. Yeats demanded attention a little too often and too stridently and no doubt they would point to his eventual eclipse by his two famous sons, Willie and Jack, as an impressive manifestation of natural justice. Yet this would be a shallow judgment. For while the father certainly demanded, and got, attention, his tragedy was not only that it was mostly the wrong kind of attention, but that when the right kind came, it came too late.

His position in the Yeats industry, as in the Yeats family, has always been ambiguous. Ever since selections of his marvellous letters were first published more than sixty years ago, everyone interested in the whole extraordinary Yeats phenomenon has always known that sooner or later he would have to reckon with that impish, irresponsible, brilliant, but also pathetic figure. He was much too much of an original to have been left indefinitely on the margins of history. There were signs a few years ago, with the appearance of Douglas Archibald's perceptive study, that the older Yeats was coming into his own, but now at last William Murphy has given him the memorial he deserves.

Professor Murphy is no believer in instant biography and in his preface wryly remarks that his friends tell him that it has taken him nearly as long to write the life as J.B.Y. (I thankfully adopt Professor Murphy's economical usage) took to live it. But he has steadfastly remained constant to his pursuit of the whole and the result is a most impressive monument of dedicated scholarship. It is exact, searching, wide-ranging, critical and at the same time often amusing and always compassionate.

Errors of fact, at least at first reading, seem extremely few for such a large book and they can be briefly dismissed. Parnell was imprisoned in Kilmainham jail on October 13, 1881, not October 17. The Lord Frederick Cavendish assassinated in 1882 was Chief Secretary of Ireland, not Lord Lieutenant. John Pentland Mahaffy became Vice-Provost of Trinity in 1913, not 1910. And while it is true that Edward Dowden never sat on the Board of Trinity College, Dublin, that was not because he was a radical (Dowden a radical!) but because he was not a Senior Fellow; indeed, he was not even a Junior Fellow. As for the Board centuries simply as "the Board". When Professor Murphy alludes in the grand title "Hebdomadal" he is thinking, I fancy, of another institution in another place. More important than these trifles, Professor Murphy is wrong in stating that the John Butler Yeats portraits now publicly displayed in Dublin are in both the Municipal Gallery and the National Gallery. This is no longer true, though it is an easy mistake to make, for pictures in that city have often moved about so frequently as to be liable to a charge of vagrancy, but at this moment they are concentrated in the National Gallery, apart, of course, from the famous group in the Abbey Theatre.

This is a book on the grand scale and in approaching it one is fascinated, as always, in seeing how the biographer will handle the special problems of the long-distance runner. For a time I feared that Professor Murphy was pacing himself too cautiously and staying too far from his quarry, no doubt with the laudable aim of not obscuring our view of the bizarre story he has to unfold. But as he warms to his theme and especially when he is on native ground after J.B.Y.'s move to New York, his style becomes noticeably more relaxed and the book moves to its appointed end with a beauty that is both elegiac and gay. It is right to mention also, since these are rare virtues nowadays, that both the proofreading and the index are beyond reproach. The book is further enriched by many of J.B.Y.'s sketches which, lacking a series of full-scale portraits in colour, convey superbly his felicity and his humanity.

Although J.B.Y. left behind him many portraits and sketches which have immortalized the brief flowering of the Irish renaissance, he was, as the world reckons these things, a failure. Trained, in a manner of speaking, for the bar, he stumbled into art. He spent many years achieving a style and was his own most destructive critic, endlessly fertile in delay, often refusing or neglecting commissions. But he should not be taken quite as much at his own valuation as this biography tends to do. I suspect that Professor Murphy is more interested in him as catalyst than as artist, and when we think of his influence, not only upon his poor son, but upon many others also, there is a sense in which his life can be thought of as more important than his work. But the artist-philosopher in J.B.Y. would not have been happy with such a facile distinction. The artist's life, as he so often repeated, *was* his work, and although Professor Murphy tells us a great deal about the unfinished paintings, we should like to have heard rather more about the completed masterpieces. Of these there were enough to allow him to take his place, as James White, Director of the National Gallery of Ireland has so felicitously said, as "the most sensitive portrait painter" his country has produced.

Still, there is no denying that J.B.Y. was incurably dilatory, had no business sense whatever, and exposed his young family to circumstances so dire that there was sometimes not enough to eat. Yet those who survived the ordeal may in fact have been toughened by it. This was true of his sons Willie and Jack (a third son died in infancy) and of his daughter Susan Mary (Lily). But it was less true of his other daughter Elizabeth Corbet (Lollie) and it was not true at all of his wife, Susan Pollexfen, daughter of the long-established Sligo family of millers and shipowners. She is the one for whom I feel sorriest, who seems always to be ignored, and of whom even this biography can find little to say. She brought to the livelier and more imaginative Yeatses the Pollexfen qualities of common sense, regard for public opinion, and reverence for the Puritan ethic of "getting on". Her idea of getting on had been to marry the budding lawyer and live happily ever after in the blissful security of Dublin professional society. Instead, she found herself rudely transplanted to London, back to Dublin, then again to London, her wishes disregarded, her children going their own way, her husband unable or unwilling to face his responsibilities as head of the family.

As he approached forty, still without cash or reputation, J.B.Y. was in grave danger of ending as the poor man's Micawber. Eternally waiting for something to turn up, he seemed unable to bring to the role the majestic confidence of the great original, though this came abundantly later. His tragi-comedy was, so to speak, Micawber without the prince of Denmark. As for poor Susan Yeats, she was what Mrs Micawber might have been with no Dickens to speak for her. There was, in fact, no one to speak for her and, true Pollexfen that she was, she could not speak for herself. So, gradually, almost imperceptibly, she simply withdrew, dying in January 1900, after forty years of marriage to a man she had loved her after fashion, but whom she never really came to know.

Her death seems in a strange way to have liberated the family. They drifted back to Dublin—they never moved purposefully anywhere—and suddenly in 1900 all sorts of things began to happen. J.B.Y., caught in the iron grip of altogether more formidable figures, artist, Sarah Purser, found herself swept into a joint exhibition of their own work and that of Nathaniel Hone which revealed to an astonished world that the debunker of sixty-two had work of real quality to his name. Simultaneously his son Jack had his own exhibition, "Sketches of Life in the West of Ireland", and Dublin, already becoming inured to Willie's theatrical ambitions, had the less than ecstatic pleasure of seeing the first production of his and Lady Gregory Moore's *Diarmuid and Grania*, the play so high-minded in intent, so richly comic in the history of its composition. A year later the Yeatses seemed to have sent down further Irish roots when Lily and Lollie launched the Dun Emer Industries at Dundrum, and though these were beset with troubles from the start—Lollie was a developed symptoms alarmingly reminiscent of her mother's depressive illness—out of it all eventually came the Cuala Press and industries which was the sisters', especially Lily's, contribution to the extraordinary outpouring of talent and genius by the Yeats family over the next three decades.

Yet, though things went a bit going right, that incorrigibly restless man, J.B.Y., could not settle to his place at the feast. The famous exhibition left him no richer than before, and although between 1901 and 1907 he painted *most of his* portraits on which his ultimate reputation will rest, soon he was complaining that it was not possible to make a living in Dublin. What he really meant was that *he* could not make a living. This seems to have been largely his own fault, for there were times during these years when he was so sublimely unbusinesslike that beside him Van Gogh begins to look like a positive tycoon.

Inevitably, this produced family



Family portraits by J.B.Y.: from left to right, his children Lollie, Lily and Jack, and their mother, Susan Pollexfen Yeats.

tragedies and Professor Murphy brings out pitilessly how Willie in particular reacted to these stresses by an arrogance of behaviour which at times embraced the whole family. Professor Murphy is much too good a biographer not to realize that this behaviour reflected as much, if not more, Willie's own inner turmoil at Maud Gonne's marriage and at the endless strife in which he was enmeshed by "theatre business, management of men", but naturally he sees the conflict of generations through the eyes of the older man and thus creates an imbalance which will have to be redressed in due course. Yet he makes the cogent and valid point that Willie was what he was because he was as much Pollexfen as Yeats. Many years later one of the more rabid Catholic papers in Dublin used to vent its spleen against the "English sewage" school of literature by habitually calling him "Pollexfen Yeats" to emphasize his "foreignness". The paper was partly right, even if for wholly disreputable reasons. There was a toughness, a practicality, a selfwill there at the deep heart's core, and we may be thankful there was, for without it Willie would never have cut loose from the tentacles of the not so dear octopus that was his family.

It did not help matters that this prodigal parent was the best conversationalist of his day in a city where that art is often more highly rated than the dull grind of actually putting paint on canvas or words on paper. If Willie also in time became a contender for the title it was because he had learnt the business of high talk the hard way, listening day in day out to the painter at the breakfast table. But because that painter's mind was obsessed with the role of the artist in modern society (which was one of Willie's obsessions also), he absorbed more from his father than he could fully understand until near the end of his own life when he came to realize that some of his cherished theories (though not all) were echoes, loud or faint, of J.B.Y.'s *obiter dicta*.

It is notoriously difficult to convey to posterity the flavour and nuances of a man's utterances, often casually thrown off in response to inspirations or provocations which the biographer simply cannot recapture. Professor Murphy contents himself with random flashes that tell us something of J.B.Y.'s versatility and wit, but wisely, he pays more attention to the ideas the old man put on paper either in his letters (often a good indication of what his conversation must have been like), or in the occasional lectures, essays and memoirs published towards the end of his life. His creed was not very different from that of George Moore, the family's *bête noire*.

"What can the artist say?" he asked in one of his lectures.

> He works only to please himself, and regards it as the most egregious folly—indeed, a kind of wickedness—to try to please anybody else; he admires wrong as often as right . . . he inculcates no lessons and preaches no dogma. . . . Art seems to say, with all its strength and with all its voices: "Seek temptation; run to meet it; we are here to be tempted." Art does not say—"Be happy, or be miserable, or be prudent", but it says—"Live, have it out with fortune, don't spare yourself, be no laggard or coward, have no fear".

Yet it would be wrong to look for too much consistency from J.B.Y., even in his philosophy of art. Many different influences converged upon him, though none dominated him. Professor Archibald has rightly said of him that "if his ideas about art are most characteristically Romantic, about politics Utilitarian, and about criticism Aristotelian, his social and cultural sense remains Georgian Anglo-Irish. . . . In temperamental bias and social instinct, he is urbane, sceptical, and conservative". Professor Murphy follows much the same line but emphasizes the extraordinary openness of J.B.Y.'s mind, that "boundless receptivity" that remained with him to the very end. "J.B.Y.", he says,

> was the perfectly civilized citizen of an imperfectly civilized world, often assertive, but never dogmatic, constantly playing with ideas as a child plays with toys. He excited others to think thoughts they had not thought before, and they left his presence with a higher opinion of their own worth. The most amusingly melancholy paradox of his career is that he who could so arouse the enthusiasms and emotions of others should be so continually battered and harried himself by the exigencies of ordinary life.

He might well have been battered and harried out of existence altogether had it not been for John Quinn, "The Man From New York", B. L. Reid, in his admirable biography of Quinn, has shown how much the wealthy Irish-American lawyer did for Irish art and writing in the first twenty years of this century. Quinn's attention was drawn to J.B.Y. by reading notices of the Hone-Yeats Exhibition and they met when Quinn paid his first visit to Ireland the following year. There were to be many more such pilgrimages until, as Professor Murphy crisply observes, "the Irish got on his nerves" and they abruptly ceased. But the friendship with J.B.Y. and his family, so far from ceasing, led straight to the bravura last phase of the painter's career.

At the end of 1907 he decided, of course on the spur of the moment, to accompany his daughter Lily to an Irish exhibition in New York. They were to be away only a short while, but in fact J.B.Y. never again returned to Ireland. He quickly settled in at a boarding house run by the Petitpas sisters on West Twenty-Ninth Street, and there he stayed for the rest of his life, dying in his dingy, stuffy bedroom early in the morning of February 3, 1922. Facing him was the self-portrait in oils which he had begun at Quinn's request in 1911 and which, characteristically, was still unfinished at his death. It appears, reproduced in colour for the first time, as the frontispiece of this biography and it conveys magnificently "his beautiful mischievous head thrown back"—the quick intelligence, the independence of mind, the pugnacity, the open-faced integrity of the man.

The New York years were among the happiest of J.B.Y.'s life and though he did little serious work beyond the usual compulsive sketching and a few paintings, the circle that gathered round him regularly for dinner and his by now legendary conversation in-



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chedal sense of the best of the rising generation in American art and letters—Robert Henri, John Sloan, Van Wyck Brooks, Edward Arlington Robinson and many, many others. The young men found him irresistible. His combination of experience and innocence was infinitely appealing and John Sloan spoke for more than himself when he said, as he followed J.B.Y.'s coffin to the grave, that he felt as if he had lost a father.

These New York acrobatics were conducted, as usual, on a tightrope of excruciating poverty. The old man was constantly behind with his rent and was only able to live as he did because of the inexhaustible generosity of John Quinn and the readiness of W. B. Yeats to "sell" various of his manuscripts to Quinn in return for money paid towards the upkeep of J.B.Y. This money had to be doled out sparingly—any lump sum would immediately have been spent on a *celebration—and although Quinn repeatedly urged J.B.Y. to go home to his family, and often lost his temper in the process, he was always there in the last resort to be exploited by an expert who had forgotten more about the ability of the artist to survive in a workaday world than Louis Dubedat ever knew.*

Of all this Quinn was so perfectly well aware that he once sketched a Jamesian novel, to be called "The Deferred Return" or "The Return Deferred". It was to show the arrival in New York of J.B.Y., "The Grand Lama of 29th Street", the Confucian calm with which he settled into his paradisal existence and the rising indignation of Quinn himself, "the Ambassador", at his failure to connect the artist with his version of reality. After describing J.B.Y.'s recurring financial crises, his one serious illness (when he was, literally slapped into submission by an overpowering nurse), the novel would end with the Grand Lama serenely continuing on his incorrigible way. But the last lines of the scenario have a scarcely veiled bitterness:

> *And so the book comes to a triumphant close with the victory of the Lama over his family, over the Ambassador, over his doctor, over his nurse, and, over his friends, it all being a triumphant indication of the philosophy of the ego, of the victory of the man who regards only himself, of the man who does not care for others when they cease to amuse. Above the artist's ego . . . the play-boy of 29th Street, the youth of eighty without a care, with never a thought of his family or of his friends, with eternal self-indulgence . . . this young man who has enjoyed fifty years of play and talk and health and high spirits and wine and drink and cigars, the man who enjoys the evasions of the artist—he "gets away with it", as Henry James would say.*

As time passed and the old man grew deafer and gradually more frail, he was increasingly a liability to his family and friends. Clinging to New York—perhaps, rather, shrinking from Dublin?—he became, as John Quinn's son Willie indignantly and repeatedly told him, a figure without dignity as he ignored all Quinn's efforts to restore him to his homeland. But, as often happens in such cases, the more he lost in dignity (as viewed by others) he gained in sensitivity. During 1918 he wrote a "suppressed chapter of my memoirs" describing the herd years in London after 1886. It outlined this searing passage of self-revelation:

> *I had the pain and humiliation of being daily and cruelly beat at work to keep the wolf from the door. I was getting £4 a week and bringing it home to keep my house. Lolita also had to work, secretarying, and teaching these young Sues out from the pleasant life that belonged to the station, without girl friends or men friends—and all my fault. And there behind all was the poor wife's silent perfectly well that it was this terrible struggle with want of means that had upset her mind. You may say I had Willie's success and growing fame to comfort me. Yes, but I had not his respect. How could I have it? I had not my own.*

"That fearful voice—a famish'd father's cry." It was to echo again a couple of years later when Willie's autobiographical *Four Years* infuriated his father with a single, seemingly innocuous allusion. J.B.Y. spent a few days at Oxford copying out a seventeenth-century translation . . . and returned very pale to any enraged family." Why "enraged", demanded J.B.Y.? Willie's sisters were too hard at work to be enraged at anything, cut off as they were by endless labour from living like other girls of their age and standing. "They paid the penalty", he added bitterly, "of having a father who did not earn enough and was besides an Irish landlord." And to Lollie J.B.Y. wrote satirically: "We must submit and pay the penalty of knowing a poet. . . . I am quite sure Willie has no malice against us. . . . I don't really now complain of his contempt, but it should not now be revived in his book and written about for his glory."

It was useless to protest. Although he changed that fatal "enraged" to "troubled" in the final version of *Autobiographies*, Willie was still Pollexfen as well as *Yeats and he had his side of the story to tell. He let it boil over in a letter about his father to Quinn a few months later:*

> *It is this infirmity of will which prevented him from finishing his pictures and ruined his career. He even hates the sign of will in others. It used to cause quarrels between me and him, for the qualities which I thought necessary to success in art or in life seemed to him "egotism" or "selfishness" or "brutality". I had to escape this family drift, innocent and helpless, and the need for that drew me to dominating men like Henley and Morris and estranged me from his friends. . . .*

To W. E. Henley and William Morris Willie might in all honesty have added Lady Gregory. Besides being everybody's aunt she had not only taken the place of Willie's mother, but as Professor Murphy suggests (following here a lead given formerly by Professor Archibald), she had also become for the poet a kind of surrogate father, guiding and liberating him at the same time. It seems almost as if J.B.Y. sensed as much, for in the row over the offending sentence from *Four Years*, he allowed his jealousy to break the surface. "Had you stayed with me?" he wrote, "and not left me for Lady Gregory and her friends and associations you would have loved and adored concrete life for which as I know you have a real affection. What would have resulted? Realistic and poetical plays, and poetry in closest and most intimate union with the positive realities and complexities of life. And that is the world that waits, so far in vain, its poet. . . ."

It was sad that these homotruths, long suppressed, yet deeply felt on both sides, should have shattered the old man's illusions and peace of mind at the very end. But perhaps, after all, his peace of mind was invulnerable because he had no permanent illusions. Art was his religion and art was always unfinished, "always seeking the perfect quarry and never finding it". And perhaps that was why, as Professor Murphy so finely says, the unfinished *self-portrait was the truest symbol for the man himself. "To imagine that John Butler Yeats would ever have 'finished' it would be to misunderstand all that he stood for. It didn't matter where the portrait stopped. As a work of art it was always complete and incomplete at the same time. . . ."*

So also with the man himself. Like the Rembrandt of the late self-portraits, he too understood, as he neared the end, that all is vanity, but characteristically gave his own twist to that solemn conclusion. . . .

> *The world is vanity, saith the Preacher—it isn't. God made it. It is reality and art and poetry are vanity; that is, they have no existence outside man's imagination—and what is not this kind of vanity, is neither poetry nor art nor human or anything else that is important. By logic and reason we die hourly; by imagination we live.*

Seven years before his death J.B.Y., in one of those letters to Willie, which affected his son so much more deeply than either realized at the time, had written his own epitaph when describing the "gloss" that he saw when he looked in the mirror. "He continually eludes me, the fault not in him but in myself. I may be found some day dead at the foot of that mirror, after which the ghost will never be seen of mortal. Poor painter, poor ghost."

Living for effect

By Marina Warner

DAPHNE FIELDING :
The Face on the Sphinx
A Portrait of Gladys Deacon Duchess of Marlborough
127pp. Hamish Hamilton. £5.50.

In 1931, Bernard Berenson, who had admired Gladys Deacon some thirty years before, when she was in her teens, dismissed her as another Trilby, "that beautiful divine singer who did not know a note. . . . She did not really know how to 'learn' but she could retain everything which would be useful to her in making an effect . . .".

From the point of view of creating a stir, Gladys Deacon began life with signal advantages; but that life resembles a Victorian morality painting illustrating with theatrical emphasis the horrors attendant upon a life of vanity, the penalties of living to be seen, contingent on the notice of others, dependent on society's shifting support with no inner armature. Mme. de Mercuil was published with smallpox; Gladys Duchess of Marlborough after a glittering social success and such accolades as swoons from d'Annunzio and dewdrops from Proust, was blighted in a different fashion and ended in a nursing home in the Midlands, a batty and bereft crone of ninety-seven, tormented by hairy visitors through the walls and the administering of a sedative she called "pom".

Her native advantages were beauty and money and scandal. All had their appropriate effect. Her looks, carved in stone on the Blenheim sphinx that gives Daphne Fielding her title for this biographical tribute, were certainly stunning in a way that has not slipped from our grasp today, unlike the famous court ladies of Sir Peter Lely's gallery at Hampton Court. Her beauty is immediately recognizable, proud, harmonious, and sensual. She was fair, with eyes so big and so blue some found them alarming, and her tall, energetic frame inspired frequent amazonian similes. Robert de Montesquiou commented that she was "absolutely an archangel"; the German essayist Hermann Keyserling, to whom she was briefly engaged, found her "a goddess in a chariot drawn by the war horses of the Parthenon frieze".

She arrived in Europe from Boston, already an advantage in the era of open aristocratic fortune-hunting, and she had money, not a lot, but enough, for her mother, Florence Baldwin Deacon, inherited 500,000 francs from a rich lover (according to George Painter—Mrs Fielding is too well-mannered to mention money); and soon after his death, began living under the protection of the *richissima* Princess Doria Pamphili in the eighteenth-century palace of a villa, Caprarola, near Viterbo. But the effect Mrs Deacon and her daughters had on the grain was not only produced by their handsome style. Daphne Fielding tells the story well, for of all the fin-de-siècle *crimes passionels*, Florence Deacon had caused one of the most notorious.

"Coco" Abeille, rich, womanizing bachelor, lived with a brother who took up pursuit of pleasure as society, that his wardrobe contained only evening clothes. Together they entertained lavishly in a house in Paris. Mrs Deacon began a careless liaison, making a gull of her husband with sweet words about bedroom tête-à-têtes being the done thing in sophisticated circles. There were a number of narrow chases, until, in February 1892, Edward Deacon forced his way into his wife's room in the Hotel Splendide, Cannes, and shot Coco three times as he made for the window trying to pull on his trousers under his nightshirt. "No scandal for the sake of the children", cried Mrs Deacon. When one aristocratic admirer a few years later inquired about the beautiful American at the table his companion remarked, "I advise you to take jumping lessons". Florence Deacon herself contrived sang-froid. When asked about her husband, she once replied: "He was a very good shot." As for Gladys, when she found a maid reading her diary, she began beating her head in, and explained later: "Mais enfin je suis la fille de Passassin."

Florence Deacon was expert at effect, and she brought up her daughters to be beauteous, to think rich, and, in short, to see men as the solution of their futures and woman's whole existence. The word *love* does not occur much in Daphne Fielding's pages, which is probably accurate. She does mention "amatory laurels", a phrase expressing well the spirit of competition that animated the Deacon sisters. Gladys once took her scissors to the gown Edith had prepared for a dance that night. Florence Deacon comes down to us as a mother who taught Gladys—in French, the idiom of the gratin—that a little black dress must be not just a little black dress, but "un beau noir". She died in a thunderstorm, mysteriously, and was only found days later, the villa ransacked around her, and all her jewels stolen.



Gladys Duchess of Marlborough carved in stone as the sphinx at Blenheim; from Daphne Fielding's The Face on the Sphinx *reviewed here.*

Gladys had been a disappointment to her mother, because she preferred Bohemian intellectualism—in the best circles—to a society match, but in 1902 she met the Duke of Marlborough, then married to Vanderbilt security, and began an affair which became more and more open over the years until, after nearly two decades, the Duke was divorced. At the age of forty the second Gladys became Duchess of Marlborough. As Daphne Fielding writes, "If only Florence Baldwin had lived to see her favourite daughter become an English duchess her ambition would have been crowned with strawberry leaves".

But this Duke was, in the opinion of Arthur Lord Lee, "a very poor creature", and besides, his wife, whose beauty was in her own estimation her raison d'être, lived on physical perfection and underwent paraffin wax treatment, perhaps more primitive than medieval dentistry, and soon after the wedding the wax was on the move, in her eye sockets and down her cheeks, and one scarring reconstruction after another could not arrest its wanderings nor redress the disfigurement. Gladys, like so many women in England, suddenly condemned to loneliness, took to dogs, and upset the Duke still further by boring holes in the parquet floor at Blenheim so that they could litter as it were in the wild.

In 1931, she left Blenheim, and took refuge in the Marlborough house in London, on Carlton House Terrace. The Duke cut off personal services. After all the lustre of family gems and house parties, the person Gladys then settled with was a Mrs Grylls, who shared her passion for breeding King Charles spaniels. The relationship stopped there, and soon Gladys was alone, puffing Woodbines and bricking up windows against death rays, until the broken hip that took her to hospital and eventually to "pom".

Daphne Fielding evokes her subject with feeling, especially at the end of the book, when she describes her own baffling and sad visits to the mindless woman who had been Gladys. She is not, however, convincing that Gladys Deacon was ever very interesting. But then we rarely hear her speak, and apart from the teenage correspondence with Berenson, affected and precious as one would expect, her lively, there are no letters quoted at all. Anecdotes do have a way of slipping out of register in the exciting, but Mrs Fielding is careless. Mme Clemenceau-Jacquemaire loved Gladys to a "Greek warrior" (not an archangel), which *given her* inclination for young women, is more to the point; and it was Proust who blew Gladys a kiss across the lunch table at the Ritz with Harold Nicolson, and not Gladys trying to soothe him after a exchange about homosexuality. Mrs Fielding is also very discreet. For someone whose avowed ambition was to be a "grande horizontale", Gladys, in these pages, remains resolutely vertical.

The pole-star sets

By J. R. Vincent

ROY JENKINS :
Asquith
572pp. Collins. £10.

Roy Jenkins has re-issued his *Asquith* with "Revised Edition" rather boldly printed on the cover. Prospective purchasers should be aware that the revisions are very slight indeed. The author does not intend this to be a new book. It does not take account of work published in the past thirteen years. The number of pages is exactly the same as in the first impression of 1964. This is essentially the book of 1964", the most obvious change being a new two-page introduction which explains that the author made some excisions from his original typescript in deference to Lady Violet Bonham Carter, Asquith's daughter. Now, eight years after her death, the author has "thought it right" to revert, in most cases, to the original.

The excisions, small in quantity, mainly concerned Asquith's "great epistolary friendship" of 1912-15 with Venetia Stanley. A two-volume selection from these letters, probably the most remarkable ever written by a major public figure to a confidante, is to be brought out in 1979 or 1980 by Michael Brock. The most interesting new passages used by Jenkins show Asquith in emotional turmoil over the crumbling of his relationship with Venetia, and her sudden marriage of convenience to Asquith's closest male friend, at the time of the formation of the First Coalition in May 1915. As "the pole-star and lode-star of my life" disappeared, Asquith came to see himself as "a failure, *au fond*, a fool" who was not "whole-heartedly engaged" in the war, and who was writing in anguish "No Hell could be so bad as when Miss Stanley did not reply to his surrealist letters. The important thing about the relationship with Miss Stanley was not so much Asquith's mania for postal courtship as his belief in her "solid intellect, and real insight into affairs", and real insight it was, although "emotional bias" are words pointing out, since they immediately bring to mind parallel accusations agitating the other field dedicated to dispelling modern man's anomie entrenched by his communicative isolation. This inquiry, to probe the multitude of speechless creatures with whom we share the earth, constitutes the main theme of Sally Hahn's informed account, wherein she deplores that there are still stubborn holdouts—she points her finger at Noam Chomsky in particular—who refuse to see seriously the work being done with animals (exemplified here by the chimpanzee Washoe) in order to determine their capacity to communicate in human fashion.

Of Miss Hahn's credentials there can be no doubt. Among her forty-seven previous books, *Animal Gardens* (1957) and *On the Side of Apes* (1971) abundantly testify to her profound sympathy for all manner of animate beings. Her readiness to journey to far ends of the globe, and into remote byways of scholarship in pursuit of even fugitive clues that might attest to the ability of animals to think and reason vouches for the immediacy and freshness of her information. Her reportorial quest for the rational animal is in good conformity with one of the two principal traditions leavening both sides of this arduous quest. In the history of ideas as the dialectic launched in the seventeenth century continues to unfold. This is the stance foreshadowed in a prophetic book by the French physician Julien Offray de la Mettrie, his *L'Homme machine* (1747), a work that persistently argues for the assimilation of human to animal nature, in its firm repudiation of Cartesian dualism and on the basis of data drawn from comparative anatomy and experimental psychology. His lively exposition of a consistent materialism offered a heuristic hypothesis for the study of behaviour and thus became a major forerunner of a host of twentieth-century treatises, partly speculative, partly empirical. The most recent contribution in this vein is Donald R. Griffin's extraordinary essay *The Question of Animal Awareness: Evolutionary Continuity and Mental Experience* (1976), which Miss Hahn of course cites with warm approval.

The wellsprings of Miss Hahn's predilections are quite clear, but the opposing view is hardly represented at all. Two examples of this kind of distortion must suffice. She alludes to a jeweller named Karl Krall and his "collection of wonderful horses at Elberfeld", by subtle implication casting serious doubt for the untutored reader upon the indubitably established principle of the Clever Hans Fallacy (after the performing horse of that name)—the semiotic phenomenon whereby the destination of a messages decisively but unwittingly influences the behaviour of the source, as, for instance, by minuscule muscle tremors or changes in pupil diameter—and its corollaries that, she rightly surmizes, "would put an end to . . . hopes of communication between our world and that of the nonhuman animals". The jejune procedures and conclusions of the amateurish Krall, who published a voluminous account of his "experiments" in *Denkende Tiere* (1912), were fully disposed of in an altogether masterful analysis by his contemporary, Stefan von Maday, in a point for point rebuttal, *Gibt es denkende Tiere?* (1914). Yet this meticulous, conclusive study is completely ignored by Miss Hahn.

Or take a second equine example: Miss Hahn recites the self-styled exploits of a trainer named Henry N. Blake, who believes, or claims he does, that horses can communicate among each other and with humans by ESP, or, as he writes in his latest (1977) book, that they "can and do have the ability to communicate by telepathy". Now it is perfectly clear from both of Blake's books that he is a victim of the Clever Hans Fallacy—in fact, I have seldom come across a more transparent case of unconscious sensory cueing. It is irresponsible to insinuate otherwise, even if not explicitly says that "without a generally accepted definition of language the question cannot be answered definitively", yet she does conclude, such indeterminacy notwithstanding, that "many people are satisfied that the apes' productions are certainly relative to the language behaviour of man". But what kind of people has she in mind? The gulls of yesteryear, who believed that a *deus* would emerge *ex machina* from the mind of one of Lilly's dolphins? Or scientists of the stature of John C. Eccles—surely with no linguistic axe to grind—who forcefully expressed his doubt that "these clever learned responses [of signing apes] can be regarded as a language even remotely resembling human language"?

If linguists, such as Chomsky, are to be enjoined from placing what others regard as little more than adroitly presented circus tricks of a handful of captive African apes beyond the pale of language in the technical sense, then, by the same token of a lack of clear definition, the trainers cannot claim a quasi-human language propensity for their charges either. Not surprisingly, the psychologists who have postulated and claimed cognitive capacities for this sort for their chimpanzees—ranging from subjects living in simulated naturalistic conditions to caged brutes subjected to forced-choice tests—have developed bitter rivalries towards each other. Mutual imputations of misinterpretation and worse—finagling—are rampant, so that the impression of idyllic concord conveyed by Miss Hahn is quite misleading.

Linguists these days tend to agree that there is only one universal semiotic system or, to use S. K. Shaumyan's terminology, a single genotype language that models semantic processes realized by phenotype grammars, ie, natural languages, providing correspondence rules connecting this genotype language with the thousands of extant phenotypes, each one of which is unique. Similarly, the communication system of every other kind of animal is unique—species-specific, as biologists like to put it; in fact, this very uniqueness is criterial of specific taxonomic ranking, as, for example, in separating the kids of very similar turtle eggs by just one small but absolutely crucial recognition index, signified solely by eye-ring coloration. At the same time, all communication systems share by definition a number of features the existence of which among other things, enables ethologists to institute studies of ritualization, ie, explorations in the evolution of the sign function.

Taxonomic proximity between two species does not, however, imply near-identity of their respective systems of communication. Even though the average human polypeptide is more than 99 percent identical with its counterpart in the chimpanzee, there are obviously marked differences in our form and behaviour, especially as regards semiosic comportment, probably because of differences in our array of regulatory genes. Language very likely emerged as a consequence of retarded human development, giving rise to our major adaptive distinction from the allioprimates.

The differential character of our regulatory systems needs much more investigation, but there seems little doubt as to its importance in evolutionary change. A recognition that the underlying (genetic) continuity of process itself contains the seeds for surface salvation, amounts to, as Stephen Jay Gould brilliantly argues, a "reconciliation of our gradualistic bias with the appearance of discontinuity", or, to put it in another way, of evolution with revolution. The semiotic systems of the Great Apes evolved quantitatively into man's g-verbal communicatory systems, but his language, and this type of intellectual organization of which it is a palpable manifestation, was a qualitative innovation, which, none the less, can quite well be explained, in standard biological ways.

Whether scanning the skies for fabulously garrulous companions or looking around in our own backyard for ingenuously articulate (if certainly speechless) partners to alleviate our cosmic loneliness, Hotspur's interrogative can, at present only be answered in the negative. No spirits have materialized so far from either above or below.

Clever Hans & Co

By Thomas Sebeok

EMILY HAHN :
Look Who's Talking!
168pp. New York : Crowell, $8.95.

Glendower's boastful claim : "I can call spirits from the vasty deep", coupled with Hotspur's sardonic retort, "Why, so can I, or so can any man; but will they come when you do call for them?", is prototypical of exchanges played out over and over again in two contemporary arenas of scientific endeavour—one extraterrestrial, the other pastoral—seemingly remote from each other yet astonishingly akin as regards their psychological source, aim, and, to a fair extent, techniques for realizing contact. It is surely no coincidence that these paired provinces of knowledge, liberally laced with lore, severally resonating to Harlow Shapley's cardinal question : "In this universe of stars, space, and time, *are we alone?*", evoke returns that were long anticipated in man's myths, and that came to be canalized, with increasing sophistication, in diverse works of science fiction and began to take their present philosophical as well as vulgar shapes in the early 1960s. (For the record, Shapley's categorical decision was that "we are not alone" in this universe, but, so far, the most profitable service of his slogan has been its anticlimactic exploitation as promotional copy by Columbia Pictures for *Close Encounters.*)

One of the two domains (known, since 1971, by the acronym CETI) features terrestrial portals extended out towards "vasty deep" space. These gates are kept ajar—at considerable expense to the polity—in the faith either that messages generated "here" will travel through them to perceivers thought to be lurking among advanced extraterrestrial civilizations, or, having been targeted vice *versa, may* reach properly programmed telluric interpreters at any moment now. Thus, in thickening traffic, messages are dispatched by mankind to communicate with putative receivers "out there", as with the carefully designed and coded sign quaintly engraved upon a gold-plated plaque plus concomitant by a relatively sophisticated set of syntactic and semantic markers, carried aboard Pioneer 10, launched six years ago. A decade or so before that, Projects Ozma was mounted—vainly, as it turned out—to passively scan Tau Ceti for semiotic activity in the constellation of Cetus, the whale.

Beneath the flood-tides of attack on the problem of two-way interstellar communication—an international cooperative effort being conducted by a host of radio astronomers, biochemists and exobiologists, mathematicians, and other enthusiasts who have produced an impressive and flourishing body of scientific literature, although without, alas, as yet a shred of known subject-matter—there surges a powerful undercurrent of irrationalism and pseudo-science. This embarrassment might well be called mass UFOria. The ins and outs of this hysterical debate about alien forces in our midst cannot be pursued here, but the mutual charges of "emotional bias" are worth pointing out, since they immediately bring to mind parallel accusations agitating the other field dedicated to dispelling modern man's anomie entrenched by his communicative isolation. This inquiry, to probe the multitude of speechless creatures with whom we share the earth, constitutes the main theme of Sally Hahn's informed account, wherein she deplores that there are still stubborn holdouts—she points her finger at Noam Chomsky in particular—who refuse to see seriously the work being done with animals (exemplified here by the chimpanzee Washoe) in order to determine their capacity to communicate in human fashion.

Of Miss Hahn's credentials there can be no doubt. Among her forty-seven previous books, *Animal Gardens* (1957) and *On the Side of Apes* (1971) abundantly testify to her profound sympathy for all manner of animate beings. Her readiness to journey to far ends of the globe, and into remote byways of scholarship in pursuit of even fugitive clues that might attest to the ability of animals to think and reason vouches for the immediacy and freshness of her information. Her reportorial quest for the rational animal is in good conformity with one of the two principal traditions leavening both sides of this arduous quest. In the history of ideas as the dialectic launched in the seventeenth century continues to unfold. This is the stance foreshadowed in a prophetic book by the French physician Julien Offray de la Mettrie, his *L'Homme machine* (1747), a work that persistently argues for the assimilation of human to animal nature, in its firm repudiation of Cartesian dualism and on the basis of data drawn from comparative anatomy and experimental psychology. His lively exposition of a consistent materialism offered a heuristic hypothesis for the study of behaviour and thus became a major forerunner of a host of twentieth-century treatises, partly speculative, partly empirical. The most recent contribution in this vein is Donald R. Griffin's extraordinary essay *The Question of Animal Awareness: Evolutionary Continuity and Mental Experience* (1976), which Miss Hahn of course cites with warm approval.

The wellsprings of Miss Hahn's predilections are quite clear, but the opposing view is hardly represented at all. Two examples of this kind of distortion must suffice. She alludes to a jeweller named Karl Krall and his "collection of wonderful horses at Elberfeld", by subtle implication casting serious doubt for the untutored reader upon the indubitably established principle of the Clever Hans Fallacy (after the performing horse of that name)—the semiotic phenomenon whereby the destination of a messages decisively but unwittingly influences the behaviour of the source, as, for instance, by minuscule muscle tremors or changes in pupil diameter—and its corollaries that, she rightly surmizes, "would put an end to . . . hopes of communication between our world and that of the nonhuman animals". The jejune procedures and conclusions of the amateurish Krall, who published a voluminous account of his "experiments" in *Denkende Tiere* (1912), were fully disposed of in an altogether masterful analysis by his contemporary, Stefan von Maday, in a point for point rebuttal, *Gibt es denkende Tiere?* (1914). Yet this meticulous, conclusive study is completely ignored by Miss Hahn.

Or take a second equine example: Miss Hahn recites the self-styled exploits of a trainer named Henry N. Blake, who believes, or claims he does, that horses can communicate among each other and with humans by ESP, or, as he writes in his latest (1977) book, that they "can and do have the ability to communicate by telepathy". Now it is perfectly clear from both of Blake's books that he is a victim of the Clever Hans Fallacy—in fact, I have seldom come across a more transparent case of unconscious sensory cueing. It is irresponsible to insinuate otherwise, even if not explicitly says that "without a generally accepted definition of language the question cannot be answered definitively", yet she does conclude, such indeterminacy notwithstanding, that "many people are satisfied that the apes' productions are certainly relative to the language behaviour of man". But what kind of people has she in mind? The gulls of yesteryear, who believed that a *deus* would emerge *ex machina* from the mind of one of Lilly's dolphins? Or scientists of the stature of John C. Eccles—surely with no linguistic axe to grind—who forcefully expressed his doubt that "these clever learned responses [of signing apes] can be regarded as a language even remotely resembling human language"?

If linguists, such as Chomsky, are to be enjoined from placing what others regard as little more than adroitly presented circus tricks of a handful of captive African apes beyond the pale of language in the technical sense, then, by the same token of a lack of clear definition, the trainers cannot claim a quasi-human language propensity for their charges either. Not surprisingly, the psychologists who have postulated and claimed cognitive capacities for this sort for their chimpanzees—ranging from subjects living in simulated naturalistic conditions to caged brutes subjected to forced-choice tests—have developed bitter rivalries towards each other. Mutual imputations of misinterpretation and worse—finagling—are rampant, so that the impression of idyllic concord conveyed by Miss Hahn is quite misleading.

Linguists these days tend to agree that there is only one universal semiotic system or, to use S. K. Shaumyan's terminology, a single genotype language that models semantic processes realized by phenotype grammars, ie, natural languages, providing correspondence rules connecting this genotype language with the thousands of extant phenotypes, each one of which is unique. Similarly, the communication system of every other kind of animal is unique—species-specific, as biologists like to put it; in fact, this very uniqueness is criterial of specific taxonomic ranking, as, for example, in separating the kids of very similar turtle eggs by just one small but absolutely crucial recognition index, signified solely by eye-ring coloration. At the same time, all communication systems share by definition a number of features the existence of which among other things, enables ethologists to institute studies of ritualization, ie, explorations in the evolution of the sign function.

Taxonomic proximity between two species does not, however, imply near-identity of their respective systems of communication. Even though the average human polypeptide is more than 99 percent identical with its counterpart in the chimpanzee, there are obviously marked differences in our form and behaviour, especially as regards semiosic comportment, probably because of differences in our array of regulatory genes. Language very likely emerged as a consequence of retarded human development, giving rise to our major adaptive distinction from the allioprimates.

The differential character of our regulatory systems needs much more investigation, but there seems little doubt as to its importance in evolutionary change. A recognition that the underlying (genetic) continuity of process itself contains the seeds for surface salvation, amounts to, as Stephen Jay Gould brilliantly argues, a "reconciliation of our gradualistic bias with the appearance of discontinuity", or, to put it in another way, of evolution with revolution. The semiotic systems of the Great Apes evolved quantitatively into man's g-verbal communicatory systems, but his language, and this type of intellectual organization of which it is a palpable manifestation, was a qualitative innovation, which, none the less, can quite well be explained, in standard biological ways.

Whether scanning the skies for fabulously garrulous companions or looking around in our own backyard for ingenuously articulate (if certainly speechless) partners to alleviate our cosmic loneliness, Hotspur's interrogative can, at present only be answered in the negative. No spirits have materialized so far from either above or below.

First Light

How tardily each thing assumes the light;
Ambushed and enfolded slowly
By the grey cloak of its own shape,
While the first cold query of the bird
Turns, dissolves, in the desolate tunnel of dawn.

This moment in the pillow is of great slowness,
And possibly of great importance.
But if immense weight hangs on this moment
It is only as an unstable balance
Teeters on a pivot narrow as a pin.

The daily shapes distill.
Shapes of thoughts and things.
They're definite.
They lack magic.
Always have and will.

Edward Larrissy

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MULLER



9TH APRIL 1853 DELIGHTFUL WALK AT SUNNYSIDE. WIND E.N.E.

NOTE. If there was no wearing hand it was another proof of the strength of the wind.—

One of the drawings from the journal kept by Richard Doyle while he was at Sunnyside, in the Montrose Royal Lunatic Asylum.

The brush of madness

By Julian Symons

MICHAEL BAKER (Editor) :
The Doyle Diary
The Last Great Conan Doyle Mystery
91pp. Paddington Press. £5.95.

Charles Altamont Doyle was the son of an artist, and one of four brothers who had artistic talents. The best known of them, Richard Doyle, was particularly celebrated for his *Punch* drawings in the mid-Victorian period. Charles became a civil servant in the Scottish Office of Works while still in his teens, as an assistant to the surveyor. He drew and painted in his spare time, selling a little of his work to supplement his inadequate income of £250 a year, and giving some of it away. At some time between 1879 and 1882 he retired to or was placed in a mental institution, and spent the rest of his life in one or another asylum until his death in 1893. Last year a sketchbook journal kept by Charles Doyle during his years at Sunnyside, in the Montrose Royal Lunatic Asylum, came to light. This sketchbook is now reproduced, with an expository and explanatory introduction by Michael Baker.

Our interest in Charles Doyle lies in the fact that Arthur Conan Doyle was one of his sons. In early biographies of Conan Doyle his father remains in the background, and references to him are discreet. The asylum is called a nursing home, and his paintings are described only as "more weird than anything Blake ever produced" in the phrase of Conan Doyle's first biographer. Conan Doyle was never close to his father, but still said thirty years after his death that Charles Doyle was "a great and original artist . . . far the greatest, in my opinion, of the family". During Conan Doyle's last years, when spirits were frequently in communication with him, he received messages from Charles, although we do not know what they said.

Mr Baker has set out to find out more about this remote and desolate figure, and by patient research among records and directories and through inquiries answered by the Doyle family, he has identified a good many details previously obscure. Charles Doyle was committed to an asylum, just possibly by his son Arthur, because he was an alcoholic. He was also an epileptic. These facts were not unknown. Hesketh Pearson's biography written more than thirty years ago mentions "the sort of hospitality that engenders benevolence" in relation to Charles Doyle's gifts of paintings, and a more recent book refers to him as an alcoholic, subject to fits, and says that he died in an epileptic seizure. This is not confirmed by Mr Baker, whose introduction embodies some admirably diligent research, although its tone will be a little too facetious for some tastes.

So to the beautifully produced sketchbook, a touching and pathetic work. The first entry begins: "Keep steadily in view that this Book is ascribed wholly to the produce of a MADMAN Whereabouts would you say was the deficiency of intellect? . . . of depraved taste". A little later the diarist suggests that the book "should be entrusted to the Lunacy Commissioners to show them the sort of Intellect they think it right to imprison as Mad". And obviously Charles Doyle was not insane. Mr Baker says that he was first committed, from a private nursing home specializing in the treatment of alcoholics, after he had obtained drink and become violent.

The drawings and watercolours are very various. There are paintings of flowers and leaves, done accurately and with much attention to detail. Among several of these are fairies, elves and young girls. One girl emerges from a flowerpot, another is embedded in holly, a third has a sprig of fir sprouting from her hair, with the caption "A New Branch of Hairdressing". The feeble vagueness with which the girls are drawn contrasts remarkably with the exact portrayal of the leaves. Visual and verbal puns abound. A man with a long thin nose uses it as a golf driver and putter ("Who Nose from any Feature of Golf this would be"). There is a fairy music stool and cribbage table, an elf's umbrella. There are several enormous birds occupying almost a whole page, some with young girls.

A number of drawings deal with Doyle's surroundings and their effect on him. An elegant woman with a fan, captioned "Madam", is placed beside the same woman, hair like wire and grass stalk in mouth, captioned "Dam Mad". The artist himself appears, a feebly elegant figure bearing some resemblance to Lytton Strachey. He greets Death with a shake of the hand, and the caption says "Well met"; sits like a pleading puppy beside his wife ("Mary, my ideal Home Ruler"); and is seen stretched miserably on a sofa ("People say true as Life—but this is true as Death"). But although Charles Doyle's misery and frustration are apparent, they do not move him to any considerable imaginative production. His wretchedness is expressed in commonplace drawing, and in puns typical of the period. The first hard cover edition of *A Study in Scarlet* was illustrated by him, but although the drawings are interesting in showing a bearded Holmes distinctly resembling Charles Doyle, they are weak, unevocative sketches. What moves one is Doyle's desperation, not his art.

The effect upon Arthur of his father's confinement can only be guessed. He may have had Charles Doyle in mind when describing Sherlock Holmes's alternating bouts of energy and listlessness, it may be significant that Holmes was pre over the Reichenbach Falls not long after Charles's death. But there are no more than interesting speculations. The sketchbook is a fascinating oddity, primarily interesting as "a small slice of Victorian social history", as Mr Baker says—says, of course, from its interest in the Conan Doyle connection. The editor and the publishers deserve thanks for presenting it so eccently and attractively between hard covers.

Criminal proceedings

By T. J. Binyon

EVELYN ANTHONY :
The Return
269pp. Hutchinson. £4.95.

American heiress Anna Campbell Martin, tall, blonde and beautiful, lives in Paris and is about to marry, *en seconde noces*, Count Nicholas Yurovsky, son of a White Russian émigré, when she learns that he is one of a group dedicated to taking revenge for the forced repatriation of three million Russians to the Soviet Union at the end of the Second World War. She joins them, and they succeed in kidnapping Malonkov, formerly in charge of the repatriation proceedings, now a senior member of the Presidium, who is on an official visit to France. Some of the group wish to make him undergo the same fate as his victims, many of whom, including Nicholas's father, were executed on their return to Russia, but Anna and Nicholas, realising that the end can never justify the means, content themselves with smuggling him on to a television programme and engaging him in an inconclusive debate on politics and ethics.

This is the kind of book that gives the thriller a bad name. Not because of the fatuity of its plot, but because of its attitude to its subject. Thrillers often do touch on serious questions, some excitedly, others less so, but if is rare that the conjunction of the fictional and the real should be as tastelessly banal as it is here. An immense human tragedy is relentlessly and continuously luxtaposed with the cosseted and luxurious lifestyle of the very rich. Anna, who sensibly does not go in for the ethnic look, or fashion extravagances, "just the cool, thrown-together effect that is only achieved by spending a fortune", is told the story of the victims of Yalta over a meal in an "unpretentious little place" in which some of the best food in Paris is to be found, and it is continued, over *sole Colbert* and a fine Chablis, in the Tour d'Argent. No hint of irony ever disturbs the bland catalogue of consumer goods that runs side by side with the equably bland narrative. And even in the change of heart of hero and heroine, a moral is carefully spelt out, its message is obscured by the folds of mink in which it is draped.

JONATHAN GOODMAN :
The Last Sentence
218pp. Hutchinson. £4.50.

The unnamed narrator of this book is like its author a criminologist. He has written a study of a celebrated murder of 1948, that of Delia Willis, for which her husband James was tried and convicted, but released after the Court of Criminal Appeal had overturned the conviction. Now, thirty years later, a popular newspaper publishes an article in which a certain George Palermo confesses to the crime, and this is almost immediately followed by Palermo's murder in circumstances which suggest that the murderer had intimate knowledge of the earlier crime. The narrator, knowing the persons involved, decides to investigate Palermo's death, with surprising results, both for himself and for the reader. This is a really splendid detective story: an original form, a highly ingenious plot, a collection of sharply described, striking, and individual characters, wittily narrated with elegance and aplomb.

GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD :
The Last Two Weeks of Georges Rivac
187pp. Michael Joseph. £4.95.

With a Spanish mother, French father, and English grandmother, Georges Rivac, who runs a small import-export agency in Lille, is naturally a fervent believer in the idea of a united Europe; and it is this that leads a Czech businessman —representative of Intertarry Motors of Prague—to entrust to him two seemingly harmless brochures for delivery in London. But the Czech dies in suspicious circumstances, the brochures are too hot to handle: in classical fashion the guiltless and innocent Georges has been entangled in a complicated web of espionage. He takes up company with the Hungarian Zia Fodor, a delightful bruising match with a complexion "like a young lioness married to a peach", and the two are chased by foreign agents and the English police from Thame to Wallingford and over the Berkshire Downs. Though some superficialities of plot recall Geoffrey Household's classic earlier novel, *Rogue Male*, in spirit his latest book is much closer to *A Rough Shoot*, and it is—which says a lot—just as absorbing and enjoyable: as light-hearted, gay and debonnair as Zia herself; as thoughtful and resourceful as Georges.

DESMOND BAGLEY :
Flyaway
318pp. Collins. £4.95.

In 1936 Peter Billson, a contestant in an air race from London to Cape Town, crashed in the Sahara. Now his son Paul, infuriated by a newspaper article hinting that his father never vanished so that his mother could collect £100,000 in insurance, leaves his job and vanishes into North Africa to find the truth. He is followed by Max Stafford, head of a London security agency and the book's narrator, who, guided by an eccentric American gone Tuareg, finds the Billsons père et fils. A number of villainous bones are left to whiten in the desert, and Stafford returns to London finally to solve the forty-year-old mystery of Peter Billson's death. This is a very solid, immensely professional piece of work, each carefully researched detail falling into place in the narrative with the precision of a well-engineered machine. Mr Bagley, who appears in Tuareg garb on the dustjacket—from time to time lets his enthusiasm for the freedom and companionship of the desert get the better of him, but the enthusiasm is infectious, and the whole book is a fine full swing from beginning to end, bearing the reader irrosistibly along.

TORBEN NIELSEN :
19 Red Roses
195pp. Collins. £3.95.

Young man whose girlfriend has been run over and killed by a car decides to take his revenge by murdering not the drunken driver but the person each of them loves most. Torben Nielsen's Danish detective, Superintendent Anchet, is thus confronted with a series of seemingly unaccompanied and motiveless killings. Bogus slowly but gradually cracks up as the police and the murderer pursue their separate ends—to a high state of tension, overcast by a fine pall of inspissated Scandinavian gloom.

The post-sexual revolution

By Karl Miller

KINGSLEY AMIS :
Jake's Thing
285pp. Hutchinson. £4.95.

It rains a lot in Kingsley Amis's latest novel: just the weather, one might suppose, for a hero who discovers that his libido has failed. As it happens, he does not mind very much, while hoping to have it repaired. On the advice of his despised GP, Jake (short for Jaques) Richardson consults a Harley Street sex specialist, a tiny and deplicable Irish Jew with the studied name of Rosenberg, who sets him to study erotic magazines. These are a far cry from the *Lilliput* of his salad days, and are dominated by a forbidding object of "exotic appearance, like the inside of a giraffe's ear or a tropical fruit not much prized even by the locals". Such magazines look as if they are produced by haters of women: Jake has always liked women, and been liked back by over a hundred of them, and the magazines do not turn him on. Rosenberg lassoes Jake's thing with wires, and exhibits him publicly in the activation of an electronic treadmill which is meant to monitor his sexual responses. Together with his nice fat wife, Brenda, the patient is also enrolled in an encounter group run, at a profit, by groovy American Ed, and attended by an unstable girl called Kelly, who makes ominous passes at Jake.

Jake is an Oxford don who lives in London and commutes, and who has absolved his mind from any very strenuous pursuit of Ancient Mediterranean History. He watches television a lot, ingests Mogadons and, when he can afford it, claret, is beset by foreigners and new fashions, is conscious of having been preceded, on board buses, by persons of darker skin than himself, believes that the country has gone, with its architecture, to the dogs, is plausibly commended by his wife for his interest in the truth, is delightfully shown, in the earlier parts of the book, as continually being prevented, by those around him, from finishing his thoughtful sentences: his more benign moods bring to mind the persons displayed to his readers (who include Brenda) by the novelist Simon Raven. We have to imagine such a man complying with the demands of a sexual cure or exorcism: Masters and Johnson supplemented by pin-ups and encounters. We might well have expected him to say of these sexual engines what the poet Amis once said of crucifixes:

you won't get me
Up on one of those things.

Brenda presently complains that he has ceased to "show affection" for her. The book does not substantiate the charge, for their marriage is rendered as a fairly goodnatured one, which can even accommodate, without recourse to blows, the petting sessions, non-genital and genital, prescribed by their expert: Jake the viewer might have caught on the screen a faint resemblance to his domestic life in the serial escapades of Eric Sykes and Hattie Jacques (*sic*—BBC Television's non-genital Wordsworth and Dorothy. All the same, Brenda's charge is serious enough to be succeeded by a detection of charm in their neighbour Geoffrey. Geoffrey, one of the book's liveliest inventions, is a man who knows nothing, in the sense that his information is all approximate, as opposed to Rosenberg's, which is merely strikingly deficient. She tells her husband that he overrates Kelly because he is attracted to her, but that this attraction is emotional, rather than sexual. "People's sex-drives are like ballast, they keep them steady. It sounds wrong, but they do." An experience of Jake's on another front helps to explain what she is getting at.

This experience is at the centre of the book. He has gone to bed with a former girlfriend, Eve, and has managed to make love despite being almost incapacitated by drink. The conjunction of sex and physical collapse is a feature of Amis's work, in which the girls are literally stunning, and it is an aspect of that concern with love and death which dates from *Take a Girl Like You*, to which the latest novel stands especially close. It turns out that Jake had been driven to drink by finding Eve a trendy bore, and that he had never suspected this in the days when he desired her.

It is now evident that the novel is addressing "the idea that womanizers don't like women", and it is now evident to Jake that he is "a male chauvinist pig", who "despises women intellectually". He confesses as much to a friend, finishing his sentences, as he has now started to do, and stringing them together in a form of apology. But his condition has already been divulged at a college meeting where, still ailing from his night with Eve, and deputed to speak in favour of a proposal to admit women to the college, he has performed an involuntary *volte-face* in the course of his remarks and concluded with his true views. These views shed light on the language he has been using earlier, when, for instance, the spectacle of girls dining in hall causes him to reflect: "Bloody nice cheap trouble-free way of victualling your girlfriend between pokes." One or two readers may have felt at the time that this was intended to be endearing. Jake's confession that he did not like women when he thought he did is stark, and may send readers back to Mr Amis's previous writings, with their liking for women, and to an endearment, which has indeed been reckoned sexist by some, in a poem of his: Women are really much nicer than men:

No wonder we like them.

The writing in the book is determined throughout by Jake's manner of speaking, and it has all the virtuosity of Amis at his comic best, though there are those who will be offended by its strain of hostility and contempt. The prose is ultra-conversational, abusive, and yet effusive, too, and elegantly syntactic. (At one point, though, more syntactic than elegant: "no reason why you shouldn't never have heard of one" is better parsed than read.) The book thinks of Britain as "the kingdom", more or less in the manner of T. S. Eliot on occasion, and Jake refers to Geoffrey as "Christendom's premier fucking fool". In alluding to the oxymoronic James I, this phrase combines high words and low, old words and new, to create a tension which is characteristic of Amis, and which can be matched with *Take a Girl Like You*'s marvellous "'Most of my friends have them on the firm', she said, with the sort of lift of the old round head that he could hardly believe had not accompanied a limiting judgment on Villiers de l'Isle Adam."

The description of Geoffrey has a further significance which relates to the underlying tensions of the present book. *Here* is a backward-looking chap forwardly using oaths which would not have been printed before the Second World War. The oaths used by the recent young, and the spirit of an age whose student activists mail him a plastic phallus, don't appeal to Jake, but the old oaths do. His swearing and womanizing form part of a liberation, in other words, but it has been overdone by another that he can't abide. It may be that by the end of the book he is voicing a distrust of all liberations, as well as of all women, but his attitude and idiom have contained contradictions which repentance won't dispel: he won't become the old colonel he has sometimes resembled. The main question that emerges here, for a consideration of the book, is how far its attack on the new, 1970s permissiveness is also an attack on the freedoms which have made Jake what he is.

Mr Amis fastens reproaches on a character who will not always wear them, being, if you like, too likable, and some are reproaches which the novel tries to discredit. When Jake calls himself a male chauvinist, we might wonder whether this is another of its attacks on the kind of people who use that expression, which is one of the new oaths. And yet he digs it to the very last page, on which he says "No thanks" to the opposite sex and reviews their faults: "automatic assumption of the role of injured party in any clash of wills", and so on. The novel could be read as that of a writer who is saying (later in life) that promiscuity is bad, after all, that male lust conceals indifference or dislike, and that desire and affection, desire and knowledge, are very different. But Brenda's argument that people's sex-drives keep them steady is important to the book, and it is not an argument that supports such a reading, since it implies that sex-drives can work with other sorts of drive, and that men and women have a good deal in common. Nor does Jake himself wholly support such a reading. So little has he resembled someone who is unable to feel affection for women, so easy is it to see him, at the same time, as a character in a licentious book, that only the politically motivated will be quite happy to treat his confession as a snub to the licentious behaviour in Mr Amis's earlier fiction, as the permissive society's *mea culpa*.

Espionage at the plage

By Richard Usborne

ROY FLOMLEY :
French Dressing
189pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £4.50.

"I played German tunes for the German visitor, and he was kind enough to applaud me and he sent me a bottle of wine—"
"Yes, I saw that."
"—and I played English tunes for the two young Englishmen. Now, I'm always interested to watch the reaction of my audience, and it struck me that the Englishmen were nodding their heads and tapping their feet much more to the German tunes than they were to the English tunes."
Picard jumped to his feet, upsetting the pile of files. "Bless you, Verdi", he said. "Come and tell that to the commissaire."

In the great First World War days of the *Boy's Own Paper* the best method of making a German spy give himself away was to surprise him while he was signalling out to sea. If he said "Donnerwetter!", as he started back, you handed him over to Colonel Carruthers at the barracks, and the colonel sent you back in a motor in time for the school match (which you won with a try in the last minute). The next best method was when you found your subject asleep in your bayloft. You played "Deutschland, Deutschland-über Alles" on your mouth organ, and watched to see if he sprang up to the salute.
Roy Flomley's moment of revelation was right for the period in which he has set his first novel. If mildly disappointing because till then all the twists and turns of his plot had had a freshness of invention which kept you guessing.

Nine days in a French seaside town in September 1913: two murders: the police station in the casino building: the mortuary under the fish market: a mayor, corrupt and known by the police to frequent a thirteen-year-old inmate of the other ranks' brothel: a drunken priest: an opera house: two warm-hearted, open-bedded sopranos: an Old Harrovian King of Mittenstein-Hoffnung: a Foreign Office agent from Paris: and two "chinless wonders", who display their Englishness (Cambridge) by putting chamber pots on the pinnacles of the town's most important buildings, but whose feet tap, in a marked manner, to German tunes.

Mr Flomley keeps his stew pot boiling merrily, shows an astonishing knowledge of operas, brings in young Maigret himself as a minimal character, and is generous with sight-gags: a fusillade of honour, with carelessly loaded blanks, at a policeman's funeral, brings down a passing rook: a distant pistol shot at a critical moment heralds a waiters' race, with trays and bottles, through the streets. He does not name the town where it all happens, but I can tell you this . . . you would have had, in 1913, the choice of the following hotels there: the Grand Hotel of the Baths and of Serbia, the Hotel of the Loire and of the Golden Chariot, the Hotel of the Eight-house and of the Three Crowns, the Hotel of the Casino and of Paris and the Hotel of the White Horse and of the Low Countries. For good measure the only bank mentioned is the Bank of Commerce and the African Colonies.

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1928 **GOLLANCZ** 1978

Toots of loyalty

By D. A. N. Jones

PHILIP ZIEGLER :
Crown and People
224pp. Collins. £5.95.

To some people it is extraordinary that football teams should be supported, that music should be moving, that there should be prayer to gods and loyalty to monarchs. "Why?" they ask. There are no answers, only rationalizations; but the sort of people who ask "Why?" are the sort who joined Mass Observation, the organization founded in 1937 *for people who wished to observe the masses.*

The results of the observers' researches are stored in the University of Sussex and Philip Ziegler has made good use of them, while pondering thoughtfully and courteously upon one of the great impondérables, the relationship between the Crown and the people of Britain, during this century. He has also sifted through 8,000 letters addressed to William Hamilton, MP, after the anti-monarchist's appeals to the British public on television. It may be thought that no one who writes to Mr Hamilton can have much sense; and Philip Ziegler admits that "to read a large number of these letters at a time is an experience unlikely to improve one's view of human nature". However, some of them are quite funny, and a few are sincerely, optimistically, trying to argue the unfortunate Hamilton out of his folly.

To discuss the Crown is to discuss all the subjects that are best left alone when tempers are high: religion, family, race, nation, class, sexual morality, political theory, respect for the dead. Philip Ziegler describes some reactions to the death of George VI:

> "I think we all liked the King a great deal", said an artisan of 75. "Never wanted to be King. Sacrificed practically everything for his country. I think if anybody died for his country, it was the King. . . ." "I'm very sorry for the old boy. He's had a rotten life", commented a chemist of 55. . . "I am sorry for the King and I love him very, very much", said the assistant to a watch-repairer, male and 25. . . . In a bar at Notting Hill Gate, a morose drinker intoned: "He's only shit and soil now like anyone else." Two customers promptly attacked him and he had to be hustled out at the back to save him from serious damage.

In conversation about the funeral, "a middle-class man of 60" was heard to say: "They're coming to the funeral from all over the world. It's a great tribute to him and a great tribute to us. Because *George VI is us.* He is us and we are him. He is the British people, all that is best in us, and we all know it."

I have often heard these strange little trumpet-blasts of loyalty from most unlikely people, sudden bursts of eloquence from taciturn men; but they usually come out when people are arguing or joking about the Crown. Mass Observers are not supposed to joke or argue, like the man in the street or the man in the Clapham omnibus. As non-participants in the mysteries, they do not understand what is going on. One of them reported, at George VI's funeral, that he felt "a strange sense of guilt and irreverence" because his concentration was divided between the crown and the procession.

An ugly analogy: reporters observing hooligans at a football match cannot understand them, whereas people who are keenly following the match understand them perfectly well. A prettier one, from Chesterton: a stained-glass window cannot be appreciated from outside a church. Philip Ziegler's personal impressions, rarely introduced, carry more weight than generalizations and statistics, because they are personal: "The most common image evoked by those who recollect the wartime monarchy is of a slight, sad figure clambering over a pile of rubble. Inevitably the King came to be associated with destruction and doom." On the other hand, a small boy complained to me that, at times of royal jubilation, teachers always wanted to dress up the children in Tudor or Stuart costume. (The glamour of the headsman is popular with modern teachers, for some reason; that is why they take school parties to the London Dungeon.) "What period costume would you like, then?" I asked. He replied: "George VI."

"What do the British people *really* think about their royal family?" asks the blurb. This is really too large a question: to attempt it is like playing multi-dimensional chess. There are so many of us; and our thoughts and feelings change with our age, and with our impression of what the Crown represents at particular moments in the flow of time.



Low's view of the Prince of Wales at Biarritz in 1928 from "We are amused": The Cartoonists' View of Royalty (127pp. The Bodley Head. £2.95), edited by Peter Grosvenor with a foreword by the present Prince of Wales. The proceeds of the book go to the Queen's Silver Jubilee Appeal. Among the cartoons of Prince Charles's predecessors in this collection are Gillray's George IV, shown as "A voluptuary under the horrors of digestion", and Beerbohm's Albert Edward, about to be the corner by his mother, Queen Victoria—"The rare, the rather awful visits of Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, to Windsor Castle".

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Edited with an introduction by
M. E. Turner

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Reviving the wardrobe

By Stella Mary Newton

CHRISTINA WALKLEY and VANDA FOSTER :
Crinolines and Crimping Irons
199pp. Peter Owen. £7.95.

This is a sensible book; its foolish title can be ignored. "Crimping Irons" do not appear in the index nor, so far as I could discover, in the text, which is about the way Victorians kept their clothes clean.

The authors have collected a great deal of what might have become unpromising material and arranged it with such aptitude that from a series of bleak and out-of-date recipes emerges a charmingly integrated account of the methods by which, as each of the complicated ingredients that made up the dress of the Victorians gave place to new fashions of fashion, conscientious housewives and their maids contrived to keep them clean and neat.

Christina Walkley and Vanda Foster begin by dealing briskly with two vague but widely held beliefs: the first, that all Victorians were so well provided with servants that it was never necessary for anyone else to raise a finger towards helping in the house; and the second, that in spite of this happy state, everybody's clothing must have been dirty and most people were probably rather dirty themselves. Myths of this kind have always been treasured as defences against the different discomforts that each succeeding generation, including our own, has had to endure; they are also useful as off-setting the notion of the "good old days". Certainly in the nineteenth century constant hot water in the modern sense was rare, even in the houses of the well-to-do, but there were few kitchens in which a mighty and blackened kettle did not stand perpetually warming on the hob of a constantly hot stove; and, moreover, the later part of the century was committed to a faith in the healthgiving properties of the cold bath.

Using as their sources contemporary novels, autobiographies, catalogues and, especially, periodicals, the authors proceed to expound their topic in an orderly way, never facetious, and sometimes a little school-marmish in tone, which exactly suits the case. Lest anyone should be tempted into actually trying "a mixture of beer and water and ammonia", or "one pennyworth of sugar of lead in a pail full of cold spring water" to revive a flagging dress, the reader is not only warned by the nineteenth-century author responsible for the original recipe that sugar of lead is a "violent poison" but also, in the introduction to the book, that such methods were not designed for use on man-made fibres. Today's authors add, "we must advise extreme caution before using one of these recipes for either a fresh stain on a modern material or an old stain on an old material", advice which is further amplified in an appendix, reminding us of the present preoccupation with the ethics of textile conservation.

It is doubtful whether in recent years anyone has seriously attempted to find buffalo hide, which could be procured in "London and Liverpool cut into shreds" for the purpose of making a jelly with which to stiffen a straw hat; nor, for that matter, in view of present prices, would many be tempted to clean their ribbons with "honey, soap and gin just like silk dresses", but it is nice to learn that once upon a time those ingredients, especially gin, were in normal use.

The cleaning and care of shoes, gloves and other accessories which were an essential part of Victorian dress, as well as men's clothes, are each discussed in a chapter devoted to its category. It is recorded that Charles Dickens, for instance, had noticed that the shabby suits of impoverished gentlemen could be temporarily "revived" by the application of a blue and black "reviver" which restored them to a "fine deep glossy black" and which concealed the whitening of elderly seams. Its effect on the wearer's morale, however, though momentarily great, "elevates their spirits for a week only to depress them, if possible, below their original level".

In a footnote to a brief list of books for further reading the authors point out that since this seems to be the first study of their particular subject "further reading" is not really feasible. They recommend, therefore, some comparatively recent books on nineteenth-century clothing. But the best further reading lies, of course, in the works (and others like them) that they have themselves used as sources and which are duly listed at the end of each chapter. In view of this careful attention to references, it is perhaps reasonable to suggest that the sources of the line-drawings, not acknowledged as to the commercial, "When one sees at a man it makes a hole, and a doctor must make seven others", surely fit to rank, in bleak conversation, with the refrain of the soldiers' song: "I seen 'em, I seen 'em hangin' on the old barbed wire".

Publication of *A Diary* caused the authorities. Yet the book, though perverting, is not malicious or resentful. There are no sour grapes and the nearest approach to a kind of bohemian-feminist agenda —Enid Bagnold had mastered Gaudier-Brzeska, Katherine Mansfield, Hugh Kingsmill and Frida Harris among her friends' lovers) and had spoken to suffragist meetings—comes in a criticism of the pseudo-elite conventions of some VADs ("their conception of a white female mind is the silliest, most condemning ideal that I have ever [only met before it"). The pervading philosophy resembles that of Mabel Dearmer, who, from a field hospital in Serbia, wrote to her sons: "It is all ignorance and folly and we are working on through it to ordinary sense. *The only way to see war is from a hospital.*"

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A nurse's war

By David Mitchell

ENID BAGNOLD :
A Diary Without Dates
127pp. Virago. Paperback, £1.50.

Percy Wyndham Lewis thought the Great War a Great Fraud which "went on for far too long and was too vast for its meaning, like a giant with the brain of a midge"; while the "terrible futility" of the canting slogans spouted by Woodrow Wilson and the Welsh Wizard —the War to End War and to Make England Fit for Heroes to Live In—added insult to injury. "If only Mr Lloyd George had kept his little lawyer's mouth shut things would have been easier."

This feeling was shared by many people in and out of the trenches, but by none, perhaps, more than the nurses who had to cope with a relentless flow of hideous casualties. Edith Cavell uttered the most celebrated, and shamelessly exploited, phrase of the war: "patriotism is not enough". Her colleague, Joan Martin-Nicholson, writing of a clearing station in France, told of "that one cry which above all others will turn your heart to ice": but also of "the utter sweetness of being able to go to the lad, and by taking his hands firmly in yours and saying very clearly, 'It's all right, boy, you're quite safe here', see him turn to you with a little sob and faintly whispered, 'Right ho, nurse, I'll be good'."

Those two dedicated professionals had learnt to dam their emotions. This did not mean that they were emotionless, any more than the much maligned generals. In *Disenchantment*, C. E. Montague recalled that some of these suffered intensely if inarticulately at their distancing from "what they called 'the dear men'. . . I have heard one official say to the staff and the base by head wounds, speak with an almost aching wail of desire, as horses whinny for a friend".

Tens of thousands of auxiliary nurses and orderlies had somehow to come to terms with a seemingly interminable and senseless process. Sense and horror, fighting what Enid Bagnold, for two years a VAD nurse at a hospital in Woolwich, called "the old battle, the struggle to feel pain, to repel the invading familiarity". Often they vowed not to become "old nurses" and the diaries which some of them kept, later appearing in book form, are perhaps the most poignant impressions of the time.

A Diary Without Dates records with notable economy the world sphere of the hospital. The clean women scrubbing the corridors, the priorities of the sisters and matrons, ally their attitude to "the dirt" the almost ghoulish longing wards empty, for a new convoy wounded; the crushing symmetry ullty, and the realization that be part of an institution given liberty than is possible among our four observant people"; the who has been hospitalized with healable leg ulcers ever since "so rigid with some inner indignation that one cannot tamper the locks"; the admission that after all, "wonderful to talk to affectionately without exciting implying love".

Artfully constructed around scaffolding of gnomic reflection, the book has some affinity with Logan Pearsall Smith's *Trivia*, published in the same year (1918). "Pity is exhaustible. What a terrible discovery!" "If death becomes cheap, it is the watcher who is poisoned." "Hearing [one] ... with a wounded officer it is graciously resented by staff patients that it seems "a hare's natural fate is to be run by men hound". There is a moving account of how the patient commences the precise moment of his waking ("they take for granted that too will share some sacrament with them"); and an unforgettable picture of a terrible dressing ("inches deep the gauze stuck"), with the command: "When one sees at a man it makes a hole, and a doctor must make seven others", surely fit to rank, in bleak conversation, with the refrain of the soldiers' song: "I seen 'em, I seen 'em hangin' on the old barbed wire".

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The artistic temperament

By Richard Wollheim

MICHAEL LEVEY :
The Case of Walter Pater
232pp. Thames and Hudson. £8.50.

Walter Pater died suddenly on July 30, 1894, just short of his fifty-fifth birthday. His prematurely death cut short a literary career which had started slowly, so that of the five books that appeared in his lifetime four had been published in the previous ten years: but, as the most recent study of his work puts it, it also saved him from

> the slow withering of what reputation he had, the suffocating of what for him had been an existence of agonizing intensity under dusty layers of neglect, indifference, misunderstanding and near-ridicule.

Certainly over the subsequent years Pater's reputation suffered a remarkable eclipse, and his work, except for a few overwrought passages which became excessively familiar through their regular incision in anthologies, went unread. In large part this was due to an ironic conjunction: the rejection of Victorianism and also the unquestioning acceptance of an estimate of his work itself based upon Victorian conceptions.

Things, it would seem, have begun to change. Of recent years there has been evidence of a renewed and serious interest in Pater's work. Critics of standing have paid attention to him. His letters have been edited. Awareness has grown of the corpus of uncollected and unpublished work that has survived. Books and articles appear, some of which do more than rehash their predecessors. And the upshot is that there is now an identifiable body of critical thought about Pater which it is possible to arrange on a spectrum: with at one end what may be called the "traditional" interpretation and at the other the revisionist interpretation. Within this framework any new study of Pater that makes its appearance can be located and issues brought into relation with existing criticism.

The traditional interpretation of Pater presents him as someone altogether dedicated to the subtler qualities of art, indeed of life. With such energy as his rather debilitated constitution allowed him, he devoted himself to the discrimination of colours, shapes, sounds, smells, forms. He constantly refined his sensibility so that it might register ever finer nuances or yet more complex modes of combination. And he judged works of art and works of nature according to the intensity and the subtlety of the sensations that they aroused in a mind that had been trained to receive and distinguish them. Conceding, however, that even with the most highly cultivated sensibilities there could be a measure of indelimitable disagreement, he allowed relativity to enter into judgment. Putting these materials together we may say that on the traditional interpretation what Pater preached and what he practised was a form of subjective impressionism.

On the revisionist interpretation most of this is denied. If Pater was interested in the sensations that a sensitive observer receives from the object before him, this was not of fundamental interest. Indeed fundamentally he was interested not so much in effects as in causes. He was interested in the causes of works of art and in those of their properties in which these causes manifest themselves and on which in turn their effects depend. The central object of study for criticism was not the surface qualities but the expressive qualities of works of art and the temperaments or types of mind that found expression in these qualities.

Not only is all this in conflict with the traditional interpretation but it also explicitly challenges an assumption behind that interpretation. The assumption is that Pater, being interested solely in the sensuous array before him, was prepared to discriminate as finely as he could within that array but was indifferent as to how it came about. In other words, the distinction between works of art and works of nature was irrelevant to him and he assimilated the former to the latter. But once Pater is thought of as a critic of expressive qualities, this assumption becomes untenable. On the contrary: to an expressive critic the distinction between art and nature must be highly relevant, and coherence requires that he rejects the latter as an object of study in favour of the former. And this is just what, on the revisionist interpretation, Pater did.

However, as an expressive critic he did not confine himself to paying off some given work of art with a particular temperament. He extended this procedure in an interesting way. Having a particular temperament under review, he would ask what was the range of forms in which it might find expression. In this way he became interested in what might be thought of as expressive equivalence. But, evidently, some of the forms in which a particular temperament will find expression will not be works of art. They will be such things as metaphysical doctrines, ethical systems, literary theories, religions or (if we include the primitive mind) myths. Pater's interest in expressive equivalence confirmed him in an interest in speculative and metaphysical systems, which actually antedated his interest in art, and so we have another assumption of the traditional interpretation brought into question. That assumption is that Pater limited his concerns to the sensuous; that the intellectual always lay outside his sphere of interest. The revisionist interpretation, in reconstructing Pater's critical theory and practice, denies the assimilation of art to nature and asserts the assimilation of philosophy, morality, and religion to art.

Indeed the revisionist interpretation not only draws attention to the fact that Pater extended his critical interest into these fields, it also claims that it is within this extension that the true and radical character of expressive criticism as he conceived it is best seen. For, so long as we stick to what Pater says about art, it is easy to think that the appeal to temperament or a type of mind is not intended to contribute to appreciation; it is solely supposed to help in explanation. Any such appeal aids us not in understanding the given work itself but in understanding how it came about. But, once we turn our attention to what Pater says about speculative systems, it is no longer possible to hold this view. Pater's scepticism led him to think that in themselves all such systems lack sense or content. They lack meaning, until meaning is conferred upon them by their capacity to give expression to a particular temperament. In these cases, then, expressive criticism is clearly directed towards advancing the understanding—understanding, that is, of the work in terms of conceptions of what it achieves may then be generalized to all cases. Even with works of art a grasp of what they express is essential to appreciating what they are: surface qualities depend even for their appeal on being interpreted as expressive qualities. Once this generalization is effected, it is evident how far Pater is from being the conventional aesthete that the traditional interpretation makes him out to have been.

There is one point on which the two interpretations agree; though, characteristically, this is put by them to different uses. The point of agreement is Pater's own temperament. Both ascribe to him a certain hesitancy, a certain indecisiveness, a debility of the will. The traditional interpretation, however, sees this as imposing a limit upon his critical and literary activities. Instead of being a full-blooded aesthete, he was a thin-blooded aesthete. He was, in the words of Lord David Cecil, whose Rede Lecture upon Pater still gives the most succinct statement of the traditional interpretation, a "low-spirited hedonist". By contrast, the revisionist interpretation shows Pater as turning the weakness of his character into an artistic strength. It was the very uncertainty or hesitancy of his own personality, the strong but fluctuating identifications that constituted his self, that also enabled him emphatically to discern and to delineate those expressive equivalences which his best work explores.

If we ask which of these interpretations is the better grounded, it is to be noted that they look for rather different kinds of support. The traditional interpretation relies heavily upon direct quotation of phrases or sentences. The revisionist interpretation claims that the passages cited can be plausibly involved in the traditional interest only if they are taken out of context, and it itself rests upon a broader reading of Pater's aims, arguments and innovations. So it draws attention to the seriousness of his theoretical interests: to the general drift of some of his reasoning; to his enduring scepticism which embraces aesthetic as well as more conventional dogmatisms: to many of the references in his writing, and to certain areas of his reading, which the older interpretation overlooks: and, above all, to his one remarkable literary invention—the "imaginary portrait"—and to the intentions behind it. For the imaginary portrait is a way of personifying those emotional equivalences which, on this interpretation, were his central object of study.

Where in this disputed field is *The Case of Walter Pater* to be located? Michael Levey's book starts from the assumption that Pater's life or character which earlier studies may have ignored, but, even when these novelties are taken account of, it belongs without doubt to the traditional interpretation.

This can readily be seen by considering what it makes of the single most famous passage in Pater's writings, which is sometimes between the two interpretations. This is the Conclusion to *Studies in the History of the Renaissance* (or *The Renaissance*, as it was called in all editions subsequent to the first). Of the traditional interpretation the Conclusion is Pater's major statement of faith. It asserts the philosophical doctrine of hedonism, and the derived aesthetic theory of subjective impressionism, in their clearest and most unambiguous form. Pater's withdrawal of the Conclusion and his later modifications of the text are held to reveal a failure of nerve, and his expressed fears that the original version might be "misleading" to certain readers into whose hands it fell are treated as the reaction of an over-cautious mind. On the revisionist interpretation the Conclusion states nothing, it asserts nothing. What it does is this: it identifies certain doctrines—hedonism certainly, subjective impressionism certainly, also a form of extreme empiricism and the solipsism into which this can so easily subside; it brackets them, or asks us for the time being to come to no conclusion about them; it exhibits how they hang together; and then by the most evocative, the most potent, exploitation of appropriate phrases and turns of thought, of associated images, it endeavours to get the sensitive reader, who has meanwhile laid himself open to the workings of Pater's prose, to see, to feel, the precise appeal of these concatenated doctrines for a certain type of mind. The words get charged with a subdued rhetoric, which is not intended to convince anyone of the truth of anything, but is calculated to convey that inner expressive core upon which any doctrinal system must depend for its meaning. On the revisionist interpretation, though Pater's reaction to hostile comment was greatly exaggerated, his fears that the Conclusion might mislead certain careless readers have not proved unfounded. It has, for instance, misled all traditional critics.

Mr Levey's reading of the Conclusion is clear. He calls it, and the earlier version which appeared as a review of Morris's poetry, Pater's "creed". He treats the famous sentence "To burn always with a hard gem-like flame . . ." as an "admonition". And he is happy to attribute to Pater "a belief in beauty as the only significant experience."

Mr Levey lines himself up with traditional critics in at least one way too many. He concurs with their general views, but in supporting these views he also commits the errors of which they are accused by their opponents.

He quotes misleadingly out of context. So, for instance, he says that the formula of Pater's critical aim was to ask of any object with which he was confronted, "What is this . . . to *me*? What effect does it really produce on me?" Now, the quotation is certainly from Pater, but Pater makes it clear that to ask this question is not itself critical inquiry, it is the preliminary to it. It is the collection of the material, or "the original facts", from which that inquiry then proceeds. When the critic has assembled his own best impressions of the work, he may then move forward to the discernment of the "power or forces" which produce them, to the work's "virtue". He moves, in other words, from the work's effects to those causes which are his real topic. All this is explicit on the page facing that from which Mr Levey quotes.

He passes selectively over material. Mr Levey has already written about Pater on Botticelli, but who reading the characterization of Pater as someone exclusively devoted to beauty would realize that Pater chose Botticelli as a topic for an essay just because he was an artist who, in his line, in his colour, does not provide surface delights? His Madonnas, Pater tells us, are "peevish-looking". The abstract lines of the faces have "little nobleness". The colour is "wan", perhaps "cadaverous", "cold". But all these failings in superficial beauty are redeemed for aesthetic interest by a certain remarkable expressiveness which Pater seeks to define and Mr Levey overlooks.

He also overlooks so many of the sources on which Pater depends. At least since the monographs of Bernhard Fehr (1916) and Hans Proesler (1917), the heavy dependence of Pater's writings upon Hegel, amounting in many passages both in *The Renaissance* and the posthumous *Greek Studies*, to paraphrase, has been familiar. Consideration of this dependence must bear directly upon one's judgment of Pater's intentions and at least make it *prima facie* implausible that Pater would have sharply divorced art from other cultural manifestations as expressions of the human mind. Unfortunately Mr Levey makes no reference to this crucial influence.

And, finally, he pays no serious concern to how Pater lived: For thirty years Pater was a fellow of an Oxford college, and this not only brought him into contact with contaukerous professors and chaplains and good-looking undergraduates, as *The Case of Walter Pater* properly records, it also compelled him to teach classical literature and philosophy for six months of each year. Mr Levey makes very light of this. He says, rather smugly, that Pater's academic career ended at the very moment it began. In terms of crude advancement, which appear to be those in which at this point Mr Levey is thinking, this may be so. But some one who, for instance, for at least eleven years—as a look at the *University Gazette* will reveal—was one of the most prominent and constant lecturers in Oxford, ranging over a wide set of topics, cannot have regarded the discharge of these obligations as negligible, however. His interpreted them. Mr Levey's only suggestion about the influence of philosophy upon Pater is that by the study of logic that led him as an undergraduate to find Browning's poetry meaningless.

This last omission is particularly surprising in view of the fact that Mr Levey decided to cast his study of Pater in the form of a biography. The decision itself is puzzling, and in its execution is immediately up against a formidable problem.

That problem is the existing two-volume biography of Pater by Thomas Wright (1907). Wright's gossipy, garrulous, and generally absurd book has a peculiar structure. The first volume, which goes up to 1873, when Pater was twenty-four, is mostly concerned with his school and undergraduate days. In the second volume, a High Church eccentric from south London, called Richard Jackson, whom Pater probably met, makes his appearance, is declared to be Pater's best friend

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A CONDOR BOOK

and the original of Murius, and competes for first place in the reader's attention.

It is no easy matter to know how to deal with Wright's work. Mr Levey adopts the policy of ignoring the second volume altogether, roughly on the grounds that it is neither plausible nor refutable, and of depending heavily on the first volume for information about Pater's early life while, wherever possible, checking the narrative against the surviving letters from Pater's school friends which Wright elicited and which constituted his evidence. However, certain problems remain. One problem is that Mr Levey's study tends to preserve the proportions, if not the *size*, of Wright's biography. Another is that, accurately transcribed or not, the letters from J. R. McQueen etc (and we do not know just how much of Wright's material Mr Levey has inspected) were written about fifty years after the events they purport to describe. And, third, the relevance to a study of Pater of either the information that Wright himself assembled or that which more scholarly research might substitute for it remains a problem.

This last problem returns us to Mr Levey's basic decision about the character of his book. Why did he choose the biographical form? The decision seems to have been prompted by two considerations: the first is that Pater has been very much misunderstood as a person and only proper biographical treatment can restore the balance, and the second is that much of Pater's best writing is autobiographical. But, even if both these assumptions are correct (and they probably are), neither is in any way accommodated by the random accumulation of fact. A man's life is not necessarily enlightened by the sequential telling of events he lived through, nor is even the most autobiographical literature explained by expressing *en clair* the events that it encodes. To discharge either task, the biographer must have some sense of the phantasies through which a man interprets his life and how these phantasies might originate within his life.

Mr Levey fails to exhibit such a sense. At times he parades the central themes of Pater's psychosexuality: the loneliness, the paedophilia, the easily achieved feeling of waste, the equation of his thoughts and ambitions with the unborn, the fascination with transience, and the feeling for earth. But then suddenly he feels the need to remind us that Pater had a sense of humour, he quotes a repartee, and the pieces are fumbled up again. He approaches the core of that remarkable essay, "The Child in the House"—so admired, as we learn from his *Autobiography*, by Russell, whose childhood must at several points have resembled Pater's—and then we are obliged to consider the various possible houses that might have been the original, and whether there were likely to have been as many poplars in Enfield in Pater's day as there were in Charles Lamb's. Such facts doubtless have their place: within a framework. We do not have the framework.

Pater's work can be approached through the experiences—the inner experiences, not the outer events—it transformed. It can also be approached through reading what it transformed. The Director of the National Gallery might have contributed greatly to our understanding of Pater if, with his very considerable knowledge of art-historical literature, he had allowed us to follow the strange process by which such "authorities" as Crowe and Cavalcaselle (the "new Vasari"), Ruskin, the Goncourts, Taine—all of whom appeared on Pater's shelves but are not to be found in Mr Levey's index—as well as the ubiquitous Hegel, get distilled into Pater's elusive, eloquent prose. *The Rose of Walter Pater* appears to suffer from the one failing with which his subject would not have sympathized: it was written in a hurry.

Recently published is *John Henry Newman : A Bibliographical Catalogue of His Writings* (148pp. Charlottesville: Bibliographical Society of the University of Virginia/The University Press of Virginia, $17.50). The work was compiled by Vincent Ferrer Blehl, SJ.

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126 Buckingham Palace Road London SW1

Genre and generation

By Iain McGilchrist

JOHN HOLLOWAY :
The Proud Knowledge
Poetry, Insight and the Self, 1620-1920
264pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £6.75.

This is certainly a book with a large scope. Its "Index of Works Discussed" covers an impressive list of major European poets, and a handful of philosophers, too. Its virtue is a certain breadth of conception. The aim of the book is to trace "the appearance in English verse of a number of new ways of constructing a poem". Just how broad that conception is can be seen from a brief survey of the "new ways" John Holloway enumerates : poems in which attention is concentrated on a particular object "intently contemplated and perceived by the poet"; poems of the quest and of the anti-quest ; poems of decline and regeneration ; poems in which the main figures approach to the condition of myth ; poems in which the main figures approach to the condition of the banal.

The categories which Professor Holloway chooses are presumably familiar enough. The notion of the anti-quest (or repudiated quest) poem looks new, but it is, in fact, a way of describing those of Professor Holloway's quest poems that betray misgivings about the idea of the quest. Of course, there are as many causes for misgiving, and as many varieties of circumspection, as there are poems ; and the disorientation of *Childe Harold*, the dry inconsequentiality of *Don Juan*, the perplexity of Browning's *Paracelsus*, the sidelong jocularity of Clough's *Dipsychus*, all come under Professor Holloway's heading "The Quest Repudiated", along with Tennyson's "Holy Grail" section of the *Idylls*.

Not, it is true, without some teasing of the issues, some of it rather unexpected: as for instance, whether "*Childe Harold* is, quite simply, a travel poem", and to what extent there may be "a suggestion of psychic crisis as well". With some relief we note that Professor Holloway concludes "that one aspect of the poem is to record neither travel nor pilgrimage nor even Odyssey, but something like the helpless and undirected wandering of a spiritual refugee". The fact that this coexists happily with elements of the eighteenth-century moralistic meditation-poem throws him unnecessarily, because it means the poem is more difficult to classify.

But to return for a moment to the group of Romantic and Victorian poems which Professor Holloway has assembled to illustrate the "Quest Repudiated". Does this little bunch really constitute a genre, we may ask? And, if so, do its constituent parts have more in common than they have individual differences? The question is worth raising because Professor Holloway's own concern, not just here, but throughout the book, is to "determine the genre of the poem".

The method adopted in this book has not been to do "readings" of the poems, while ignoring the interests and preoccupations of the writers: whether that means Neo-Platonism, say, or simply the poets themselves and the problems of their own lives when they wrote.

So Professor Holloway states in the first page of his first chapter, and it certainly sounds unexceptionable. I must admit that the book does largely seem to consist of "readings" of poems, usually with one specific purpose in mind—to identify the poem as a constituent of a particular genre. I cannot say, moreover, that I actually found much on the poets' philosophies in general, or on Neo-Platonism in particular, though it would be ungrateful to complain about it ; and it is true that some consideration of his subjects as individuals together with the "problems of their own lives when they wrote" would have saved the author some unnecessary embarrassments. Think, for instance, of Cowper, and then of Donne and Arnold. To Professor Holloway, Donne's "A nocturnall upon St. Lucies day", Cowper's "The Castaway" and Arnold's "To Marguerite—Continued" are "concerned with somewhat similar states of mind". All the same, he confesses, "it is a little as if the poet of 'The Castaway' were trying to deal not with a traditional and long-standing but with some new spiritual ailment". Quite : but the author is still puzzled, not to say irritated, by the recalcitrance of poor Cowper :

> If he really held a straightforward religious conviction that he was spiritually damned, he ought to feel more agonized than to write so neat a poem.... Was Cowper on the brink of a new experience, and a new concern and perplexity, such as has so plainly before the reader of Arnold's poem?

How does one begin to answer such a question? The author's own perplexity issues in the surprising statement that Cowper's poem "impresses one as being less in earnest" than Donne's. This seems to me just one example of the need for Professor Holloway to do what he so excellently advertises in his opening paragraphs—humanize one's consideration of the poetry.

Unfortunately the process of identifying categories is opposed to any such things. In his opening pages, he continues :

> But as a poem gets written it comes to have a momentum of its own. It makes demands of its own. In the end—if it is a success, or even if it is a significant failure—it comes to have a nature of its own. This unique, individualized nature is the most interesting thing about a successful poem, and it is what this book is about in the first place.

One's hopes are raised by this bold and unequivocal declaration. Yet the clear implication—that the interest lies in hitting on that "unique, individualized nature", and illuminating it—is not followed out by the author.

Professor Holloway touches here on the important, but, for him, rather unsettling, point : that more or more interesting the poem, the less kindly it will take to being set down as an instance of a new genre. It would perhaps be wiser to look for illustrations of that kind in the worthy minor poem, not only because any new general development will probably show itself first in such a poem, but because, being less markedly individual, it cannot free itself in the same way from the conventions of its conception. The illustrations which the author actually takes, however, are almost all front-line specimens, veritable Golden Treasures, the last thing for establishing the genres with the minimum of fuss.

The problem is that, in the nature of Professor Holloway's method, attention is concentrated on the least profitable areas. It is not in itself illuminating, for instance, to find that Coleridge's *Dejection : a Letter*, or the *Ancient Mariner*, are poems of decline and regeneration; this *aperçu* does not help us to see the poems afresh. What there is interesting to say about the poems must be, so to speak, by the way. The main line of the argument leads one through the path of least critical resistance. This is certainly true of the case where a poem fits its allotted class, such as it may be, without demur. On the other hand, the more the poem resists its classification, the more peripheral the whole issue becomes, and the more one regrets the expense of energy on the part of the author in an attempt to decide the point once and for all. Is *The Prelude* a quest poem? The answer to this question becomes interesting only in proportion to its final irrelevance. It is only because we would not normally think of it as such that the point has any value. In this one sense, admittedly, it is the least likely shots, those which ignore most resolutely the nature of the poem in question, which yield the most revealing if limited results.

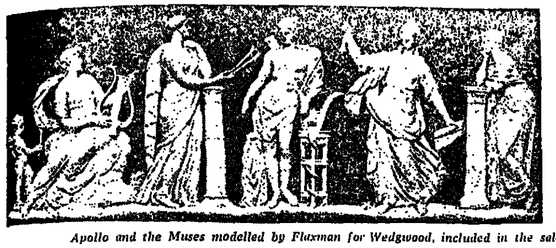
The large chronological spread of the work could be a liberation, but in practice it forms a dangerous enticement for the synthesizing cast of mind. Wordsworth's *Prelude* may undertake "something very much like what the Vicaire Savoyard had undertaken" : but what is finally achieved by comparing Browning's Bishop ordering his tomb, with the Old Cumberland Beggar (that Bishop whose energies of mind are, in Professor Holloway's phrase, "only too much like" the talents of Andrea del Sarto already)? I... about the sense of despair in Dec... Hopkins and Yeats? Organic... poems and poets becomes an arc... designed not to illuminate, bu... eliminate, the tiresome individu... of its subjects. Deceptive para... abound. For instance Hume spo... of the solitariness of his quest ; knowledge, Keats speaks of ... solitariness of poetic rapture ; imaginative distraction, Adam ... Eve through Eden took th... solitary way. This continuous ... invitation, accepted by the aut... to lump together these very diff... ent experiences. Yet what could ... more misleading? Hume saw hi... self as a special case, a spirit cle... from among the mass of mankin... a mind for ever voyaging thr... strange seas of thought alo... (hardly Adam and Eve's waiting condition) ; and as Profes... Holloway himself notes, Keats's ... was of the isolation of madne...

Again, is there more than superficial truth in the idea that a poem such as "The Prioress's Tale", "Clare's response ... the small primrose flowers in ... structure significantly similar to that of the seventeenth-century sc... entific writers who, in the course of a half before his poem, ... cerned themselves with the ... ordinary potentialities of the ... scope"? The notion suggests a ... regard at the same time for the p... ticular, and for the general—a ... for the rapidity of Clare, and ... the historical perspective of ... century and a half. This confusi... of periods, and collapse of ... sense of ordered time, obtrudes ... where. In discussing Milton, ... instance, his comments on the ... trust between Milton and ... writers who treated his the... "so clear as to be truly astoni... ing", "still more remarkable" ... seem sometimes simply to reflect the fact that the seventeenth-century imagination was more imperious of physical reality, and psychologically more sophisticated, than ... previous ages, and that Milton's, in the seventeenth century, is once overcome, the secular ... Milton and his relation to Dante ... perhaps the most interesting in the book.

The author has a particularly difficult task: to treat in general terms of the progress of poesy over the past three hundred years, without to reiterate old truths, or to do violence to the individual poems he touches on. The last thing one wants to do is to come at such a sympathetically grand design with curmudgeonly criticisms.

Yet the final impression is of a work conceived and executed in haste. On the simplest level, the syntax is often shaky, sometimes impenetrable : "It is the fact that what unites Thel, as a woman (Holloway's italics), to the world of Ulro, little Cloud, and weak Worm, to a regimen of reciprocal abnegation, is almost awesomely other than their own ostensible quality" ; "The Lady [in *Prufrock*] can ring changes upon her words because her lassitude being is no better than ... an idle kaleidoscope of unrealities".

The author admonishes the reader in his preface "to re-read ... the poems discussed, before he reads the discussions"—an admirable suggestion. Yet a brief glance at a handful of the citations in this book revealed over twenty misprints, punctuation, or obvious mistakes, though not mistakes of prints, but words changed, or passages wrongly identified. In one place, for instance, the substance of the argument is considerably altered by substituting "enquire" for "aspire" in a quotation from *Paradise Lost*. Doubtless some of these can be put down to printing errors. One immediately repeated mistake seemed particularly unnecessary, though : the Aristotelian commonplace about man being a social animal will surely do as well as an English ... If it does appear in Greek, however, it should do so as πολιτικὸν ζῷον, not ... πολιτικόν. I am sure this will only seem to be so much carping and fussing over details. I hope, though, that it makes a more positive point : for transferring to the broad issues of the work once more, it is exactly that attention to the nature of the particular, and to the distinctions and differences in ... made among broad generalities which is conspicuously absent.





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The purposes of persuasion

By Graham Hough

JOHN REICHERT :
Making Sense of Literature
222pp. University of Chicago Press. £7.35.

It is a contingent sociological fact that most literary critics today are teachers. They are apt to be shamefaced about this, but John Reichert takes the robuster line of asserting that it is simply the nature of the case. Criticism is a didactic activity ; critics are fundamentally teachers ; their business is to guide, to inform, to suggest, to remind ; and the appropriate model for their operations is less the logic of inquiry than the logic of persuasion. It is fairly evident that he regards much of the critical theory of the past forty years as twaddle, but he is too civil to say so, and even turns it to good use as a handy compendium of errors and half-truths. A willingness to recognize facts and a refusal to be plaintive about them characterize this book as a whole.

Critics as teachers have a multitude of tasks to perform and their methods are extremely various. It *is right* that they should be so, no method is especially privileged, and the last thing we need now is a critical theory to contain and constrain interpretation. As critical methods are various, so interpretations of a single work may be various. This need not cause consternation or undue scepticism. Different interpretations are rarely incompatible with one another ; normally they call attention to different aspects of a complex whole. If two interpretations of a work are incompatible, and both are equally plausible, then, for good or ill, the work is ambiguous. No single interpretation can be shown to be *the right one*, in an exclusive sense ; but it is possible to understand a work correctly. It is also possible to be wrong about it. And a wrong interpretation can be shown to be wrong, in the same way as we would show any other judgment to be wrong—by showing that it is self-contradictory, or incoherent, or at odds with observable facts. Finally Reichert takes up what a few years ago would have been a very daring position, and what in some circles promises to be so again—he maintains that books are written by authors and are read by readers, and that both the intentions of the author and the reactions of the reader are relevant to true understanding.

There is nothing here repugnant to faith or morals, indeed some would hold these truths to be self-evident ; yet Reichert is acutely conscious of running against much accepted critical dogma. In a wider perspective he might feel less lonely, but within his chosen limits, which are those of current American academic disputation, he may well feel the need of his embattled stance. His main enemy is the large family of attitudes, still surviving, that we can roughly call new-critical—all those doctrines that emphasize the uniqueness of literature, its distinctness from all other forms of discourse, the isolation and autonomy of the literary object and the special quality of literary judgment. For Reichert there is no interpretative procedure peculiar to literature ; we understand poems and utterances in poems as we understand actual utterances ; we always postulate a real author behind them ; and as readers we are not in some Kantian state of suspended animation but are our normal judging and acting selves.

Turning to another flank, he squares up to Northrop Frye *et al*, and will have no truck with fashionable scepticism about value judgments in literature, or with those who regard them as merely chapters in the history of taste. We can judge the value of poems with no more but with no less certainty than we can the value of actions, opinions, other forms of discourse ; and we must use the same methods. To inquire into the true nature of a literary work is to judge it. These two simple sets of principles, combined with a distaste for esoteric vocabulary and epistemological niceties, enable Reichert to tread on a number of carefully selected and individually designated toes ; and this he does, not choleric but but firmly.

His opponents are too numerous to be listed exhaustively here, and the names of some of them are unfamiliar. As we would expect, the shadows of Wimsatt and Beardsley loom large. The "Intentional Fallacy" is not the bugbear it once was, but the taboo against it was at the centre of a widespread critical doctrine, and echoes still persist. Reichert deals fully and fairly with this celebrated essay, allowing its passages of real insight and disarming its errors and confusions. The trick of the vanishing author (he disappears behind the primacy of the text) is repeated in structural analysis, now making its painful way into English.

Reichert deals with that too. He pays tribute to Jonathan Culler's *Structuralist Poetics* as the clearest English exposition of the system, but attacks its anti-authorial basis, and subjects Culler's notion of "literary competence" to a searching inquiry. It is notable among these polemics that he manages to maintain the moderate and pluralist position with which he started. In general the arguments of E. D. Hirsch in favour of historical and extra-textual information are sympathetic to him, but he keeps his faith in the putative integrity of the text, and refuses to go on to the extreme position of Hirsch, for whom extra-textual evidence must always be decisive. The full rigour of demystification—the emperor's clothes treatment—is reserved for Morse Peckham, according to whom the function of art is to offer us harmless hypothetical examples of disorientation in order that we may better face the dangerous disorientations of life. This strange fancy is subjected to a devastating analysis.

All theories which profess to define "the nature of literature" or "the function of literature" are anathema. The search for an essence is always a mistake, and always does violence to the range and variety of literary experience. Reichert's natural coadjutor here is the old war-horse, Wittgenstein's doctrine of family resemblances. In other places he derives aid from such sources as J. L. Austin's *How to Do Things with Words* and John Searle on speech acts. His expositions here are perhaps too summary for those who are not familiar with these ways of thinking and too rudimentary for those who are ; but he borrows the tools that he wants and puts them to good use. He has evidently been much influenced by the cool common-sense approach of the linguistic philosophers, and this allows him to rehabilitate some old and in fact universally employed critical devices that have lately been under a cloud. He defends paraphrase as "that most necessary and useful of critical procedures". Critics misconstrue its function as that of rendering everything in the original with exactness. Of course it is nothing of the kind ; it is designed to show forth some particular aspect of the original, and there can easily be a number of quite different but equally helpful paraphrases. Similarly with plot-summaries in the criticism of fiction ; they are simplified models in terms of which complex wholes may more easily be understood. The same treatment is applied even to metaphor, that innermost shrine of mystery :

> While it is a truism that no metaphorical expression is precisely equivalent to a literal paraphrase of it, it is also true that making and understanding metaphor depends on our ability to conceive of a rough literal equivalent. If we are asked what a metaphorical expression means and we can't even approach a paraphrase, we can hardly be said to understand the metaphor at all.

Reichert opposes to the now prevalent idea of literature as essentially *fiction* the less sharply but more versatile notion of literature as a diversity of discourse, with a great variety of different relations to outer reality and to its authors. Speaking historically, or from the viewpoint of uncommitted common sense, he is surely right. Why then have so many fantasies and excesses come into existence—at one extreme the view of literature as self-generated and autonomous, at the other Barthes's extravagance, that the work has no existence outside the psyche of the man who questions it ? Part of the answer is trivial. Place able and ingenious men in extreme situations—graduate seminars, English Institute conferences, lectures at the École Pratique des Hautes Études—and they will say anything. But part of the answer is something important, which Reichert's argument, forceful and much needed as it is, hardly takes into account. He quotes Book Ten of the *Republic* on the ruinous effect of poetical imitations unless their true nature is understood.

But for Plato the true nature was to be understood by a simple contrast with dialectic. For us the situation is really different. The growth of an immense variety of writing unknown to the ancient world, literary in form but positive in content—physical, technical, historical, anthropological or what not—has meant that literature, imaginative literature as we call it, now occupies a smaller and more peripheral position as a department of intellectual activity, different from the rest but only a department among many. What kind of truth it can have and how this is related to other truths concerns us as it concerned Plato ; but our answer is harder to arrive at. The perversities of some modern theorizing can be seen as attempts to answer a real question and to provide a standing-ground for literature in a world that threatens to crowd it out.

It is not possible here to mention half the questions, pungently framed and asking for discussion, that crop up in every chapter of this book. They will provide matter for argument for some time to come—almost exclusively, it is to be feared, in the graduate schools where the seeds of error first found their most congenial soil. Reichert himself works within the academic framework, but it would appear that for him the true paradigm for critical teaching is to be found at the level of straightforward instruction of the young, where the teacher is faced not with the requirement of motiveless theory-spinning, but with the real need to explain what works of literature mean, how they are to be read, and what their authors intended by them. This book seems to suggest that it is by building on these more modest but more authentic foundations that a reasonable critical discourse could be created. This may be true, but it would put many of the higher echelons out of work.

Moon-Child

I am several and I am one,
Between my horns I carry the light of the sun.
I am not crescent or quarter only ;
I want as you want. You will see me wholly
Not tonight but one night.
Wrestle with your own ghosts, embody them, make light.
" But the frost, the pestle, the almost lost . . . "
You are time's child, this is the cost.
But the flow, too, is our shared weather.
What can we do but done together?
I will rise full, the several one that never dies.
Wait. Raise your eyes.

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Socialising Public Ownership
169pp. Macmillan. £7.95.

If there is any trend common to all countries, it is the trend towards increasing government involvement in industry, whether manufacture or service. This involvement (some would use a more pejorative term) expresses itself in various structured forms; e g, in some, centralized controls are exercised through civil or military government; in the United States, to avoid offending private enterprise too openly by overt nationalization, government creates agencies; and in some European countries public and private enterprise are joined rather than in competition. In this country industries are nationalized when government decrees and the almost immediate reaction in the public mind is the inevitability of an enervating bureaucracy which will generate inefficiency reflecting as a burden upon the taxpayer. But need this be so? Martyn Sloman, an industrial economist working in a nationalized industry, an active white-collar trade unionist and a committed member of the Labour Party who has unsuccessfully fought elections on three occasions, thinks not, and he has recorded his views in *Socialising Public Ownership*.

At the start I was heartened that the author who, as one would expect, supports public ownership both in theory and in practice, was less intent on arguing the political merits or demerits of nationalization (he assumes nationalization is inherently good for somebody) than on suggesting ways of making a success of nationalized industries through "socializing". This term is used in the sense that "nationalization must become more than simply a vesting of ownership in the state but should involve in direct gain to employees, consumers and the community". There are eight chapters, a preface, a bibliography and an index to this book, but it is only when one reaches the last chapter that one gains any specific idea of the "socializing" changes by which Mr Sloman proposes to solve the inherent conflicts in nationalized concerns and to achieve success—success which looks very similar to that for which modern private industry strives, in fact.

In Chapter 2, "Public Ownership and Practice", the author properly points out that the political case for nationalization has never been translated into hard rules for the operation of the industries when "nationalized. (What is this "planning" governments talk about?) "All too often an idealized expression of the social case for nationalization like the general public's demand on the industries can only result in contradictory expectations. Contradictory expectations result in conflicting objectives." How one is expected to run rationally and efficiently an industry in conflicting objectives is never made clear in this or later chapters; not for want of trying, as Chapters 2 and 5 demonstrate by case study, but "none of the attempts [of governments] to introduce financial and economic control rules has been successful".

Mr Sloman knows through experience the difficulties of running nationalized industries. He properly attacks the weaknesses of the Acts which set up nationalized industries: the failure to balance government control with managerial autonomy; the failure of governments to provide satisfactory guidelines or criteria or to effect ordered competition, e g, an integrated transport policy or an integrated energy policy; the failure of government machinery, e g, the use of the Select Committee on Nationalized Industry, to effect changes, much less improvement. There has never been much doubt about where the major responsibility for the deficiencies in the performance of nationalized industries lies. The National Economic Development Office reported in November 1976 that

> (1) there is a lack of trust and mutual understanding between those who run the nationalized industries and those in Government (politicians and civil servants) who are concerned in their affairs; (2) there is confusion about the respective roles of the Boards of nationalized industries, Ministers and Parliament with the result that accountability is seriously blurred; (3) there is no systematic framework for reaching agreement nor long-term objectives of strategy and no assurance of continuity when decisions are reached; (4) there is no effective system for measuring the performance of nationalized industries in assessing managerial competence.

These things have been said in whole or in part in different ways at different times since the early 1950s. But even with these specific conclusions which point all the fingers of two hands at the shareholders and bankers of nationalized industries (the government), the solution offered by NEDO and by Mr Sloman is to avoid offending government by not suggesting that it might reduce its day-to-day interference and instead set proper and consistent objectives for management to achieve through the exercise of expertise and real authority.

Chapter 3 on "The Role of the Workers" exposes the blind alley down which Mr Sloman wishes to direct us by decrying the alternative blind alleys offered by other more objective, apolitical observers of the nationalized scene. It is a common cry that of course it all rests with the workers, which in essence means the trade unions; if only they were given the opportunity to make the decisions and manage (which they do not want to do and if they did would doubtfully know how to perform), then all will come to rights. And yet read on:

> The discussions and case studies presented have sought to demonstrate how conflict will inevitably result from the different demands of the various stakeholders; nationalization does not of itself cause these inevitable conflicts to wither away. The most obvious illustration of continuing conflict under public ownership has been the one between efficiency and redundancy.

Is one to expect that if trade unionists became the decision-makers or managers then the conflict between their trade unionism and the need for efficiency would be effected more whole-heartedly than if trade unionists were to remain on the side-lines, opposing redundancy at the cost of decay of the industry they serve? Of course not, because, says Mr Sloman, "public ownership is unlikely to be effective unless the Government pursues much more vigorous measures to reduce unemployment and to counteract its worst, economic effects". So the success of nationalized industries will not be assured even if worker control or equivalent is introduced.

Mr Sloman's solutions are difficult to sort out. He depends upon a work published by Herzberg in 1959 where the researches suggested "that positive satisfaction at work will not be obtained until the individual is given enough scope and opportunities for self-respect". But how does one give the individual more scope and opportunities for self-respect? Among other platitudinous suggestions Mr Sloman says that "trade unions [should] ensure that their procedures are sensitive to grass-root feelings". If procedures based presumably upon policies depend upon the grass roots, what is one to expect? Political motivation, emotional motivation, simple self-fishness, antipathy to management?

On page 145 is a three-fold statement of solution. First "of particular importance", "a clear commitment to efficiency within the industrial system is needed". By whom? Management only? Or workforce? And is "efficiency" to be gained through improved productivity, with its implications of redundancy?

Second, "the power of some stakeholder groups must be strengthened". Which groups? Government? It already has too much that they will assist management. There are distinct signs of a difference in opinion among managers that are workers too. One only needs that the workers would recognize this.

With only two pages to go before the end of the book, the author seeks a "philosophy of management which is distinctly socialist". On what does that depend? Its two elements: the avoidance of "discrimination against those who are not solely committed to the management system whatever that may be"; and "an internal labour market based on inflated salaries". But if the workforce is not solely committed to the management system (or to management), is this justification for strikes, go-slows, absenteeism, work-to-rule, etc? And if inflated salaries are out, are inflated wages permissible?

This is a confused book. It is beset by generalizations which only the naive in the ways of the real world could possibly accept. Its stern face set against politics philosophizes at the beginning of the book is completely relaxed by the end of the first chapter. There is no consistency in approach save from one theme: if anything has gone wrong the workers are not to blame but the government if to blame is always protected from itself, and the direction of all difficulties rests with managers who must be satisfied with their lot. The book is not a useful contribution to debate on public ownership.

Scandinavian solidarity

By R. M. Hatton

TOIVO MILJAN :
The Reluctant Europeans
The Attitudes of the Nordic Countries towards European Integration
325pp. Hurst. £7.50.

This is an excellent and much-needed study, with a sting in its tail that will provoke discussion. Toivo Miljan's avowed purpose is to illuminate the attitude of the Scandinavian countries (including Finland) to Europe since the Second World War. For this he is exceptionally well qualified. He was born in Estonia and brought up in Sweden whom he had his early university education. He proceeded to a doctorate in the Faculty of Laws at University College London (a fact not mentioned in the jacket blurb) and is now an Associate Professor in the Department of Political Science at a Canadian university.

He has examined—the first scholar to do so to my knowledge—the whole mass of printed governmental records for Denmark, Finland, Norway and Sweden touching on the relationship these countries have with each other and with the European Community. He has mastered the secondary literature that touches on both aspects of his interest, and is admirably complete and up-to-date in his bibliography. Moreover, his legal training has given him a measure of respect for definitions and correct terminology which is sometimes missing from the "international relations" approach to contemporary topics. I advisedly write "a measure", since, while grateful for his sensible but rare definition of "integration", a proper discussion of the vexed problem of interpretation of this term would have been welcome earlier in the study. The phrase is, after all, used in the very subtitle of the book; yet an entry for it is conspicuously absent in the otherwise admirable subject-index.

It is natural that the author, setting himself the task of examining the attitudes of the Nordic countries towards Europe, should have been led into an analysis of the relationships between the Nordic countries themselves, a significant theme both for the "Europeans" and the "anti-Europeans". Here he breaks new ground by his detailed examination of the workings of the Nordic Council from its very beginnings to the present day. Indeed, it could be argued that this coherent narrative is the most valuable part of his work from the undergraduate point of view: he answers the questions which students of international relations, political science and contemporary history have so far asked in vain of the superficial or partial treatments hitherto available in any major language (and for that matter in any of the Scandinavian languages).

Where I would take issue with the author is over his contention that the Scandinavians have not only been reluctant Europeans but reluctant Scandinavians as well. Inter-Scandinavian cooperation and coordination has, I would suggest, made remarkable progress since the Second World War, when measured in the longer terms of history (the jump from the seventeenth century when the proverb ran that a Swede would only trust a Dane if "hair grew in the palm of his hand" is truly staggering) or in the shorter terms of those of us who have been eyewitnesses to the contrast between before 1939 and after 1945.

All indications point to a continuing practical collaboration informally between civil service departments of the different countries, as well as at official ministerial level, and finding expression in shared political stances in United Nations committees and agencies. That such cooperation and collaboration in the international arena and in the more tractable inter-Scandinavian fields of welfare, insurance, job opportunities and so on, are in essence different from "integration" has been argued as far back as 1960 (see my review of Raymond Lindgren's *Norway : Sweden : Union, Integration* in the *English Historical Review* of that year). Past history has rendered the Scandinavian states particularly sensitive to infringements of sovereignty. What has developed is a pragmatic approach to deliberately related policies in specific instances, which may yet influence the present, relatively doctrinaire approach of those who wish for European integration. What is certain is that at the present moment the Scandinavian countries are wary of "progressing imaginatively" in real "sovereign" boundaries are acutely conscious of sensitive areas in their relationships. But in view of what has already been achieved to classify the inhabitants of the Nordic countries as "reluctant Scandinavians" is, I think, too sweeping, since this label ignores the fact that the experiences of the Second World War have evoked resounding echoes of the nineteenth-century Scandinavian movement. Those non-Scandinavian scholars who attended the Oslo conference in August 1977 on "the Great Powers and the Nordic Countries 1939-40" came away with an impression of a novel inter-Scandinavian lack of historical prejudice.

Having made my point about the "reluctant Scandinavians" I remains to be stressed that *Reluctant Europeans* is a book which can be highly recommended as an original contribution to the interrelations between the Nordic countries and Europe from the mid-1940s to the present day, well written and therefore easy to assimilate.

The crudities of the soul

By Patricia Beer

GLADYS MARY COLES :
The Flower of Light
A Biography of Mary Webb
373pp. Duckworth. £7.95.

MARY WEBB :
Collected Prose and Poems
Edited by Gladys Mary Coles
144pp. Shrewsbury : Wildings of Shrewsbury. £5.50.

> "Your spirit shines so, I can't see your features" [says the bridegroom to his bride]. "Crude soul, that's what shines." "We must pray for a great deal of crude soul, then" [she replies].

This passage, taken from Mary Webb's *The House in Dormer Forest*, is important to an understanding not only of her work but of her life, the story of which distressingly shows how very crude soul can be when divorced from the more refined promptings of the body.

One of the tasks that Gladys Mary Coles sets herself in *The Flower of Light* is to give a fuller account of Mary Webb's life than it has yet inspired. She has found new documents and has also used material which was available to Webb's first biographer, Hilda Addison, but which Miss Addison considered unsuitable for publication at the time. Now, fifty-one years after Mary Webb's death, there is nothing at all unseemly in her present biographer's revelations.

Mary Gladys Webb, née Meredith, was born in Shropshire in the spring of 1881 ("snowdrops had come and gone by then", for those who like such flourishes) into all the privileges of a middle-class family, one of which was that when anyone was ill and went to bed there was no obligation—with servants and tame daughters to hand—and little incentive ever to get up again. Mrs Meredith kept to her room for five years after a hunting accident and then suddenly appeared at breakfast one day. She was an odd mother. When her sons went off to the First World War, she apparently remarked: "Oh, they're all right. They're in the trenches." Mary's father, though not a very distinguished character, seems to have been an all too adequate parent and won his daughter's emotional dependence to an extent which suggests that to have had an inadequate father is something of a bonus.

Father-fixation was not her only handicap. At twenty she became seriously ill with a disease of the thyroid gland which was to recur throughout her life especially at times of stress. The change which this condition made in her appearance—a lump in her neck and a protruberance of the eyes—bedevilled the rest of her life. Her deformity became an obsession with her, though photographs—candid, informal ones—show that there was no deformity at all worth the name. Perhaps ugliness was easier and a justification for even more soul. Yet though she was determined to believe herself plain, at the age of twenty-two she chose to play a fancy dress party as Madeline Bray, one of Dickens's youngest and prettiest heroines, and in no spirit of self-mockery either, for the dress she designed for the occasion was very becoming and she looked charming.

Crude soul was her chief disability. When her father died, not prematurely but in his late sixties, when she was nearly thirty, she collapsed completely and only turned back to life at the arrival of a suitor, Henry Webb. To him she transferred the full weight of her emotional dependence and for a long time he was able and willing to bear it. They married and were happy. But as the years went by, the wild exaggeration of her feelings and actions, unmodified by common sense or prudence, and especially her terror at the possibility of losing him, precipitated the very event she dreaded.

Her genuine compassion for suffering mankind was similarly unchecked by any considerations of realism. She insisted on inviting as her principal wedding guests seventy old people from the local workhouse and various other down-and-outs. They behaved with spirit, one man stipulating that he should have a piece of wedding cake that did not bend, but they must have resented being treated as a raree-show. Her presents to those she considered her social inferiors invariably gave offence, by being too lavish or in some way inappropriate: to three girls of different ages she sent cloche hats, not very suitable wear for the Shropshire valleys and all the same size. In London, perpetually struggling with a poverty for which she had had no preparation and crippled with debts, she spent the money given her by a well-wisher on sending to the seaside a slum family who did not in the least want to go.

All these matters Ms Coles relates with sympathy and delicacy; and with modesty too: she keeps her subject in the foreground and does not intrude. Unfortunately her writing leaves much to be desired. Her sentence construction can be faulty. She commits the elementary solecism of saying "disinterest" when she means "lack of interest". And she relies on cliché: someone becomes the "proud possessor" of something; somebody else dies a "tragically early" death, as opposed presumably to a comically early one.

The second part of Gladys Mary Coles's task is to "draw attention to neglected talent". The fluctuations of Mary Webb's reputation might seem at first sight to justify this aim. During her lifetime her novels did not sell at all well—about a thousand copies each—although two of them, *Gone to Earth* and *Precious Bane*, won literary awards, and she was always luckier with reviews than most. Some months after her death Stanley Baldwin's famous tribute to her in the course of his address to the Royal Literary Fund Society sent her sales and her reputation rocketing. *Precious Bane*, the book he singled out for praise, became a best-seller and remained so for a decade.

Then came a decline. Ms Coles attributes it largely to Stella Gibbons's *Cold Comfort Farm*, published in 1932, though she rightly stresses Ms Gibbons's assertion that it was aimed not exclusively at Mary Webb but at the rural novel in general. She also feels that the professional critics were antagonized by the intervention of a prime minister.

They need not have been. Baldwin was not making a value judgment. A letter he had earlier written to Mary Webb had shown that what he liked about *Precious Bane* was its mention of places in Shropshire that he knew. It was the same reaction as that of readers of autobiography who frequently write in saying that they loved the book because an aunt kept a sweet shop just round the corner from the author's mother's paper shop: welcome comment but not literary criticism.

As to Stella Gibbons I am sure she did no harm. *Cold Comfort Farm* is not so much a parody of Mary Webb (and the genre, of course) as a very good imitation, with one extra character, a sane sensible person from a wider world; which makes all the difference. Incidentally, there is a passage in *The Flower of Light* which is startlingly like something Mr Mybug might have said: "Pontesford Hill, the large-maned mound which looms over Pontesbury like a huge dormant beast with a primeval soul."

The reason Mary Webb's novels are little regarded today is that they are not very good, and no amount of drawing attention to them or talking of neglected talent will make them so. All the same, I wish Ms Coles had attempted a critical appraisal designed to show their virtues. As it is, her method is more "What I say three (or nine or ten) times is true", and she is naturally cross with critics, and particularly eminent ones like P. N. Furbank, who do not share her enthusiasm. She uses the word "mystic" very freely but without convincing us that Mary Webb could be so described. In fact I do not think she could. It takes more than an untrained mind, crude soul and a love of nature to make a mystic. Ms Coles's use of the word "poetic" is probably better not examined.

Mary Webb, Collected Prose and Poems is an anthology of pieces, compiled by Ms Coles, which have either remained unpublished till now or were originally published in journals and periodicals without being later included in any collection: short stories, essays, reviews and, of course, poems. It is an interesting miscellany, full of curiosities.

The compiler insists, not too logically, that the poems should not be regarded as representative of Mary Webb's work as a poet; they are there as evidence of her poetic and spiritual development. They range in date from the earliest of her poems that has survived, "Spring", written when she was seventeen, to "Adam", written after the First World War.

The first of the group of stories is "A Cedar-Rose", a frail fancy sold to *Country Life* in 1909; one of the latest is "The Sword", a frail melodrama, written in the 1920s, which eventually appeared in *The Cornhill Magazine* in 1936.

The reviews are the most fascinating of the items. We know that reviewing in the 1920s tended to be discursive, but this is unbelievable. What would happen now if when a parcel of books about birds arrived from the *Spectator* for review the critic devoted the first 400 words of her piece to describing her feelings on receiving the parcel ("Butterflies stood on their heads in ecstasy")? And could anyone get away with a piece on an edition of Jane Austen's novels ("Our Immortal Jane") that consisted of sub-belletristic chat, full of inaccuracies and banalities: and Darcy's name spelt wrong?

Mary Webb's novels about Shropshire life, *Gone to Earth* (288pp) and *Precious Bane* (290pp), have just been reissued in paperback by Duckworth (£1.95 each).

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A palace fit for princes

By Nigel Glendinning

OLEG GRABAR:
The Alhambra
362pp, with 119 photographs. Allen Lane. £10.

Just over 130 years ago Richard Ford wrote that the Alhambra had been so long monopolized by painters, poets and the "*quidlibet audendi* genus", that it was almost beyond the jurisdiction of sober history. "Where fairies have danced their mystic rings", Ford added, "flowers may spring, but mere grass will never grow." The painters and poets continued after Ford's time, of course, and composers like Debussy and Albeniz added musical arabesques to the Granada palace picture. But the grass of historical research has also flourished since then, despite Ford's pessimism, and here is Oleg Grabar, to weed another patch and make new lawns out of previous scholars' sowings.

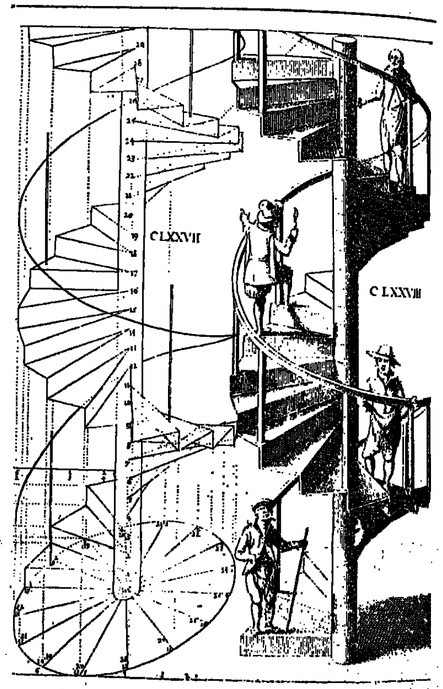
The Alhambra is an awesome complex of buildings to tackle. Documentation for the history of its construction is exceedingly sparse, and questions about who built which section, when and for what purpose, have to be answered in the main by an archaeological-type examination of the present structure and remains. Did the lions of the famous fountain come from an eleventh-century Jewish palace? What kind of vault first spanned the Hall of the Ambassadors? The present answers to these and other problems are given in Grabar's book, hedged about with scholarly caution and topiarized with tantalizing references to work in progress.

In one sense the Alhambra is no different from more modern palaces in which someone is always adding a new wing, changing the chapel, or moving the bathroom, as the problems of interpersonal relations, or merely changing tastes, demand. The Alhambra is merely on a larger scale, and has been adding to and changing for longer. Some of the more recent modifications and attempts at restoration are reasonably well known. Richard and Harriet Ford made numerous drawings of the place in the 1830s, including collapsing walls. And Ford's *Handbook for Travellers in Spain* (1845) later gave all the local gossip about the governors' wives who had removed *azulejo* dadoes to make room for the kitchen stove. In 1834, Jules Goury was working on a more precise record of facades, sections, plans and details, and these were completed, after Goury's death from cholera, by his friend Owen Jones, and published in two volumes in 1842 and 1845. That was a monumental work in every respect, in which Pascual Gayangos used what manuscript and published sources he could for the historical side, and produced a new transcription and translation of the Kufic and Arabic inscriptions. The sumptuous volumes that resulted, though they need nineteenth-century muscles for carrying about, were subscribed to by the leading English architects and engineers of the day, from Pugin and Thomas Talbot Bury, through Phillip Hardwick, G. L. Taylor and Waterhouse, to Isambard Kingdom Brunel. Although restoration campaigns later in the nineteenth century muddled the area, historical gruss his sprouted spendidly since the 1930s, with valuable work on the inscriptions and poems by Nykl and Garcia Gómez, and on the ensemble by Torres Balbás, Marçais, Bargebuhr and others.

Professor Grabar's book synthesizes much of the previous work, but adds significant new perspectives of its own. His placing of the palace in the context of Muslim and European architectural traditions is brilliantly done and makes fascinating reading. Arguments about the possible functions of the buildings and gardens, and the use of water, are carefully weighed, and new interpretations are adduced. Grabar reinforces the traditional view that the Hall of the Ambassadors was a throne room, at least from the time of Yusuf I, and finds new evidence to support the view that the decoration of its dome represents the seven heavens. He also suggests that the Dome of the Two Sisters, and another across the court from it, are intended to give the sense of the rotary movement of the stars, with precedents in earlier buildings related to princely authority. The same theory could, he thinks, be extended to the ceiling of the Hall of the Ambassadors itself, if the assumption is made that the original vaulting was of the stalactite kind, as has often been supposed. Professor Grabar relates a number of the apartments to the celebration of Muhammad V's return to the throne in 1362 and the taking of Algeciras in 1369, which he believes led to a general redecoration of Yusuf's palace. All in all, he finds that the whole ensemble provides "a sort of summary of medieval themes about princely ideology".

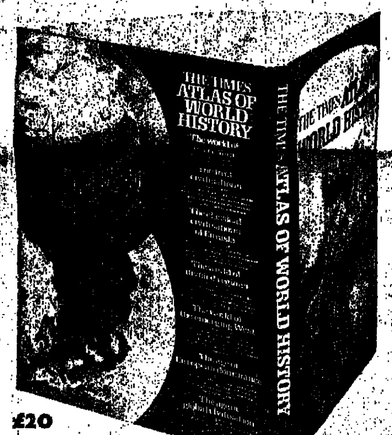
Grabar's strong sense of continuing traditions in the Alhambra's architecture also extends to the decorative detail. He suspects that it is more likely to have followed earlier patterns than to have conformed to some programme designed expressly for the buildings. This does not mean that he rejects entirely the view that decorative motifs may have symbolic significance, as has been argued in N. Ardalan's book, *The Sense of Unity in Iranian Architecture* (1971), which he quotes, and in L. Baktian's popularizing work which touches on similar themes, *Sufi: Expressions of the Mystic Quest* (1976). Yet his obvious caution in this area perhaps leads him to avoid explaining some symbolism which surely needs explanation. A case in point is the key and the hand on the Gate of Law. It is true that nineteenth-century commentators spent pages on the possible meaning of the hand alone: not merely Gautier, as Professor Grabar points out, whose reference is in fact very brief but other inquiring travellers such as Richard Ford and Vassily Botkin. Is the "hand of Fatima" theory, symbolizing the Five Pillars of Islam, so implausible? These would also correspond to the "five statements" referred to in the inscription at the entrance to the hall of the Ambassadors which would logically refer to the five principal commandments of the Moslem faith. Numerologically, it would be possible no doubt to go on to what Botkin called the "symmetrical disorder" of the columns of the Court of Lions, and divide them by five, instead of following the elegant solution of overlapping axes for their analysis, as Grabar prefers. As for the key, why should it not be the Sufic sign denoting intelligence or wisdom, "which is the key by means of which God opens the heart of the believers"?

Grabar's understandable concern for what can be established beyond the shadow of a doubt makes him more than a little reserved in handling such matters, and they remain under-explored. But he has not tried to write a definitive book; merely one that will reach such conclusions as can reasonably be reached at the present time. His work will require up-dating before many years have passed, although this in no way detracts from the importance of his reassessment of the nature of the Alhambra palace, and the extent of its originality. The book provides a well illustrated description and analysis of the monument that deserves a wide readership and further editions. For these, may one hope that Grabar will look into the details about the palace in Al Gazali's manuscript account of his embassy to Spain in 1766? Pérès found this work useful both for its versions of the inscriptions and for its comments on the construction and style of the Alhambra; Gayangos thought it merited an English translation. Yet no use is made of it, nor is there any reference to it in Grabar's book. Finally, would it not be pleasant, if poetic, to have Ibn Zamrak's description of the entertainments in the gardens when their use is under discussion? The examples are very evocative: bands of horses darting about in the dusk at speeds that caused the spectator to rub his eyes; rockets being shot into the sky to be attacked by the stars for their audacity; tight-rope walkers flying through the air like birds; men bowling along in some great wooden hoop or astronomical sphere, without visible means of impulsion. Or is this not grassy enough for Professor Grabar?



A plate from La perspective, *the French edition of an influential architectural pattern book by Jan Vredeman da Vries published in Amsterdam in 1639 which appears in* The Sources of Classicism by Barry Blakelay Alexander, *an illustrated catalogue of five centuries of architectural books from the collections of the Humanities Research Center, The University of Texas at Austin. It lists eighty-four books from Italy, France, Germany, The Low Countries, England and America, ranging from the first edition of Alberti's* De re aedificatoria, *1485, to a book of Frank Lloyd Wright's work published in Berlin in 1910.*

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The knightly touch

By Alan Borg

HARRY W. HAZARD (Editor):
A History of the Crusades
Volume IV: The Art and Architecture of the Crusader States
443pp. Madison: University of Wisconsin Press (AUPG). £18.75

Kenneth Setton's foreword to this fourth volume of the Wisconsin history of the Crusades begins by recording the deaths of three of those closely involved with the project from the start, A. W. Baldwin, L. S. R. Boase, and U. T. Holmes. Two of these scholars, Holmes and more particularly Boase, were largely responsible for the form of the present volume, but others have been called in to edit, revise and expand their work.

This makes the book a hard one to review, the more so since Boase produced his chapters, which form the great bulk of the book, as long ago as 1950. He did revise parts of his contribution shortly before his death, and the whole has been very skilfully brought up to date by Jaroslav Folda. But the result is not altogether satisfactory. Folda's method is to leave Boase's text untouched, and to add more recent information in square brackets in the notes. This makes for difficult reading since one is continually switching between the main text and lengthy small-print notes. It is hard to obtain a clear picture of the development of Crusader art, since much vital information is referred to in the notes but ignored in the main text. In an attempt to remedy this defect Folda has contributed a long final chapter of his own, dealing with painting and sculpture in the Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem, an area in which he has special expertise. Inevitably, this chapter repeats much of the information given in the earlier parts of the book, but it does place recent scholarship in perspective. Yet one must ask why it was decided to do this for the kingdom of Jerusalem and not for Cyprus or Greece; and, equally, why Holmes's contribution, an illuminating essay on life among the Europeans in Palestine and Syria in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, seems to have been allowed to go through with no revision at all. Consequently, there is no reference in it to the pioneering work in this field of Joshua Prawer, particularly to his vital book, *The Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem*, which appeared in 1972.

It would be wrong to give the impression that the obvious failings of this volume render it of little value. It is without doubt the best single-volume history of the art and architecture of the Crusader states to have been published, although this is by no means very high, for there is virtually no competition. It is full of interesting, albeit obscure information. Thus the second chapter, contributed by H. L. Savage, is an enjoyable essay on the Holy Land after 1095, and is useful to have, despite the fact that it has no particular relevance (or at least is not shown to have any relevance) for the rest of Boase's chapters and like the rest of his published work elegant, erudite and beautifully balanced, but they do not add much to what he had previously published on the subject. The additional notes by Folda are meticulous, but they do not allow for detailed discussion. His own final chapter is excellent. But in the end one wonders whether the book should have been published in this form at all. It might have been a better service to scholarship and to the memory of the great scholars who contributed the original texts to have scrapped their incomplete volume and started again.

LITERATURE TLS SEPTEMBER 22 1978: 1051

Dickensian verities

By Michael Steig

ROBERT NEWSOM:
Dickens on the Romantic Side of Familiar Things
'Bleak House' and the Novel Tradition
187pp. Guildford: Columbia University Press. $15.

BARRY WESTBURG:
The Confessional Fictions of Charles Dickens
246pp. De Kalb, Illinois: Northern Illinois University Press. (Trans-Atlantic Book Service). £6.50.

It is, on first thought, surprising that any critic should still find it necessary to apologize for Dickens. Yet one book after another seems to begin from the assumption that Dickens is generally regarded as somehow unassimilated into the mainstream of the English novel, and under perpetual siege from a camp of hostile critics devoted to some vague principle of realism. I should have thought that Dickens's uniqueness is now understood to be part of his greatness, and that the question of assimilation is a dead one: after all, how many of the great Victorian novelists can be placed within a single tradition"? Thackeray? Emily or Charlotte Brontë? Meredith? Hardy? Any such listing makes the notion of a realist tradition in the nineteenth-century novel look very odd, yet both books under review here (as well as another recent study, John Romano's *Dickens and Reality*) are to some extent attempts to validate Dickens's novels as somehow true.

Both Robert Newsom and Barry Westburg are aware that Dickens's "truth" is not a simple matter of the novelist's proclamation, in prefaces to *Oliver Twist* or *Bleak House*, that some questioned aspect of the novel (the life of criminals, spontaneous combustion) is TRUE; both these critics are after specifically novelistic, aesthetic truths. Newsom is the one more concerned with relating Dickens to the novel as a genre, although his project is seemingly the less ambitious one: to provide, as he says, "an extended gloss on that phrase, 'the romantic side of familiar things'", which concludes the preface to *Bleak House*; but since that gloss is implicitly relevant to Dickens's characteristic style, the applicability of Newsom's study is potentially quite broad.

The central part of Newsom's argument, that Freud's definition of the "uncanny" as an experience in which the familiar suddenly becomes strange or forbidden can be taken as an equivalent to "the romantic side of familiar things", is prepared for in a chapter which details many of the repetitions and parallels within the structural confusion of the first monthly number of *Bleak House*—connections that have already been analysed at length by other Dickens critics, but which Newsom turns to the specific purpose of showing how the unfamiliar or "romantic" (or *unheimlich*) and the familiar (or *heimlich*) are repeatedly made equivalent. A full chapter on the uncanny includes both numerous additional examples of unexpected coincidences among elements in the novel, and a fascinating demonstration of how uncanny/canny in English parallels *unheimlich/heimlich* in German, despite the absence of true etymological parallels.

Newsom seems justified in qualifying Freud's definition of the uncanny by stressing "the tension created by two competing frames of reference". It is not simply a matter of the return of the repressed, but of repressed fantasies turning up in distorted forms, making "our very selves . . . seem to us ambiguous and strange". And it is in this way, according to Newsom, that Dickens captures the reality of our psychic and emotional lives, as interesting and original as this theoretical discussion is. Newsom covers largely familiar ground (newly romantic) in discussing *Bleak House* itself, and although his acknowledgment of critical predecessors is usually scrupulous, he seems strangely unaware of Alex Zwerdling's very relevant 1973 essay on Dickens's psychological portraiture in the character of Esther Summerson.

Two further chapters have much of interest, but their connections with the earlier chapters are a bit tenuous. In a "biographical excursion", Newsom finds sources for *Bleak House* in Dickens's life at the time, his "fascination with paradoxical states of consciousness", his father's death in 1851, and a passage in *Pictures from Italy* in which an ancient *concierge* shows the Inquisition dungeon at Avignon. Newsom argues in a rather far-fetched manner that this old woman can be seen as a source of aspects of Esther Summerson, Mrs Rouncewell, Mr Bucket, and (more convincingly) Mlle Hortense. The argument of the final chapter, an attempt to place *Bleak House* in "the novel tradition" as Dickens's "most novelistic novel", is ingenious, but its conclusion is otiose. To claim that *Bleak House* is supremely novelistic because it synthesizes the greatest number of generic elements is to demonstrate most clearly the instability of the novel form, is a curious way of ousting the "realists" from "the reigning position they have traditionally occupied as the only highly serious practitioners of the genre"; and in any case, this reign has been over for some time.

As a result of pursuing multiple aims within a brief study, Newsom has fallen short of a full treatment of his subject. His is none the less a stimulating book, and (except for an allusion to "Grandfather Trent" in *The Old Curiosity Shop*) generally a scholarly one. Barry Westburg also pursues multiple aims, though it is easier to hold in mind the main thread of his argument, even if that argument is sometimes extremely murky. A bald summary, however, is likely to make the book seem a good deal more simplistic than it is. Thus, there can be little quarrel over his claim that Oliver Twist does not develop significantly in the course of his novel, that David Copperfield develops but repeatedly looks back to his past, or that Pip of *Great Expectations* by contrast looks towards the future and develops in a more linear, less obsessively repetitive fashion. Yet the interest of Westburg's book lies more in the texture and particulars than in the outline of his argument.

A "confession" is defined by Westburg as an attempt to see an individual's life in a series of interrelated stages, and to make sense of that entire life as a process of development. But he immediately fudges the question of how a confessional *fiction* relates to the life of its author, by saying that "Dickens evidently did not need to write autobiography", but "could instead write confessional narratives of development". Since it is the fictionality of these narratives which this critic ultimately stresses, the meaning of "confession" as an examination of one's own life is confused. Some readers of Dickens may, as well, be put off by Westburg's assertion that only in *Oliver Twist*, *David Copperfield* and *Great Expectations* did the novelist "ever penetrate deeply enough into the significance of individual stages, or treat thoroughly enough the connections of the various stages in the life of one character, to offer us the truth of a whole life in the way that more recognizably confessional writings do". Esther Summerson's narrative in *Bleak House*—a confessional fiction if there ever was one—is dismissed casually on the basis of Robert Garis's description of her as a "thin verbal mask" for the author (although Westburg otherwise rejects Garis's realist bias); and Louisa Gradgrind, Arthur Clennam, and Eugene Wrayburn are not mentioned.

Westburg's most challenging argument has to do with meaning and interpretation, fictionality and real life. To consider *David Copperfield* as a narrative written by David is a useful interpretive strategy, as it enables the critic to bypass Dickens's own life, and to treat the novel as a complexly mimetic work in which the narrator's (i.e. David's) attempt to make sense of his own life is the dominant subject. As Westburg nicely puts it, "In the step-by-step rehearsal of his life, the narrator reforms his adult consciousness while at the same time tracing its formation". Ultimately, Westburg claims, the re-formation of this consciousness ends in self-deception, for David's imprisonment in a pattern of repetition is not really escaped with the marriage to Agnes, which "confirms our suspicion that, if the hero of a novel of a sentimental education cannot get past the stage of such sexless idealism, he is an apprentice who can never become a master".

Not all of Westburg's insights into *David Copperfield* are new, but they are presented in an original framework that enriches our reading of the novel, though any reader will find particular interpretations to disagree with. The treatment of *Great Expectations* is less full of good things, if only because this novel has been so extensively written about. However, Westburg puts a challenging, if rather confusing, general argument: this novel is "at once ethically neutral, messageless about life, and yet still significant as an aesthetic confession . . . about, and by means of, art". And the substance of that confession, which must be interpreted by the reader, is the artificiality of fiction, the difference between real lives and the elaborately "plotted connections" among lives in the novel. As I took over Westburg's concluding pages on *Great Expectations*, I find myself wondering if this critic is not simply adopting a complicated manner of saying that the novel confesses, finally, after the pretences of the previous confessional works, to its own falsity. If the novel is "noninstructive with regard to real life", then the very idea of mimesis has been abandoned; such earlier attempts to reconcile Dickens's grotesque-comic mode with psychological reality as Mark Spilka's notion of "projective" fiction—the characters being to varying degrees the product of the protagonist's fantasies—are disregarded (although Westburg earlier makes use of this very concept, without referring to Spilka).

I'm not quite sure what we are left with, but I do know that it is not an absolutely compelling doctrine. If, as Westburg insists, a novel cannot interpret itself, and thus the reader must elicit the meaning, he fails to acknowledge the inevitable subjectivity and variety of interpretations. I, for one, cannot see *Great Expectations* as being primarily about the writing of fiction, and Westburg's argument for this conclusion frequently slides away into the unparaphrasable, if not into the intense inane.

These two studies are both "psychological", but it is Barry Westburg's book, with its dogged insistence on "development" and "maturity", that comes closer to treating art as (self-) therapy, while Robert Newsom's overtly Freudian study, paradoxically, is more consistently focused on the problem of Dickens's special artistic modes. These studies are complementary, for both are concerned with the truths peculiar to fiction, and *Dickens on the Romantic Side of Familiar Things* helps to fill in the two largest gaps in Westburg's volume: the dismissal of *Bleak House*, and the lack of any consistent view of the effects upon the reader of Dickens's typical artistic strategies in his later novels.

One final point: Newsom in a long footnote describes my article, "Dickens' Excremental Vision" (*Victorian Studies*, 1970), as labeling Dickens as "anal character". In that article I was concerned with creative vision and the reproduction of social and individual psychological patterns, and not with biographical speculation, and I suspect that the misunderstanding stems from the difficulty Newsom, like so many psychoanalytic critics, has in separating biography from critical interpretation. Westburg, on the other hand, is well aware of the theoretical problems, but offers the solution of considering Dickens's novels as being about fiction, rather than life. Since a major concern of Dickens's life was the making of fiction, this is an ingenious way out of the problem; but it will never satisfy those readers who continue to see Dickens's fictions, confessional or not, as statements about life, rather than fiction.

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ANDRE DEUTSCH

TLS Commentary

The prodigy in old age

The latest flutter in the American piano-playing world concerns the emergence from obscurity of the seventy-five-year-old former child pianist Ervin Nyiregyházi.

Nyiregyházi's life story is depressing if not bizarre. He was born in Budapest in 1903, the son of a tenor father and an amateur pianist mother. He showed his musical abilities before he could talk, and by the age of five was already studying the piano and composing. He appeared in a command performance for Queen Mary at Buckingham Palace in 1911, but at first played little professionally. His gifts were, however, widely recognized; Géza Révész's *The Psychology of a Musical Prodigy* (1925) gives a good indication of how they were thought of at the time. If the comparisons with Mozart read strangely today, there can still be little doubt as to the young Nyiregyházi's precocity.

In 1920 he came to America to make his New York debut at Carnegie Hall. Though he did achieve some success, his career as an adult was nipped in the bud by conflicts with managers—a not unknown experience for solo musicians—and, one suspects, an unwillingness on the part of an American audience in the process of acquiring cultural sophistication to take Nyiregyházi's particular brand of pianistic self-expression quite seriously.

Eventually he moved to the West Coast, where he became submerged in the Hollywood swamp. He was barely able to support himself by playing jobs in the movie studios: for example, his were the hands which appeared on the screen as Chopin's in *A Song to Remember*—the face was Cornell Wilde's and the sound of José Iturbi's. Always in need of female companionship, he gained nine wives and lost six by divorce and three by death. He drank a lot, and lived the life of a near-vagrant. Though he continued to play, for forty years he did not even own a piano.

His move back into the limelight began with a concert in 1973 at the First Presbyterian Church in San Francisco. The pianist played a programme of music which has always been particularly close to his heart, including examples of what are now to most music lovers among the lesser-known pieces of Franz Liszt. In the audience was a piano devotee armed with a cassette machine; the results of this amateur recordist's efforts came to the attention of Gregor Benko, a guiding spirit of the International Piano Archives, a New York organization devoted to the preservation and revival of the piano's good old days.

Benko was enraptured by Nyiregyházi, whom he found a true relic of the romantic nineteenth century. Largely as a result of Benko's interest, the 1973 recital tapes, along with some 1974 studio performances, appeared commercially on the Desmar label. This recording, although it came from a small company and contained mostly little-known works played by a forgotten performer, excited wide interest among those who take piano playing seriously.

Chief among them was Harold Schonberg, music critic of the *New York Times*. On the evidence of the Desmar record he certainly found Nyiregyházi playing "mad music, but a divine madness". Financial backing for the penniless old man was also found, in the shape of stipends from the Ford Foundation—an unlikely sponsor for the resuscitation of the pianism of a century ago.

The market clearly existed for this new recording, this time professionally made for a major label. The honour fell to Columbia, which in January of this year sent its producer Thomas Frost to San Francisco to collaborate with Benko on a new, two-disc album. The tapes were made despite various divagations on the part of the capricious pianist, and the normal pre-release hullyhoo was being cranked up when contractual disagreements between the Ford Foundation, the International Piano Archives, and Columbia threatened to delay or even annul the project. But everything was soon cleared up, the Columbia set was released to an expectant market, and 15,000 albums were sold in the first week.

So there are now more than two hours of Nyiregyházi's playing on disc, surely enough to judge his playing in pianistic and musical terms. There can be little doubt that his technical equipment is both natural and prodigious. Its naturalness is demonstrated by the fact that he doesn't need to practise a great deal before he plays, even at an age when most pianists find exacting mechanical tasks beyond their grasp. Its prodigality is demonstrated by the extremes of dynamic and tempo contrast at the pianist's easy command.

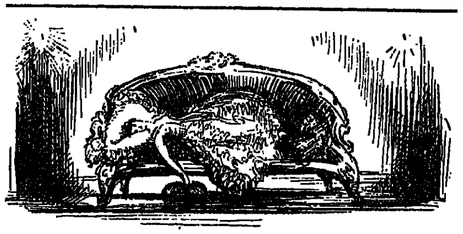
But these pianistic virtues come to seem primitive and even uncouth if one's concern as a listener is with the music rather than the playing. Unfortunately the works which Mr Nyiregyházi has chosen to play are all too often pieces which show Liszt at his flash and maudlin worst, and their circulation on these records can only cast a shadow on the composer's entire achievement. Liszt's strengths lay in his innovative compositional techniques, his gift for melody, and his ability to make the piano sound both lyrical and brilliant: his defects—overwhelmingly present in Mr Nyiregyházi's favourite music—lay in a tendency to superficiality, spurious religiosity and cloying sentimentality.

The pianist plays these works—which include the two *St Francis Legends*, his own transcriptions of the symphonic poem *Hamlet* and the March of the Three Holy Kings from the oratorio *Christus*, and other shorter pieces—in a wayward rhythmic style, striking huge clusters of notes at tremendous volume, and generally emphasizing the power of the piano to impress and even shock, rather than its ability to communicate and clarify large-scale musical structure. The general impression one gets from Mr Nyiregyházi's playing is that he has found in the music only the improvisatory and theatrical aspects inherent in romantic harmonies and pianistic roulades. Taken all together and in one sitting, these recorded sides mark a steady progression downhill from the mockedly sublime to the really ridiculous.

The crass way Mr Nyiregyházi is being merchandised as both musician and man adds a special kind of unpleasantness to the whole phenomenon. It may be thought harmless though curious that Columbia Records is selling T shirts emblazoned with the pianist's name. Rather more disquieting were the way the television programme produced by NBC and shown across the United States last spring emphasized the pianist's drinking habits and his dissolute life style; an advertisement for the programme in the *New York Times* called him "the hobo pianist", and a title card in the programme itself described him as the "the skidrow pianist". One cannot know whether Mr Nyiregyházi is pleased with his new reputation, but one may be permitted some doubt as to the value of a career paid for with personal indignities.

And beyond the tragedy of the pianist's life—a tragedy which only seems compounded by his recent notoriety—a further question must be raised: what does it mean that an old man can be raised from the depths by the performance, no matter how astonishing and eccentric, of deservedly forgotten music? Perhaps the most plausible explanation for this twin resurrection is the present vacuum in musical composition, as demonstrated by the almost total failure of music written in the last generation to find a wide audience among music lovers or even practising musicians. It is this vacuum which has furthered the exhaustion, through overperformance, of a standard nineteenth-century repertory, and prompted the frenzied search for the new among the old rather than the new among the new. It is the hope of Mr Nyiregyházi's backer that jaded critical palates and apathetic audiences alike will respond commercially to this latest mining of the past. One hardly knows whether or not to wish them well in their quest.

Samuel Lipman



"Blissfully exhausted, Fiordiligi collapsed on the chaise-longue", a drawing by Hans Wildermann for Così fan tutte: Mozarts Fuschingsoper (1922), *a novella by Rudolf Hans Bartsch. This story is an elaboration of the anecdote about a scandalous wager of two matrimonially inclined Viennese officers, which may well have been known to Mozart and his librettist, Da Ponte. Four Wildermann drawings and a discussion of literature inspired by the opera are included in* Così fan tutte: Beiträge zur Wirkungsgeschichte von Mozarts Oper, *edited by Susanne Vill (369pp with 96 illustrations. Bayreuth: Bühlfacher Universitätsverlag. DM 38). It is the second of an important series of publications from the Music-theatre Institute at the University of Bayreuth.*

Giorgione in Castelfranco

On the assumption that Vasari's second thoughts about the date of Giorgione's birth were more accurate than his first (1478, not 1477), its fifth centenary is being celebrated this year: with an exhibition, lasting until the end of September, held in various locations around the town where he was born, Castelfranco Veneto, and with a series of conferences—two at Castelfranco itself, an art-historical one last May and another this month on the literature, drama and music of Giorgione's time. Another series of lectures was given in Venice.

One of the posters that tempts one to Castelfranco for the exhibition reproduces the sleeping "Venus" at Dresden: it was somewhat disappointing to find that neither this nor many other works by Giorgione were to be seen. True, the magnificent Castelfranco altarpiece has been removed for the occasion into a well-lit, if rather poky, room in the house next door. And in this newly restored building, traditionally taken as the painter's home, there is a fresco representing the liberal and mechanical arts on which it is also argued that Giorgione worked. Elsewhere in the show two small mythological landscapes, once thought to be his, are displayed. In the remainder of the exhibition, which is largely contextual, there are more works of art: two long *cassone* panels attributed to Titian from the Padua Civic Museum, for example, some astonishing primitive ex-voto panels, portraits, maps, coins, armour and so on. All these, together with large numbers of blown-up reproductions and photographs, work busily to evoke life and culture in Giorgione's time.

Another section of the show, on the restoration of early sixteenth-century Venetian pictures, presents some twenty paintings, in various stages of dereliction or recovery, and is obviously designed to augment the highly specialized exhibit in the Giorgione house of radiographic analysis of Giorgione's pictures. Some of these Venetian paintings, gathered from all over the area, are most interesting.

Only the technical sections of the three-volume catalogue were available when I visited the exhibition. Apart from these there was a large, illustrated, but slightly confusing guide to the exhibition, which seemed to offer potted versions of what the main catalogue will eventually accomplish at greater leisure. As a result, the memorable sections of the exhibition are those that are largely self-explanatory: for example, the frieze in Giorgione's house is echoed in the cases below, where antique torsos are displayed, as well as musical instruments, books such as Colonna's *Hypnerotomachia Poliphili*, in Aldo's illustrated edition of 1499, Crescenzi's *De agricultura* of 1495, also beautifully illustrated, and Strabo's *De situ orbis* by Aldo, 1502. Another section, on Giorgione's patrons, and the collections in which his pictures were first documented, would probably be more aptly narrated in book form.

The entire exhibition, with the exception of the section on restoring Venetian pictures, is situated within the walled town: in the Teatro Accademico, late-eighteenth-century, recently restored and not to be missed by any visitor, and in the grounds and surviving buildings of the Music Conservatory, also eighteenth-century and built into the NW angle of the town walls. In this area are displayed coloured reproductions of all Giorgione's *oeuvre* together with the count of which art historians had accepted which paintings as the master's.

The exhibition's "contextual" endeavours led me out of Castelfranco into the countryside at Asolo, to the show was a room organized by Lionello Puppi, dedicated to the court of Caterina Cornaro, Queen of Cyprus, where in some maps and drawings was shown the Barco, the large country estate and its built for herself in the 1490s. What remains of it is a long row of buildings, partly farmhouse, partly elegant open loggia, still frescoed inside and out (St Jerome on one wall, Daphne chased by Apollo on another) and used to store agricultural equipment. It seemed a long way from Giorgione, but a discovery none the less, thanks to his birthday celebrations.

John Dixon Hunt

TLS Commentary

Sidestepping the Life Force

By Brigid Brophy

There is a disease to which plays as well as men become liable with advancing years. In men it is called doting, in plays dating." So begins the note Shaw prefaced to *The Philanderer* in 1930. I doubt if the play was dating grievously in 1930 when Noël Coward was enjoying a reputation for being highly up to the minute on the strength of just such scenes as the one on which *The Philanderer* opens ("A lady and gentleman are making love to one another in the drawing room of a flat in Ashley Gardens. . . . It is past ten at night"). And by 1978 Shaw's fear that the play would date in progression as it had been topical in 1893, the year in which he wrote it but failed to get it put on, has been veiled by the whirligig of social history. Women have achieved social emancipation almost as often as the working class, each time with universal amnesia of its ever having happened before. As a result, *The Philanderer* prances onto the too wide stage of the Lyttelton Theatre as the most topical as well as the funniest and the most thoughtful play in town, and the audience gaily provides itself with simultaneous mental translation facilities that interpret "the New Woman" as the Liberated woman.

The Philanderer was Opus 4 of the Celtic School, a school that existed only as a joke between Shaw and Oscar Wilde and lasted only till they discovered their incompatibility. As they contributed plays to it alternately, Opus 4 is Shaw's second play. It comes chronologically, as it does in the text, of *Plays Unpleasant*, between *Widowers' Houses* and *Mrs Warren's Profession*. Shaw always seriously aspired to belong to some school or movement—a curious loss of socialist conviction and puritan temperament: he was unable to bear the heady pleasure of creating masterpieces except by persuading himself he was disciplining his duty to a cause. Even-tually he hitched his aspirations to the most unstoppable movement of his evolution of species, of which he could satisfactorily represent himself as author and his friend John Tanner as helpless tools.

The philanderer himself, Leonard Charteris, is a sketch for Tanner as well as a sketch of Shaw (he looks at five years to *The Perfect Wagnerite* in his choice of a dé-collé shirt collar dyed Woman's Just as the vivisecting doctor illustrates Shaw's notes for *The Doctor's Dilemma* and the irrefutable case against vivisection he used in his preface. But where-Tanner, running for his life, turns into the nest spread for him by Mrs Whitefield and the Life Force, Charteris is still a successful evader, though not without cost to his character. He sidesteps so adroitly that he precipitates Julia into an unloving, sentimental marriage to the doctor. A farce can't have had so cruel a near ending since Rosalind's dismissal of Phoebe, and Shaw's final stage direction admits Julia's "keen sorrow".

By the time he created Tanner, Shaw recognized that evolution is all about breeding. Tanner flees domesticity lest it interrupt the intellectual tasks the Life Force sets him. But the Life Force makes him succumb, because it *also* wants him to father the superman. Charteris is still defending his contribution to cultural evolution by dodging any role in the biological kind. If the play has a dated patch, it is not where Shaw located it, in the characters' cult of Ibsen. (I suspect, anyway, that Shaw introduced the cult not as a sociological topicality but as an inducement to J. T. Grein, the pioneer Ibsen impresario, to put on the play, plus an advertisement for his own *Quintessence of Ibsenism* of two years before.) Rather, it lies in Shaw's appearance of assuming that the Life Force strives all women, and only women, to need and breed. Charteris still exists in his thousands, but nowadays half of them are women.

Shaw knew many women who would no more suffer romance or parenthood to interrupt their vocations than he would have done himself. Indeed, the jealousy scene in the first act of *The Philanderer* is based on a "scene" made in real life by one of Shaw's lovers when she found him with another, the second being the actress Florence Farr, of whom Shaw said that she attached no more importance to love affairs than Casabova or Frank Harris. (In his programme note, Michael Holroyd calls this scene "unique in that it partly reproduces a dramatic incident that actually took place". He must have forgotten the wrestling-on-the-sofa scene in *The Apple Cart*, which had actually taken place between Shaw and Mrs Patrick Campbell.) Had Shaw transcribed into *The Philanderer* the actual people as well as the real incident, he would have turned it into *The Philanderer and the Philanderess*.

The reason he did not was, I suspect, ignorance not of the diversity of women but of contraception. Perhaps he did not see how a woman could have a heterosexual sex life but no babies. His account of his own sex life suggests his ignorance may once have had real-life consequences. "I was not impotent; I was not sterile; I was not homosexual." Neither was he a careless user of words. How, as I have murmured elsewhere, did he *know* he was not sterile?

The production at the National Theatre is admirably faithful. The doctor's sitting-room does display "a framed photograph of Rembrandt's School of Anatomy", as Shaw directs it should, though whether the music played on the piano (not by the character Shaw directed) in Act One is truly the beginning of a song called "When under lips" I am not in a position to tell. The pacing (especially in the second half) and the acting (especially by the two women) are good; good enough, indeed, to make you forget your surroundings and with them, the fact that one of Shaw's "causes", the campaign for a national theatre, was posthumously won, but also lost, when it was realized in a building with the architecture and ambience of a dingy yet pretentious motel.



Yvonne Printemps, the French theatre's inimitable soubrette of the inter-war years, with her first husband Sacha Guitry—whose expression here suggests that the rumour of his excessive jealousy was true. Printemps's brilliant career in music-hall, musical comedy, plays, and films is described in a pamphlet limited edition of 300 copies by Patrick O'Connor. Her first appearance, in 1908, "just before her thirteenth birthday", from 1915 onwards, when she "attracted Guitry's attention", she starred in a succession of musical comedies that he wrote for her, as well as being a fine dramatic actress and a serious singer. Though she was an enormous success in Noël Coward's Conversation Piece *in the 1930s, she never learnt English, recorded are included, as well as fourteen photographs and a number of appreciations of Printemps's art and personality. The booklet is obtainable at £4.50 from Patrick O'Connor, 26 Sheen Park, Richmond, Surrey TW9 1UW.*

Fifty years on . . .

Keith Feiling reviewed the Earl of Ronaldshay's biography of Curzon in the TLS of September 20, 1928:

If, finally, we attempt to appraise the powers and mentality of this remarkable man, we can hardly fail to be struck with the precocity of his youth and the ungrowingness of his mind. "Boyishness" we are told again and again of his humour; boyish he certainly showed it to be with the Amir; and every essential trait of the Viceroy was proved years before at the Union, and is stamped on the records of the Canning Club. In short, the flower nurtured by Oscar Browning and Jowett flowered early and struck no deep roots. His mind, drawing power from his devouring vitality, was exalted rather than imaginative, lofty rather than broad, encyclopaedic rather than piercing. Ceaselessly ardent in pursuing knowledge, he won her less by power of thought than by act of storm; he liked his horizons hard and firm, and his verities documented. We see him, watch in hand, as he swings in the net ascending to the monastery on Mount Athos, or as the stone hurtles down the precipice; everything is noted, enumerated and applied, whether Babu adjectives, the history of the Kowtow, the surname of "the Private of the Buffs", or the minor epic of Napoleon's billiard table. The hand that uprooted apathy must tear also the drapings off mystery, and he who redeemed the Residency from squalor must explain away the Singing Sands.

Macaulay's mental confidence was warmed by the stream of his manly, kindliest nature: Wolsey's pomp and circumstance were imbued with human clay: but about Curzon's work and writing there is a stress which makes it, if in one sense higher, less sane and enduring. Megalomaniac, or the wish to excel others, would be partial charges, and unjust; for he did not merely see himself in the mirror that he pressed upon nature. Nor is the cheap reproach of "aristocracy" to the point; there was too deeply read in the lore of power nor to know where it was contained, and did he not lead the revolt of the older sons against their relegation to the Lords? There was, rather, in him a sense of corporate Calvinism—a sense of the ordained fate and duty laid upon great peoples and ruling classes to inherit the earth. The Almighty, he told the Indian Civil Service, had set their hand upon "the greatest of His ploughs". With what spontaneity the words "corps d'élite" fell from him when he spoke of the English in India! . . .

He belonged to an age which has disappeared in a bloodless revolution, and lived into one of those periods in which old landmarks slip past by the telegraph poles and what is middle-aged seems prehistoric. If he had failings all his own, they were afflictions rather than moral flaws; and in compensation he lived in an armoury of endowments and ideals. If pride of race, if love of country, if worship of beauty and power, if glory in action are still to be held possessions of great price, Curzon will live long in the English mind as one who held these things up to idolatry. The penalty that such a worshipper may be, and perhaps should be, asked to pay in his own person he paid to the uttermost farthing; and the cosmos in which he projected his too much deliberated ego was a perpetual and an adorned image of his country.

1478 Oxford University 1978 Press

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Two poems by Stanley Moss

The Debt

I owe a debt to the night.
I must pay it back, darkness for darkness
plus interest.
I must make something out of almost nothing.
I can't pay back by just not sleeping
night after night. I hear them screaming
in the streets of New York, "What ? What ? What ?"

I can't write a check to the night,
or a promissory note : "I'll write songs."
Only the nightmare is legal tender.
I bribe owls. I appeal
to creatures of the night : "Help me
raccoons, catfish, snakes !"
I put my head in the tunnel of a raccoon,
pick up a fish spine in my mouth.
Perhaps the night will accept this ?
Dying is my only asset.

These days driving along I turn up my brights.
I love and am grateful for anything that fights
the darkness : matches, fireworks, fireflies.
My friend who's been to Antarctica
tells me against the ice when the sun is high
you see the shadow of the earth.
The night after all is just a shadow . . .
The debt keeps mounting.

I try to repay something by remembering
my Dante, the old five and ten thousand lira notes
had Dante's face etched on the front.
(I bought that cheap). Hard cash to the night
is finding out what I do not want to know
about myself, no facts acceptable,
—a passage through darkness,
where one I stop to ask, "Why ? What ?"
is always myself, I cannot recognize.

If only I could coin nightmares :
—a barnyard in Asia,
the last dog and cat betrayed, are no more.
A small herd of three-legged blind cows
still gives milk.
A pig with a missing snout, its face like a moon,
gathers a group.
A horse, its mane burnt to cinders,
a rear hip socket shot off, tries to get up
thrusting its muzzle into the dark grass.
A rooster pecks without a beak or a coxcomb.
A rabbit that eats stones, sips without a tongue
runs without feet.
A ditch of goats, sheep and oxen
locked in some kind of embrace.
All move their faces away,
refuse the charity of man
the warrior, the domesticator.

I see a whale with eyes yards apart
swimming out of the horizon,
surfacing as if it were going to die,
with a last dissociated vision,
one eye at peace
peers down into the valleys and mountains
of the ocean, the other eye floats,
tries to talk with its lids to the multitude.
While in the great head
what is happening and what happened mingle,
for neither has to be.
I pray for some of my eyes to open
and some to close.
It is the night itself that provides
a moratorium.

Clouds

Working class clouds are living together
above the potato fields,—tall white beauties
humping above the sweating, grunting men,
in each other's clouds with darker thighs,
rolling across the Atlantic. West,
a foolish cumulus hides near the ocean,
afraid of hurricanes.
I know Zeus came to the bed
of naked Io, as a cloud,
passed over her and into her as a cloud,
all cloud but part of his face
and a heavy paw, half cloud, half cat
that held her down.
I take clouds to bed that hold me
like snow and rain, gentle ladies,
wet and ready, smelling of lilac hedges.
I swear to follow them like geese,
through factory smoke,
beyond the shipping lanes and jet routes.
They pretend nothing—opening, drifting, naked.
I pretend to be a mountain
because I think clouds like that.
Sometimes melancholy is smoke
I walk aimlessly.
Perhaps I remember a certain cloud,
perhaps I bear a certain allegiance
to a certain cloud.

The swathes and the tunnels

By Arnaldo Momigliano

DENYS HAY :
Annalists and Historians
215pp. Methuen. £6.

Denys Hay has managed to pay his debt to human frailty and prejudice in the first two chapters of this book. If his readers manage equally well to overcome the obstacles which in consequence bar their way through these two chapters, they will find in the rest of the book the guidance to medieval chroniclers, Renaissance historians and seventeenth-century scholars which they are entitled to expect from Professor Hay—and they will of course enjoy his company. But the obstacles placed at the beginning are very real, and it is my contention in this review that they affect also what is good and sound in the rest of the book.

The obstacles take the form of what seem to me ill-conceived statements. Hay is sure that "most classical historians are bad historians" and gives two main reasons : they "wrote almost exclusively about war" and high-level diplomacy" and "they took for granted their mastery of the world and the security of its social basis". If one includes in ancient historiography, as one should, biography, ethnography and research about political institutions, his first reason cannot possibly be right ; his second reason is wrong on any showing.

According to Hay, the classical pagans cared so little about their historians that they did not preserve them. If only a small portion of Polybius has survived "the blame for this should presumably be laid at the door of the unappreciative Romans". But in the tenth century Constantine Porphyrogenitus had the greater part of Polybius at his disposal for his excerpta ; Livy never invented a scheme of reckoning *Ab urbe condita* and Suetonius was never "a prominent politician". Apropos of St Jerome, Hay incomprehensibly asserts that "what began as a revision of the old Latin version ended up as a translation of the Septuagint, but from the Hebrew text". Four centuries after Scaliger and more than a century and a half after Niebuhr's work on the Armenian Eusebius, Hay tells us that only by Jerome's Latin version of Eusebius' *Canones* survived. It is not correct to say that Cassiodorus put together the *Historia Tripartita*, that is, a conflation of the ecclesiastical historians Socrates, Sozomenus and Theodoretus. There was already a *Historia Tripartita* in Greek, though the selection of texts made by Epiphanius under the guidance of Cassiodorus is not identical with that of the Greek model. I cannot see how Jordanes' *Getica* can be described "as an anthology mainly drawn from Rufinus and a lost history of the Goths written by Cassiodorus". Jordanes derived one rhetorical page of preface from Rufinus or perhaps from a model they had in common : the historical text is not affected.

On such a shaky factual foundation Hay builds up his thesis that classical and early Christian historians did not do much good to their medieval and modern successors. Classical historians distracted their admirers from their proper tasks by introducing rhetorical requirements. Hence Hay's negative evaluation of humanistic historiography which was saved from bankruptcy by the intervention of the antiquarians. He is refreshingly sincere in referring his dislike of the classical historians to his grammar school days: "it is salutary to remember how feeble was the tradition of ancient historiography". His evaluation of the Christian historians has more qualifications and is perhaps more positive. Early Christian historians had the merit of looking at documents and of being interested in the lower classes. Yet Hay has no use for ultramundane speculations and ultimately dismisses St Augustine as a non-historian. He firmly declares that the "annalistic chronicle of the Middle Ages did not grow out of ancient, biblical or patristic history". From here it is a short step to treating as marginal "those large schemes from Polybius down to Vico and Marx which have strangely little influence on the actual writing of history".

It is clear what Hay dislikes—the allegedly rhetorical historians of Greece and Rome and the speculative theologians and philosophers of history of any persuasion. It is not equally clear what he would accept as the historian's proper task. To judge from his obvious sympathies for medieval chroniclers and modern antiquarians, his first allegiance is to those historians who provide plenty of facts. Within this category he settles for those, such as W. Roberts son and Gibbon, who combine facts into large pictures of social and political life. The final section of the book which deals with them is too short to leave a precise impression, but it would seem that Hay praises Robertson and Gibbon not because they were vitally interested in what a modern civilization should be, but because they made history "difficult and technical". Though he duly appreciates the scholarly efforts of the ecclesiastical historians of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, he finally the religious problems of that age ultimately irrelevant to what he considers progress of historical method. In a graceful reference to an old sentence of mine about Gibbon "offering the treasures of erudition to the contemplation of the philosophical historian", Hay inserts the important rider : "perhaps we should not allow ourselves to be distracted by that word 'philosophical', by which (I think) is meant surveying the past in large swathes rather than by means of little tunnels".

Whatever the meaning we attribute to the word "philosophical" in this particular context, the first fact about historiography is that so far no historian has written simply in order to transmit and to classify facts. Historians have evaluated the past either in accordance with their religious, social, political and philosophic beliefs or in order to test these beliefs against the results of their own historical explorations. Since Herodotus historians have of course been committed to making a distinction between what they consider to be true and what they consider to be worth transmitting even if untrue or doubtful (a distinction about which we hear too little in this book). The obligation to be truthful implies the elaboration of rules to prevent misuse of the evidence. No doubt some procedures have been refined through the centuries as a simple consequence of greater logical rigour and of stricter moral codes. But on the whole the rules had to be multiplied because the types of research have multiplied. What was good enough for Thucydides, narrating and evaluating contemporary events in his own country, was no longer good enough for the eighteenth-century historians trying to decide whether Athens was a better political model than Sparta. The erudite methods which were elaborated to decide whether Roman Catholicism was a corruption of the primitive Church were hardly relevant to an inquiry about the development of capitalism or the condition of American slaves.

The preoccupations of historians as members of their own society are inseparable from the methods they use and from the form they give to their exposition. They are entitled—and even morally obliged—to go into philosophical and theological interpretations, if their preoccupations are of that order. If St Augustine feels impelled to examine the implications for a Christian of the ruin of the Roman Empire, or Vico is impressed by the recurrence of heroic ages in human history, who are we to declare that these are not historical questions ? And if a historian wants to persuade and convert his reader—or perhaps only to convince him of the dignity of the specific story he is telling—why should he not use all the rhetorical devices in Latin or in the vernacular which he considers suitable ? I do not see why we should be unsympathetic to the humanistic historians because they served the interests of their sovereigns in classical Latin —provided that the facts were correctly stated and interpreted. Rhetoric can cover incompetence and dishonesty, but so can palaeography and statistics.

I am not sure that Hay [illegible] wants his historians to be [illegible] detached from religion, [illegible] politics, philosophy and [illegible] (in so far as sociology is the [illegible] of how men co-exist). Very [illegible] pages of this book look [illegible] pathy at historians who [illegible] candidly explored their faith [illegible] simple descriptions of their [illegible] used their erudition to defend [illegible] faith. However, his sketch of [illegible] development of medieval [illegible] modern historiography seems [illegible] (as his predecessor Dieter [illegible] the constant interplay of [illegible] ology and ideology, or, if you [illegible] of objective research and subject [illegible] concerns, which has so far been [illegible] main characteristic of [illegible] grupby. Consequently the [illegible] chapters of this book on medieval chronicles and Renaissance [illegible] rich as they are in information [illegible] acute remarks, appear [illegible] ho lacking in principles of organ[illegible] tion of the material.

Hay finds confirmation of [illegible] thesis that the Reformation [illegible] irrelevant to the development of [illegible] torical studies in the circumstance [illegible] that the three greatest masters [illegible] historical method of the middle [illegible] the sixteenth century were [illegible] ferent religious persuasions : [illegible] Cano was a Roman Catholic, [illegible] Budduin a Protestant and [illegible] (probably) nothing at all. Hay [illegible] the irrelevance of the Reformation [illegible] at least as far as the historian [illegible] concerned, or perhaps one [illegible] say as far as the discipline of [illegible] tory was concerned". This [illegible] proves little. They were [illegible] the case of Cano, who died a [illegible] livad) before the impact of the [illegible] troversy started by the Magde[illegible] Centuriators was fully felt. [illegible] is important is that the new [illegible] sisted historians had constant[illegible] reckon with the enormous [illegible] of the classical tradition which [illegible] served the political and moral [illegible] of pagan Greece and Rome. [illegible] Tacitists may appear a [illegible] with Spinoza (not to be [illegible] the index of Hay's book) [illegible] their cause.

How easily we can indulge [illegible] wishful thinking when we [illegible] turn out the disturbing [illegible] and philosophers and [illegible] from our own little [illegible] gardens is best shown by a [illegible] in Hay's paragraph about [illegible] sophic history : "providence [illegible] tory was singularly marginal [illegible] practices of the chronicler, [illegible] what Croce and Collingwood [illegible] had either of them actually [illegible] thirteenth-century chronicle [illegible] ness in the case of Croce, [illegible] knowledge of Italian medieval [illegible] tory, and especially of [illegible] Southern Italy, was profound [illegible] first-hand, the question seems [illegible] bizarre. Croce went through [illegible] lished and unpublished chron[illegible] of every century. In the [illegible] 1930s I saw him when he had [illegible] visited, I believe for the first [illegible] the remains of the Benedictine [illegible] abbey of La Novalesa in Val di [illegible] He spoke of the pleasure of [illegible] in the place he had learned to [illegible] so well from the eleventh-century *Chronicon Novaliciense*. [illegible] twenty years later he published [illegible] fine page on this *Chronicon* in the *Spectatore Italiano* of Alfredo [illegible] (now in *Terze Pagine Sparse*, [illegible] 152-53). It must have been one [illegible] the last pages written by the [illegible] eighty-six-year-old thinker, who [illegible] in November 1952.

The Geography of Witchcraft, by Montague Summers, which appeared in 1927 and has been out of print for some time, is now more available (632pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £12.50).

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To the Editor

Socrates

Sir,—The friendly controversy [illegible] Terence Irwin, now into its [illegible]th month, has gone on long [illegible]ugh—at any rate, for me. When [illegible] finds oneself back at the start[illegible]ginior, almost repeating oneself [illegible] will appear below), the time [illegible] come to bow out. So I expect [illegible] to be my last response, and I [illegible] make it brief, addressing only [illegible]ecessal issue.

[illegible] virtue on its own account [illegible] Socrates does not give two [illegible]. He wants it only as a means [illegible] happiness. If a scoundrel's life [illegible] promised him more happiness, [illegible] would have been a scoundrel on [illegible] moral principle. But time and [illegible], we know, Socrates risks [illegible]ything to do the morally [illegible]rable thing, and at the last he [illegible] it knowing that it will cost his [illegible] Explaining himself, he says that [illegible] making life-and-death decisions [illegible] should consider "only this: [illegible]ther the conduct will be just or [illegible]" (Ap 28B, quoted more [illegible] in my previous letter (August [illegible] and earlier in my review (Feb[illegible]ry 24), with more along the [illegible] lines in both). Why "only [illegible]", justice for him is a mere [illegible], worthless in itself, good [illegible] when cashed in for hap[illegible]ess?

[illegible]ris now (August 4) offers this [illegible]nt: For Socrates virtue is [illegible] a heart-strengthening exercise; [illegible]ne who jogs only for his health [illegible]or rehearse the reason every [illegible] he sweats out the chore. Not [illegible]ny time, certainly. But would it [illegible]be odd if, when explaining why [illegible]cited as he did in the most [illegible]al emergencies of life, he [illegible]ped repeatedly *the reason* for [illegible] actions from his explanations [illegible]them? But never mind the [illegible]anations. Consider the actions [illegible]elves. What sense would it [illegible] *for a man* who jogs only for [illegible] *health* to do so in circum[illegible]ces where to go jogging yet [illegible]more time would be the end of [illegible]ything? Suppose guerrillas [illegible]bored in, and if he goes now [illegible] be shot at sight. Will he [illegible]? Only if he is some kind [illegible]. So I am back to the point [illegible]making in my first reply [illegible]; see also the last two para[illegible] of my next letter, June 9) : [illegible] Socrates is so deficient in [illegible]e judgment that only unam[illegible]ous and incontrovertible evi[illegible]ence (which does not exist) could [illegible]ade us that he is the Socrates [illegible] *Apology*, the *Crito*, and the [illegible].

[illegible]y review (February 24) I [illegible] praised Irwin's enormously [illegible] thoughtful and thought-provoking [illegible] book, but indicated that to make [illegible] Socrates an instrumentalist was a [illegible] poor investment. Since then I have [illegible] seen three reviews of his book sub[illegible]mitted to philosophical journals; [illegible] all three reach (independently) the [illegible] same judgment. He would be well [illegible] advised to cut his losses now. The [illegible] operation would leave him still [illegible] very rich. The wealth of sound [illegible] ideas and arguments in his book [illegible] would benefit from the disinvest[illegible]ment.

GREGORY VLASTOS.
Department of Philosophy, University of California, Berkeley, Cal 94720.

Lettuces

Sir,—Jack Lindsay, like G. S. Kirk, simply does not understand Detienne's argument (Letters, September 15). For contemporary social anthropologists the category "fertility-god" is as empty of meaning as its coeval "totemism". That "Egyptian Min . . . was depicted standing ithyphallic among his lettuce plantations" is no more a refutation of Detienne's association of lettuces with a wet and chilly anti-sexuality than is the fact that Siva is frequently depicted in yogic meditation sitting ithyphallic among the snows of the Himalayas.

EDMUND LEACH.
The Provost's Lodge, King's College, Cambridge.

The Banabans

Sir,—I must thank Philip Snow for his revealing review (August 25) of my book *Treasure Island*. He has made my case for me, by revealing the peculiar resentment common to all British colonial officials connected with the still painfully unresolved Banaban saga.

But it is no use, in the smouldering debris of our colonial empire, blaming the natives for what we did, or failed to do, to them. They are not clever at handling money because we gave them no opportunity to learn. The BPC phosphate mining of Ocean Island so wrecked their agriculture and fishing that they lost the will, and the skills, to start again elsewhere.

Facts are facts. I have been careful to quote only from the archives of the Colonial Office, the Foreign and Commonwealth offices, the BPC, *Hansard*, the relevant books and diaries, and the transcripts of taped court proceedings and taped interviews on Ocean Island.

Is Philip Snow unaware that Jenny Barraclough (on location filming her television documentary in Ocean Island), invited the manager of BPC there to present the case for BPC to be included in her film ? He refused.

I wonder whether Philip Snow is not confusing Ramki with Nauru—certainly the richest island in the Pacific today, because the Nauruans managed to take their phosphate wealth into their own hands.

PEARL BINDER.
5 Gray's Inn Square, London WC1.

Christina Stead

Sir,—We are of course delighted with Anne Duchêne's review of Christina Stead's *Letty Fox : Her Luck* and *For Love Alone* (September 8), recently published by us in our Modern Classics series. However, Anne Duchêne seems to assume—merely because these books appear under our imprint—that we think of Christina Stead's writings as "exclusively, or even primarily" feminist. What is more, it is obvious that Anne Duchêne's definition of feminist is a distinctly limiting one.

Christina Stead is first and foremost a fine novelist. We include her in our Modern Classics series because she is—and because her novels illuminate a way of looking at the world in general, and relations between men and women in particular. Her books fall within our definition of feminism, but this is a much broader one than Anne Duchêne allows. It is rather hard on her, and our other authors, to be placed so firmly in a ghetto of your reviewer's own making.

CARMEN CALLIL.
URSULA OWEN.
Virago, 5 Wardour Street, London W1V 3HE.

Wilfred Owen

Sir,—Wilfred Owen, now widely accepted as the finest poet of the First World War, was killed in action in France on November 4, 1918, a week before the Armistice. The telegram announcing his death was delivered to his parents in Shrewsbury as the church bells were ringing to celebrate the end of the war.

It is now proposed to place a memorial to Owen in the village church of Dunsden, near Reading. This is where he was lay assistant to the vicar from the summer of 1911 to the early spring of 1913, assisting in the parish while studying in the hope, never to be fulfilled, of getting to a university ; and this is where his mother, father, and sister are buried.

The proposal has been welcomed in Dunsden ; and the memorial stone, with lettering drawn by Mr Reynolds Stone and carved by Mr Michael Harvey, will be dedicated at a special service on the afternoon of Remembrance Sunday, November 12.

A fund has been set up to meet the costs of the undertaking, and subscriptions, however small, will be gratefully received and acknowledged. They should be sent to The Wilfred Owen Memorial Fund, the Midland Bank Ltd, 16 Shepherds Bush Green, London W12 8PT. We would appreciate it if subscribers would say whether they would like to attend the service of dedication, for Dunsden Church is not large and numbers may have to be limited.

JOHN BETJEMAN.
PETER PEARS.
PETER OWEN.
ROBERT GITTINGS.
JON STALLWORTHY.
NORAH SMALLWOOD.
IAN PARSONS.
JOHN BELL.
NORMAN PRINT.
(Vicar of Dunsden)
DENIS MORIARTY.
74 Addison Gardens, London W14.

Jacques Lacan

Sir,—Although not wishing to jump into the fray for even the "frayage" trailing from Roger Scruton's reading of Lacan (August 11) I feel obliged to plunge nevertheless. The previous replies to Scruton (August 25, September 1) have failed to note the distressing yet important features of a British philosopher's review of a French psychoanalytic theorist.

It is to be supposed, despite the fuss made over Lacan's work by philosophers, literary theorists, and others, that his writings are most pertinent to the practice of psychoanalysis. He himself does practise after all, and his *Ecrits* and *Séminaires* are primarily directed toward the elucidation of the unconscious and the patient-analyst relation. It is thus unfortunate that his appearance in the English language should be heralded by a philosopher ill-equipped to appreciate Lacan's contribution to his proper field.

Of course it cannot be denied that much of what Lacan says, particularly about desire and the language of the unconscious, has bearing on philosophical matters. In this respect it would have been fascinating to have a capable analytic-tradition philosopher of language engage the appropriate theses of Lacan's oeuvre. It is doubly disappointing then that Scruton should find himself unable to work his way past the (admittedly metaphorical and often exasperating) insignia of algorithms, equations, and topologies ; furthermore, it is pernicious to represent Lacan's work as Scruton does—as consisting entirely of poorly constructed verbal algebra. Among many important issues, he might have addressed the question of the place of desire in the project for an account of meaning in natural language ; or he might have challenged Lacan's claim that the human subject is constituted by the very entrance of language into its consciousness. Indeed it is surprising that there is no mention of the profoundly different attitudes taken toward language in the two traditions, the one treating it as a formal system controlled and used by the individual, the other regarding it as a vehicle of cultural and sexual order that formulates and dominates the subject.

In short there is a wealth of arguments to be considered ; yet Scruton forsakes them in favour of derisive humour and the terre dimissal: "the view of the unconscious as a 'language' is worthless until supplemented by a proper theory of language". Surely, however, Scruton would not want to exclude the use of the term "language" and all we intuitively understand of it from theoretical discourse. In jargon perhaps more familiar to him, the "language" of the predicate calculus must be taken as somewhat metaphorical. In any case, Scruton shrinks from discussing Lacan's argument that language and the patient's discourse is all there is, that no secret economy of murky unconscious drives, no substantial "meaning", lurks beneath the façade of the signifier. Rather Scruton chooses to make imperious pronouncements about "proper" theories of language. Yet is just the propriety of such a theory that is here in question. Lacan's work forms a challenge to any faith in the method of systematic semantics: such "eccentric" notions as his cast doubt on the adequacy of calculi to a full understanding of linguistic meaning.

Indeed the crucial problem in Scruton's review is just his reaction to this excentric position occupied by Lacan. One can with equanimity countenance a mistaken reading ; but wilful misunderstanding and mocking derision will hardly pass as a responsible review. It is unfortunate that Scruton is representative of the general trend of treatment current French "sciences humaines" are receiving at the hands of the British academy. Commonly such treatment evidences as much ignorance as Scruton's equation of the approaches of Foucault, Barthes, and Lacan. The irony is that while people like Scruton see Lacan as a disturbing challenge and hasten to dismiss him, the subsequent shrift given is so short as to disallow consideration of much that cries out to be seriously contested.

For Lacan's views are certainly assailable, provided one pauses to understand them. Why it is that academics of Scruton's ilk react so desperately I leave others to speculate on. I only wonder whether Scruton can now avoid mention in Dennett's dictionary of philosophical idiosyncrasies : "scrutonize (*v*)—to cleverly yet unfairly and insubstantially dismiss theories foreign to one's own."

SOLACE MITCHELL.
Brasenose College, Oxford.

Among this week's contributors

[illegible] Beer's most recent collec[illegible] poems is *Driving West*, 1975.

[illegible]ge is the author of *Archi[illegible] Sculpture in Romanesque* [illegible], 1972.

[illegible]worthy's recent books in[illegible] *The Adventures of God in [illegible] for the Black Girl, and [illegible]*, 1973, and *Palace [illegible] Chairs*, 1978.

[illegible] E. Carpenter is the [illegible] at the Kress Library of [illegible] University.

[illegible]son is Professor of Eng[illegible] at St David's College, Lampeter.

[illegible] Finniston was Chairman [illegible] British Steel Corporation [illegible] to 1976.

[illegible]ssing is the author of [illegible]ing in Art : The Scientific [illegible] of Forgery*, 1975.

Nigel Glendinning's *Goya and his Critics* was published last year.

Christopher Green is the author of *Léger and the Avant-Garde*, 1976.

Michael Greenhalgh is a Lecturer in the History of Art at the University of Leicester.

R. M. Hatton's books include *Europe in the Age of Louis XIV*, 1969, and *Louis XIV and his World*, 1972.

Christopher R. Hill is the author of *Bantustans : the Fragmentation of South Africa*, 1964.

Denys Kay-Robinson is the author of *Hardy's Wessex Reappraised*, 1972.

Julius Lewin's *Politics and Law in South Africa* was published in 1963.

Samuel Lipman is a pianist and a regular writer on music for *Commentary*.

Joan Liversidge is the author of *Britain in the Roman Empire*, 1969.

F. S. L. Lyons's *Charles Stewart Parnell* was published last year.

Iain McGilchrist is a Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford.

D. J. McKitterick is an Under-Librarian at the University Library, Cambridge.

Alan M. Meckler is Publisher of *Microform Review*.

David Mitchell is the author of *Women on the Warpath*, 1966.

Arnaldo Momigliano's most recent books are *Alien Wisdom, the Limits of Hellenization*, 1975, and *Essays on Historiography*, 1977.

Stella Mary Newton is the author of *Health, Art and Reason*, 1974.

Hugh Roberts is a Lecturer in Development Studies at the University of East Anglia.

Thomas Sprbok's *The Sign and its Masters* will be published later this year.

Michael Steig's *Dickens and Phiz* will be published later this year by Indiana University Press.

P. F. Strawson is Wayntlete Professor of Metaphysical Philosophy at the University of Oxford.

Michael Twaddle is a Lecturer in the History and Politics of East Africa at the Institute of Commonwealth Studies, University of London.

Jan Vansina is the author of *Kingdoms of the Savanna*, 1966.

J. R. Vincent is the editor of *Disraeli, Derby and the Conservative Party*, which will be published next week by the Harvester Press.

Marina Warner's most recent book is *Alone of All Her Sex*, 1976.

Jonathan Westphal teaches philosophy at the British campus of New England College, in Arundel.

Richard Wollheim's books include *Art and its Objects*, which will be reissued next week in Penguin, and *On Art and the Mind*, 1973.

FRANKFURT BOOK FAIR

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T.L.S.
The Times Literary Supplement

Of supernatural causes

By J. I. M. Stewart

H. RUSSELL WAKEFIELD :
The Best Ghost Stories
Edited by Richard Dalby
232pp. John Murray. £4.95.

The author of these weird tales (orthodox ghosts are rather scarce in them, but supernaturally occasioned fatalities abound) was born in 1888, the son of a future Bishop of Birmingham. Educated at Marlborough, where he distinguished himself in cricket and rugger, and University College, Oxford, where he played golf for the University, he became personal private secretary to Lord Northcliffe in 1911, and later fought on the Western Front and in Macedonia. Thereafter he worked for a time as a publisher, and during the remainder of his life wrote studies in criminology, several detective novels, and a great many stories such as are here collected. The last batch of these to be brought together in this country was published in 1940 under the title *The Clock Strikes Twelve*. Publishers appear to have deserted him after that. His death in 1964, his present editor tells us, "was completely unnoticed by the British Press". His mastery of his craft, however, has been saluted by various notabilities, including M. R. James long ago and Sir John Betjeman more recently.

Wakefield himself proposed a test for the merit of a ghost story. Does it, he asked, "bring upon you the odd, insinuating little sensation that a number of small creatures are simultaneously camping on your scalp and sprinkling ice-water down your back-bone"? The writer must simply aim, in other words, at occasioning terror through the medium of cold print, and I think Wakefield must have achieved this often enough in the case of adequately susceptible persons. Others may have judged him too prone to delivering the icewater through a hose. Thus in "The Seventeenth Hole at Duncaster" malign powers, offended that a putting-green has been constructed on a patch of ground where they have achieved obscure horrors in the past, see to it that the contractor's men die, that nobody can play the hole other than in an inordinate number of strokes, that the club secretary has a distressing dream in which he hears "a discordant chorus of vile and bestial laughter", that a venturesome young man "screams once" before dying, while a not particularly venturesome girl overgoes this by producing "a desperate and prolonged scream" before dying too in what must have been a peculiarly horrible manner and to the accompaniment of the "terrible Death stench" which frequently hangs over the seventeenth green.

There is a great deal of this sort of thing in the stories—the governing idea of which is that of malignant forces intent upon destroying innocent persons drawn by chance or casual curiosity within their power. Sometimes they can be thwarted by an equally potent abracadabra exercised by a benevolent sage or scholar, but more commonly they get away with it. At the Red House mysterious deaths are now less frequent than in the eighteenth century; still, in the past forty years twenty people have taken their lives there and six children have been drowned accidentally. "The last case"—we are told by way of climax—"was Lord Passover's butler in 1924".

Most of these horrid things happen in the upper reaches of society, and they involve a notable number of people absolutely at the top of their tree. Mr Solan in "He Cometh and He Passeth By" is "the greatest living Oriental Scholar" and Mr Clinton is "one of the most dangerous and intellectual men in the world"; the rival chess-players in "Professor Pownall's Oversight" are declared by an Oxford examiner to have been the most brilliant undergraduates in his time; Eastleigh in "Day-Dream in Macedon" is a linguistic genius who speaks twenty-five languages almost perfectly; we may even feel let down when we learn in "Death of a Bumble-Bee" of a lady who is no more than "one of the three greatest dramatic mezzos alive".

If all this is a little crude and hyperbolical it is matched by Wakefield's style, which is coarse-grained in a manner oddly rubbing off on his characters, who in their clubs and country houses render an impression of being late-risen from the people. It is a style, nevertheless, cunningly adapted to its purpose, and it is undeniable that at his best Wakefield writes very effectively indeed. This is particularly true of his shorter stories, where there is less scope for the tasteless and ineffective pile-up of macabre effects. "Blind Man's Bluff" tells of a man who loses his head and dies of terror when accidentally locked into an empty and pitch dark house. "Day-Dream in Macedon" recounts a simple clairvoyant experience under conditions of warfare vividly and economically evoked. Reading these, and also "Look Up There" and "A Kink in Space-Time" (in which a man is convincingly haunted by his own ghost), we may feel that had Wakefield judiciously raised his sights at an appropriate point in his career the British press might have taken some notice of his death after all.

In modest Scythia

By Roger Just

DAVID MALOUF :
An Imaginary Life
154pp. Chatto and Windus. £4.50.

Perhaps poets make uneasy novelists (and David Malouf is a poet of some standing) : too much caressing of the word and static image; too much reflection on the possible significance of things seen but not quite understood; too much reliance on the interest of a world created from thought and memory responding to the shifting moods of a landscape rather than on one generated for the reader out of the interactions of people and events. But then *An Imaginary Life* is a strange sort of novel. Its first-person narrator is the Roman poet Ovid in exile among the Scythians on the edge of the Russian steppes. Much of its concern is explicitly with the nature of language, of communication, and, under the circumstances, with the state of a loquacious man turned in on himself.

From his later poetry it is clear that Ovid did not much enjoy his exile. In fact he felt rather cut off from things (no doubt as Augustus intended). Nor do we know much of the conditions of his life (or death) on the fringe of the Empire. Mr Malouf, however, has seen in the situation the opp[ortunity] to write "a fiction with [illegible] in possible events" and one [illegible] some subtle matters can be [illegible] or at least ruminated on: the con[trast] between civilization and [bar]barity, the relationship be[tween] nature and culture and [illegible] both, the role of language and human expression in defining [a] sense of being—subtle but [illegible] matters.

When we first meet him Malouf's Ovid is not much [illegible] his exile either. Deprived of [the] delights of Rome, dwelling in [illegible] and bleak conditions, surrounded [by] people whom he cannot under[stand] and who cannot understand him, [the] urbane poet whose "work [was] strictly personal, a guide, in plain terms, to such country [illegible] as can be explored in the two [square] meters of a bed", finds him[self] truly stuck in the country, having to wonder if he could [ever] to write "The New Metamorphoses of the poet Ovid in exile, in [the] spiders' tongue", since the spiders which inhabit his room [illegible] municate too, and their language could scarcely be more [illegible] than the gutteral barbarisms of [his] hosts from the elegant [illegible] of Ovid's native Latin. "[illegible] all be like this from now on? I have to learn everything again like a child? Discover the world as a small child [illegible] through the senses, but [illegible] things deprived of the special [illegible] of their names in my own [illegible]

Unfortunately the [illegible] remains the dominant form [illegible] tuation throughout the novel. Ovid does have to learn every[thing] all over again and thus [illegible] his own metamorphosis, [illegible] however, by the appearance [illegible] capture of a wolf-boy, the [Child] (always capitalized), whose physical existence has been [illegible] brated in an italicized [illegible] one of those imaginary [illegible] childhood days, back to [the] pristine innocence (and exp[illegible] our aged poet now heads.

For the wolf-boy, [illegible] into the village of the [Scy]thians (whose culture [illegible] cation Ovid, in the [illegible] graphic tradition, has [illegible] ually to appreciate if not [com]prehend) is an introduction into the ways of society [illegible] men; for the poet Ovid, [illegible] the appearance of the [Child] emanating, as it does from [a] forgotten but occasionally [illegible] sense in Ovid's own breast [illegible] unity of man and nature, [illegible] further boundary to be [crossed] (from civilization to the [illegible] from the primitive to the [illegible] fore he can find his unknown [self] and be at one with [illegible] the world. In the Child's [illegible] the Roman sophisticate learns the calls of the birds, how [illegible] eggs, and how to rediscover happiness in the rural [illegible] from which he has so long [illegible]

Daddy's girl

By Barbara Helfgott

JILL ROBINSON :
Perdido
431pp. Hutchinson. £5.50.

Much like Olympus, Hollywood has spawned legends more enduring than their source, yet attempts to present them fictionally have met with limited success. How can illusion be drawn from a source which itself is deliberately illusive? One has only to think of West's *The Day of the Locust*, or Fitzgerald's *The Last Tycoon*, to see the problem. Small wonder that most novels about Hollywood seem doomed to resemble the feature stories in movie magazines.

In *Perdido* the weakness lies more in the telling than in what is told. No one seems better suited to relate the story of Hollywood's attrition in the 1950s and 1960s than Jill Robinson. The daughter of Dore Schary, writer, producer and former vice-president of MGM Studios, she came of age in the era she describes; and *Bed Time Story*, an earlier work, shows how artfully she can handle autobiographical material. Which makes it difficult to understand why she has chosen here to silence her own narrative voice in favour of that of a feckless and witless Hollywood child.

At fourteen, Susanna Howard has all the things Hollywood progeny are heir to: a vast mansion, a moving-picture studio, a granny who pontificates in the manner of Maria Ouspenskaya, an aloof mother and a stepfather who is the head of a studio. Indolent, egocentric and wilfully naive, she accepts reality only in so far as it accords with life as it is lived in the movies. On page 1 she rides her bicycle into the family swimming pool—an Esther Williams-like entrance—but then surfaces in time to "meet cute" with a Famous Movie Star.

"I'm Jackson Lane", he says . . . he puts a lot into little things like that.

"Yes, you are, too" [she replies].

Apparently encouraged by dialogue of this sort, they spend the day together, after which Lane vanishes as abruptly as he came. Susanna sets out to find him, a search which intensifies when she discovers that she is really his illegitimate child. While she is looking high and low, we are treated to a series of disasters. Deaths by fire, suicide and car accident manage to eliminate a number of peripheral characters, two of whom are [illegible] more compelling than Susanna. One of these is her Uncle Alan, an actor whose victimization [illegible] listing is well, if briefly, delineated. The other is his daughter and Susanna's best friend, Val. Though burdened with problems of her own, she manages to counsel Susanna. In fact, most of the characters in this book are required at one time or another to advise Susanna to do something with her life but she does not heed them, because she knows that whenever they are too busy to give of themselves, she can always talk to God, and for God's sake she drops her G's because "When I talk to God . . . I always go a little Southern country in my talk".

By the time Susanna is in her twenties, she has acquired a husband who like herself is All Hollywood. They spend their time "feeding each other's sadness about how great it used to be". She has also become a mother but, Electra-like, still longs for her father.

On the last page of the book they are finally reunited. In a denouement worthy of Hollywood itself, Susanna tells us that "I'm running to him and I'm running up those steps with my hair flying and I'm flinging my arms around his neck and he opens his arms and puts them all around me."

Skin-deep Sahib

By Theon Wilkinson

M. M. KAYE :
The Far Pavilions
960pp. Allen Lane. £5.95.

The Far Pavilions follows M. M. Kaye's two highly successful historical novels *Shadows of the Moon* and *Trade Wind*; all three set in the second half of the nineteenth century in lands bordering the Indian Ocean, and all three evidence of the author's passionate involvement with India: "not the British India of cantonments and Clubs, or the artificial world of hill stations and horse shows, but that other India. . . A land full of gods and gold and famine. Ugly as a rotting corpse and beautiful beyond belief." She writes with the conviction that events must be told in their fullness or not at all, that ever facet of information touching the characters must be embraced; and *The Far Pavilions* is a great oriental [illegible] nothing is left out: Indian lullabys; regimental bawdy songs; regimental history; wars and campaigns; weddings; funerals; poisonous plants—a tribute to much painstaking research, some drawn from original diaries and journals.

It is a tale of twenty-five traumatic years in the life of a remarkable young man who epitomizes in the circumstances of his birth and upbringing the gulf between cultures and races in India. Ash (christened Ashton by his English parents, known as Ashok by the Indian friends who adopted him) was born four years before the Indian Mutiny in a remote Himalayan camp where his father, a well-known botanist, was searching for exotic plants. He loses both parents in quick succession and is adopted by Sita, a Hindu servant, who acts in turn as midwife, wet-nurse and foster-mother. She hides him during the Mutiny and its aftermath, but after many adventures he eventually reaches his uncle's regiment, that famous North-West Frontier unit, the Corps of Guides, establishes his identity and is packed off to be rubber-stamped "British" by a public school education and Sandhurst before returning to India: "The Hindu boy . . . is dead and in his place is a Sahib; an officer-Sahib of the Guides."

The Guides and his love for a Hindu princess whom he met when an "Indian" servant-boy at her father's palace are the two central interests of his life and the plot interweaves between them in a series of astonishing escapades. Constantly torn between the two, he feels himself to have no true identity of his own, to be "two people in one skin". As an adolescent in an English stately home he is reminded that he is not allowed to teach the boot-boy to ride, though he himself had learnt to ride as a young servant in India. "In England we do not play with servants", he is magisterially informed. At Sandhurst a Senior Instructor carefully explains the old Horse Guards attitude: "All those fellows were as caste-ridden as Hindus and used to regard an Indian Army Officer as some form of Untouchable. Why, old Cardigan wouldn't even [illegible] with one." An attitude which lasted until the 1930s. Back in Peshawar, Ash meets a wide cross-section of Indian society and is pursued by prejudice and intolerance whether from sahibs or memsahibs, rajas or ranis, Hindus or Muslims.

The book ends with young Ash at the Kabul massacre, disillusioned, his best friend dead, realizing that his closest English, Muslim and Hindu "brothers" are locked within their own worlds of custom and prejudice which make him a stranger. He sets out with his Hindu princess to find their own "Far Pavilions", the name of a distant snow-capped peak of the Himalayas that has been their lifelong inspiration.

The length of the book is a challenge but the effort is rewarded. Some of the adventures may be rather too melodramatic but the richness of historical and social detail more than makes up for this; in addition the novel has an appendix explaining how much of the incident is true and how much has been invented.

All messed up

By Nina Elston

SUSAN RICHARDS SHREVE :
A Woman Like That
244pp. Hamish Hamilton. £4.95.

It may be almost always true that if you give a child a bad home you will get an adult who has got problems. But Susan Richards Shreve, in her second novel, treats it as a truth so luminous that no one is going to worry about the exact nature of cause and effect. The cause, in this case, is the dreadful childhood of Emily Fielding. Daughter of a terrifying, callous and promiscuous mother and a beloved, dignified but inadequate father, she grows up in Washington during the 1940s and 1950s in an atmosphere of ominous tension which finally explodes when the tormented father murders his unpleasant wife.

The effect is a frantically promiscuous adult Emily who avoids all deep relationships but that with her illegitimate daughter, Pia. And when [illegible] falls in love—with [illegible] steely-eyed Stephen [illegible] an Irish psychologist [illegible] Belfast, ten years [illegible] wife was killed in [illegible] explosion—the past once more takes hold of her. Torn between the conviction that her "deformed soul" will somehow seek out ways to [illegible] both herself and her lover, [illegible] desperate desire to give [illegible] father the child so badly [illegible] Emily hangs herself.

The plot itself is not, [illegible] implausible in outline. But [there] are too many steps left out [between] the messed-up childhood [and] the messed-up adult. It is never clear why Emily was so [illegible] of making relationships [illegible] afraid of being like her [mother]. Or did she feel that no love [illegible] man would [illegible] father, as her mother so often [illegible] Or was she afraid of the [illegible] nature created by her [illegible] childhood? All these [illegible] suggested—and all could [illegible] at once. But we never [learn] how they are to be [illegible] Ms Shreve just throws [illegible] of information—as though [illegible] of bits and pieces [illegible] a psychological portrait.

The slackness of the [illegible] of a general self-indulgence spoils a novel that could [illegible] have been intelligent, at [illegible] delicate. There is, all [illegible] of sentimental vocabulary [illegible] the expense of sense: [illegible] invulnerable, but [illegible] [illegible] When the [illegible] child, intact. [illegible] ties for sentimentality and [illegible] gence are absent the writ[ing] on a completely new [illegible] [illegible] intelligent good humour.

The logic of the spectrum

By Jonathan Westphal

LUDWIG WITTGENSTEIN :
Remarks on Colour
German text facing English translation
Edited by G. E. M. Anscombe
Translated by Linda McAlister and Margarete Schättle.
2 x 63pp. Oxford: Blackwell. £6.25.

For eighteen months before his death in 1951 Ludwig Wittgenstein was working at the manuscripts which are collected in *Remarks on Colour*, edited by Elizabeth Anscombe. Anyone who is interested in colour should certainly read it. The book contains 458 aphorisms, some of them not obviously connected with their neighbours, in which we find Wittgenstein pondering, among other things, Goethe's phenomenological conception of colour. The physics of colour is hardly mentioned, and is in any case irrelevant to his purposes.

Wittgenstein had come to reject the view, previously held by himself, that propositions and concepts reflect the world. In the *Philosophical Investigations* he tried to destroy the notion that the essence of language is naming. Similarly, in *Remarks on Colour* he wants to discredit the approach to colour which has been made familiar by empiricists. The empiricist wants as his basic visual data patches of colour which he can conceive one by one, homogeneously. But Wittgenstein shows that the appearance of a colour changes in significantly asymmetrical ways according to its perceptual surround and with the conceptual system in which the perceiver's colour words are embedded. He holds that this conceptual system is not arbitrary, and he dramatizes the failure of "the traditional idea that colour is a simple and logically uniform kind of thing". In the process he firmly dissociates himself from the Gestalt psychologists.

Why is it that a dark yellow doesn't have to be perceived as "blackish", even if we call it dark?

The logic of the concept of colour is just much more complicated than it might seem.

There can be a bluish green but why, Wittgenstein asks in Kantian tones, can there not be a reddish green? Such questions do not seem to be empirical; nor are they entirely logical. What is it then that would be revealed by any conceivable answer? And how is it that the necessities which we are trying to explain are somehow a feature of the real world? Wittgenstein tries to draw out from the various colour facts which he discusses a whole system of colour concepts. He calls this system the "logic" or "geometry" of colour. By means of examples we are invited to notice how little this geometry can be drawn from a logically straightforward inspection of what colour perception reveals. "I don't *see* that the colours of bodies reflect light into my eyes", and I don't see with my eyes that there can't be a white transparent sheet of glass.

Wittgenstein does not make explicit just what status his colour logic ought to have. And here there is a clear contrast with Goethe, who held that the task of a theoretical science of colour was to make manifest that the value of phenomena was not equal. The final destination of the theory is central or "primary phenomena". In *Maxims and Reflections* (575) Goethe advises "Search nothing beyond the phenomena, they themselves are the theory"—but they must be looked at aright. The primary phenomenon "finally exists as a result of all experience and experiments. It can never be isolated; rather it *shows itself* in a steady sequence of appearances". (Compare Paul Klee, who was familiar with Goethe's theory: "I suspect that some law is involved, only I must not begin with hypotheses but with an example. And from a series of examples I shall automatically discover what is typical.")

It is not only the verbal anticipation that makes Goethe attractive to Wittgenstein. They are at one in wanting to say that "Psychology connects what is experienced with something physical, but we connect what is experienced with what is experienced". What then is the difference between Wittgenstein and Goethe? Goethe thought he was making a contribution to science, whereas Wittgenstein was after something which "can neither agree with nor contradict physics", something he calls "phenomenological analysis". And here he adds "as e g, Goethe would have it". But Goethe's "primary phenomenon" Wittgenstein rejects. Such a thing would have to be "a preconceived idea which takes possession of us".

Where much else is obscure, one thing which Wittgenstein does establish is that the hard questions about colour are in part conceptual questions—questions about what men do with words. Colour determinations are the reflection or result of the use we make of *classifications*; whereas for Goethe "real phenomena of the senses" (*Farbenlehre* 175), of which colour is one, are what *explain* the classifications which speakers make. Wittgenstein denies that there can be an *experimentum crucis* for or against Goethe's theory of the constitution of the colours of the spectrum. In fact the clearest difference between them seems to be precisely disagreement about this question of the order of explanations: "Someone who agrees with Goethe believes that Goethe correctly recognized the *nature* of colour. And nature here is not what results from experiments, but it lies in the concept of colour." But there is too little in Wittgenstein's book for the reader who thinks we do not really have to choose between these two things, or between the two conceptions of the order of explanation. Perhaps a successful theory would reveal their underlying consonance.

Colour can be accounted for in terms of the wavelength of light and other factors, such as the nature of the medium through which the light passes, and described as an effect of these factors. We can say, for example, that a red surface is one which reflects light with a wavelength in air of approximately 6.5 x 10^{-5}cm. An important question which Wittgenstein relies on, although he doesn't actually ask it, is why just *this* quality (red) should "arise" from light of this particular wavelength (6.5 x 10^{-5}cm): "This much I can understand: that a physical theory (such as Newton's) cannot solve the problems that motivated Goethe, even if he himself didn't solve them either."

So Wittgenstein is looking for something which he denies that Goethe found, and which Schiller claimed was to be found in *play*, something that stands midway between the concepts of formal logic and those of natural science. "Here the temptation to believe in a phenomenology is very great." He hopes to find it in the space occupied by language-games, in the concept of colour itself. But when he touches it his almost pathological mistrust of generality prevents him from holding on to it. "There is no such thing as phenomenology, but there are indeed phenomenological problems."

Whatever the force of this remark, I think the delicacy of the Goethean approach has escaped Wittgenstein. In his restless hands the broad and balanced aims which inform it evaporate. And there is another respect in which he underestimates Goethe: "I cannot imagine that Goethe's remarks about the characters of colours and colour combinations could be of any use to a painter . . .".

A philosopher less confident of the irrelevance of the *a posteriori* might not have revealed his ignorance here. In 1843 Turner exhibited two companion paintings, "Shade and Darkness—the Evening of the Deluge" and "Light and Colour (Goethe's Theory)—the Morning after the Deluge—Moses Writing the Book of Genesis". It was in fact Turner's friend, the distinguished painter Sir Charles Eastlake, FRS, Director of the National Gallery and President of the Royal Academy, who made the first translation of the *Farbenlehre* into English. It appeared in 1840 with sixty-five pages of Eastlake's detailed notes, most of which concern painting. Turner's copy has extensive underlinings, marginalia and comments, some critical and some complimentary. Nor was interest in Goethe confined to nineteenth-century painters. Kandinsky drew heavily on Goethe's characterizations of the colours and their combinations. In *Concerning the Spiritual in Art* he is even less circumspect about the aesthetic and emotional character of a colour than Goethe had allowed himself to be.

Why does Wittgenstein find it impossible to imagine such a use of Goethe's remarks? The reason he gives is that "someone who speaks of the character of a colour is always thinking of just *one* particular way it is used". This Wittgensteinian generality would be more convincing if it made a point specifically about colour, and was not a recognizable part of his temperamental assault on characters and essences in general.

All in the body

By P. F. Strawson

JOSEPH MARGOLIS :
Persons and Minds
The Prospects of Nonreductive Materialism
311pp. Dordrecht, Holland/Boston: Reidel. £16.05 (paperback, £7.50).

On the subject of persons, Joseph Margolis declares himself a nonreductive materialist. He could agree with Donne that "one might almost say her body thought". Almost, because it is *she* who thinks (and feels, etc) and she has no substantial being beyond that of the body; but not quite, because her body is a physical object with none but physical states and properties, whereas she is the subject of thoughts, feelings, etc, which are not identical with, or reducible to, physical states or properties. How this can be—how a person can be, in a sense, no more than his or her body and yet not identical with it—is, Professor Margolis says, "the problem of embodiment".

His solution to it has two stages. Rejecting substantial dualism, he retains a kind of attribute dualism; and, with it, the mind-body problem. But the first stage of his attribute dualism seems a rather grudging affair. Having classified intentional mental states as abstract functional states, realized in some determinate physical form, he counters what he sees as the threat of "nomological danglers", in the shape of "raw feels" or the "qualia of direct experience", with the contention that these occur only as "embedded" in mental states which do exhibit intentionality.

One might think that the best reason for rejecting any thoroughgoing form of materialism is still the simplest reason—namely, that materialism takes no account of the subjective character of experience. Difficult as the latter may be to fit into any acceptably "scientific" story, it remains what fundamentally distinguishes conscious beings in general, and hence persons in particular, from purely material bodies. As Thomas Nagel once wryly put it: "*consciousness is what makes the mind-body problem really intractable*".

But Professor Margolis shies away from this simplicity and presses on to the second stage of his solution. He concentrates attention on what, to his mind, distinguishes persons from other sentient (or sentient and intelligent) creatures. Persons, he says, are essentially cultural entities, the products of a culture; as such, they cannot exist independently of physical entities, but at the same time cannot be physicalistically reduced. This is where we are to find the final solution to the problem of embodiment. Persons are to be compared with other cultural entities: with word-utterances, which are embodied in physical events but which, as essentially tokens of types, have properties which physical objects could not intrinsically, or merely as such, possess; or with works of art, e g, the Michelangelo "Pietà", which again has physical properties but has also the non-physical, cultural property of being "a unique token of the creation, *Pietà*". (Since personhood demands "culturation", not every member of our species is a person. New-born infants and feral children are not.)

Proper though it is to invoke the cultural aspect of personhood, Professor Margolis surely allows his parallels to carry him away. For it is clear that persons form a unique class of cultural entities. The cultural status of all other objects depends upon the significance they have for persons; the cultural status of persons does not depend upon the significance they have for cultural entities of any other class. Here is an asymmetry of which the source is evident enough. The non-physical properties which non-conscious things may possess are gifts bestowed by consciousness, though by modes of consciousness more complex indeed than those of which cultureless animals are capable. But the possession of consciousness as such is sufficient for the possession of non-physical properties. So consciousness in general remains at the centre of the problem of embodiment.

Professor Margolis appears to have read everything that has been written on his subject by English and American philosophers in the past thirty years. His pages are sprinkled with references, his book is a quarry of summary and argument. Referring to much, it deserves to be much referred to.

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Tribalism in transition

By Hugh Roberts

JEREMY KEENAN :
The Tuareg
396pp. Allen Lane. £12.95.

The Algerian Revolution has divided and perplexed its most attentive and sympathetic observers. Whatever has been the fate of socialism there (the debate is far from closed), it is clear that one of the main thrusts of this revolution—arguably the most important in the long run—has been the transformation of the social structures of the countryside, a transformation which is far from complete today. In seeking to transcend the vestiges of tribalism, in promoting the sedentarization of nomads, in encouraging the development of cooperative agriculture and in creating a unified national order, the Algerian state is building, if selectively and cautiously, on foundations laid by its colonial predecessor, but in doing so it has shown a sureness of touch, involving a judicious blend of carrot and stick and an exceptionally subtle manipulation of the "traditional" structures, which has enabled it, so far, to avoid provoking the kind of active resistance which is the nightmare of all modernizing regimes and was the persistent response of the Algerian peasantry in the more brutal methods of the colonial government.

Jeremy Keenan has given us a remarkable account of one, perhaps the most exotic, episode in this many-sided and fascinating process. He has set out to provide "an historical analysis of change" among the Algerian Tuareg "from the earliest traditional times, through the colonial period, to the present", based on a thorough and discriminating grasp of the existing literature and his own intrepid field work. He offers a plausible explanation of the development of a highly stratified society in the Ahaggar mountains of the central Sahara, traces the complex process whereby the goat-breeding "vassals" breached the "nobles'" former monopoly of arms and camels, the original basis of their domination, and demonstrates how recent, surprisingly, is the growth of sedentary agriculture in Ahaggar and the Tuareg's exploitation of the dependent cultivators (since 1861) and the development of the caravan trade in salt and millet with Niger (since 1896). He provides a detailed account of the Tuareg's response to the French incursion and of the contradictory impact of the latter's avowedly conservative policy on the social and political structure of Ahaggar, and devotes the last six chapters to a very balanced examination of the policies of the Algerian Government and the surprisingly rapid dilution of the old order—or what was left of it—to the combined forces of drought and economic depression on the one hand and the egalitarianism of the post-colonial state on the other.

All this is extremely valuable. The ratio of a priori, and often tendentious, theorizing to solid research in the available literature on independent Algeria has remained sadly high, so that for the sheer amount of information which Keenan provides we are very much in his debt. As an analysis of the overall changes in the social formation which has occurred, however, his account suffers from two serious weaknesses.

First, much of the exposition is, frankly, far from clear. The ironic work by which it ordered is essentially chronological although themes are announced at the outset, their treatment is largely determined by the chronology, so that Keenan constantly has to resort to flashbacks to remind us of the stage reached in his overall argument, often many pages earlier, and "flash-forwards" to refer to information about events and persons yet to figure in the historical narrative. In addition, much of the ethnographic detail is badly misshelled. Consequently the argument proceeds in fits and starts and too frequently punctuated with ethnographic detours and anecdotal digressions. It rarely flows.

Second, and far more important, the analysis lacks a clearly defined and coherent theoretical foundation. Although Keenan states at the outset that "this Tuareg tribal society is indeed the central focus" of his analysis this kind of class structure and class conflict", the principal actors in his account are not classes, they are the social units defined and proposed by the ideology of the Kel Ahaggar themselves, namely *Ihaggaren*, *Kel Ulli*, *Izeggaren*, *Iklan*, *Ineslemen*, etc, plus their various subdivisions into *ettebels* ("drum groups") and *tawsatin* ("descent groups") and so on. It may be true that, at a certain period, the relationships between at least some of these social groups were, in fact, class relationships; thus it may be appropriate, in a particular historical context, to translate *Ihaggaren* as "nobles", *Kel Ulli* (literally: "the goat people") as "vassals", *Izeggaren* ("redskins") as "dependent cultivators" and *Iklan* ("blacks") as "slaves". But the burden of Keenan's account is that the changes which have taken place in Ahaggar have thoroughly disrupted the old order: new lines of cleavage have developed, transcending some of the divisions inherited from the past and reinforcing others while simultaneously transforming their socio-economic content. Analysing such a transition poses major theoretical problems.

As Jeanne Favret remarked a decade ago, à propos of northern Algeria, "what becomes of the anthropological method when what used to be a society (the *Beni X*) becomes a social category (small farmers)?" An analysis which at some point switched abruptly from the categories of the Tuareg to those of Karl Marx would undoubtedly be disconcerting, but an analysis which, throughout, primarily employs the categories of the old order as the Tuareg (or some Tuareg) themselves conceptualized it is bound to falter when it attempts to elucidate the very changes which are rendering those categories obsolete. The alternative, given Keenan's announced intention of focusing on class structure, would have been to employ his own class categories throughout and so consign those of the Tuareg firmly to the realm of ideological representations, where they would, of course, remain to be interpreted and accounted for.

A secondary difficulty arises from the author's use of terms borrowed from distinct conceptual frameworks: thus the *Ineslemen* ("marabouts", holy men) are referred to as a "religious *class*", the *Inaden* (smiths, artisans) "form an endogamous *caste*", while the *Harratin* (an Arabic word used interchangeably with *Izeggaren*: dependent cultivators) "were regarded as the lowest *status group*". Each of these terms may conceivably be justified in its context—although I should strongly question the notion of a religious class—but their use is not controlled by the rigour which would result from a firm decision, consistently adhered to, to privilege one conceptual framework rather than another.

These shortcomings are all the more regrettable in view of Keenan's evidently extensive and intimate knowledge of Ahaggar and its people. His discussion of the symbolic meaning of the Tuareg veil is incisive and illuminating, as are his examinations of the relative importance of camels, goats and long-distance trade in the economy of Ahaggar, and the nature of the problems posed by drought and the various responses of the Tuareg to them. The explanation of the different attitudes of the various Tuareg groups towards the growth of wage-earning employment and the provision of schools for their children, and of the way these attitudes changed, is also first-rate. In fact, the book is full of insights which will be of great value to other researchers working on North Africa. In addition, it is written with feeling and humour, although the author's idiosyncratic variations on the English language will irritate the fastidious.

For its intermittent excellence, then, and above all for the detail and quality of the information which it contains, *The Tuareg* is undoubtedly a major and most welcome addition to our knowledge of the Maghreb. Its faults, and for the tenacity and ingenuity which it must have required to carry out such field work in contemporary Algeria, its author deserves our gratitude and congratulations, whatever theoretical reservations may also be in order.

Holy families

By Jan Vansina

WILLY De CRAEMER :
The Janua and the Church
A Bantu Catholic Movement in Zaire
192pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £8.50.

IAN LINDEN :
Church and Revolution in Rwanda
301pp. Manchester: Manchester University Press. £9.95.

In 1953 a prophet named Tempels launched a mystical movement in Zaire called *Jamaa*. Unlike other such movements in Africa this did not become a new church but remained essentially Catholic. The questions which such a development poses are intriguing. How was it possible for a Flemish missionary to become a Bantu prophet? How does a genuine mystical movement develop? What has been the reaction of a bureaucratic church to the challenge of this movement and its prophet?

W. De Craemer gives us the answers in *The Janua and the Church*. He traces the career of Tempels, describes the institutional features of the Janua and then gives an account of the collective representations, rituals and symbolisms of the Janua. He follows this with an examination of the impact of Janua both on its lay members and the Kolwezi Janua clergy; the former, mostly Zairois, the latter, lieutenants of the charismatic Tempels, mostly Flemings. He then deals with the response of the church, and concludes with remarks about the Janua's social and cultural significance.

In the local Swahili *Jamaa* means "family". Members of the movement hold that constant love is the way to approach divine love and that divine love is modelled after it. Husband, wife and priest form the cell which allows each of its members to experience God, and the members interpret the lives of Christ, Mary, John and Magdalen in similar patterns. The doctrine represents a fusion of Central African, Catholic, Franciscan and Flemish features, and it is the author's concern to follow these through. The life-history of an African member of the Janua and related here will be a revelation to most readers. And yet this mystical movement throve not in a rural backwater but in a modern urban environment, an environment that has been called "rustic industriel".

Surprisingly, but convincingly, De Craemer stresses the similarity of the cultures involved; resistances from one culture echoed in the others. We are, for instance, struck by the resemblance between Franciscan exemplarism (a thing exists in thought before it is "out there") and Central African convictions, I would not call it "nominalism", as the author does, since that term is used for the opposite philosophical tendency (no reality lurks behind the words for general ideas).

What De Craemer shows is that such similarities are real and increasing, spreading (which, I believe no anthropologist has seen yet considered as a general question: cultures are not fundamentally different, even—and perhaps especially—in their cognitive and expressive aspects.

How did the church respond? Not in a unitary authoritarian way, as popular wisdom has it that the Roman Curia acts. Responses did not follow clear-cut quasi-military lines, but were hesitant, both formal and informal, following complex pathways, involving a wide range of Orders and Congregations, and coming from all levels of the hierarchy. In the end Tempels had to justify himself before the Holy Office, and although he was exonerated of heresy his own brothers of the French order put him under "convent arrest" until his death a few months ago. The book brings the story up to 1971. Since then the Janua has been driven underground in most dioceses, at the bishop's or another, including even some who had affiliated with the movement, found heresy growing in doctrine and in practice. The author's skilful account of these reactions throws light on exactly how such processes work in the Church of Rome.

De Craemer wears his learning lightly. Much of the information stems from participant observation, and in a subtle way the book suggests just what the problems of a rational inquiry into a mystical (and-rational) movement are. The story is told in a style free from jargon and showing genuine literary ability.

Although this work is memorable for its detailed research, its style, its wide compass and its approach, which remains straightforward no matter how complex the issues, its main achievement is the way in which it leads us towards a genuine understanding of a mystical movement. There are very few books in the vast literature of African religious movements of which one can say as much.

The White Fathers of Africa arrived in Rwanda by 1900. Quickly they became a major power, and have remained so until now. At first their followers were lowly Hutu, but as the power of the Church reached a zenith after the Belgian occupation in 1916, the ruling Tutsi converted in mass. Rwanda was for a time practically a Catholic state. In the 1950s a new kind of missionary backed demands for social justice, and in 1959 a successful revolution swept the *ancien régime* aside. The end of Tutsi privilege led to tensions within a church which had given a privileged position to Tutsi in its own organization and in the end it too came to be dominated by others.

This is the story of I. Linden's *Church and Revolution in Rwanda*. Its best chapters are those which deal with the conversion of the Tutsi and with "the Catholic chiefs"; and the account of the battle between killer and counter-killer is valuable for its careful assessment. The book is somewhat marred, though, by its pedestrian and superficial approach, and there are, unfortunately, numerous typographical errors.

South by South West

By Christopher R. Hill

J. H. P. SERFONTEIN :
Namibia ?
433pp. Rex Collings. £10.

GERHARD TOTEMEYER :
South West Africa/Namibia
Facts, Attitudes and Assessment and Prospects
331pp. Randburg: Fokus Suid./Rex Collings. £10.

These two books, both originally published in South Africa for a primarily South African market, give detailed accounts of politics in Namibia in the past few years.

J. H. P. Serfontein is a leading journalist in Johannesburg, who has known the South African and Namibian scene intimately for many years. In *Namibia?* he has, of course, had to pull a good many punches, yet, perhaps paradoxically, the forthrightness of his condemnation of South African government policies often reminds one, with alarming, resounding, which it believe no anthropologist has seen, even yet considered as a general question: cultures are not fundamentally different, even—and perhaps especially—in their cognitive and expressive aspects.

The book has the faults and the merits of a record written by a man who is, necessarily, very close to his material. It often reads like a collection of press cuttings, which is not surprising, since they presumably provided much of the source material. It is often too detailed, for anyone except the very specialized student, who may relish the minutiae, and it often gives the impression of having been written in a hurry and rather unconnectedly. Again, this is hardly surprising, since Mr Serfontein must have had to fit its compilation into such irregular gaps as can be made in the busy life of a working journalist.

For the minutiae are fascinating, if only for the specialist. The cast of actors on the Namibian political stage is not large, and I have met, rather superficially, many of those mentioned here. I should have liked more assessment of these men and as politicians. What, for example, makes Pastor Ndjoba, leader of the Ovamboland Action Party, tick? What kind of person does Dirk Mudge, the Afrikaner nationalist who played the lead in the Turnhalle constitutional conference and now leads the new Democratic Turnhalle Alliance, see himself in an independent Namibia? He knows well enough, for the point is multi-racial, that the whites can not rule alone—but for how long does he think they can play a part at all?

Gerhard Totemeyer, the author of *South West Africa/Namibia*, is a lecturer in political science at the University of Stellenbosch, a citadel of intellectual Afrikaner dom; he was expelled without warning from the National Party on account of the "liberal" line he took on the South West African People's organization (Swapo). Naturally enough, much of his work overlaps Mr Serfontein's, though he does occasionally add to it his material into a theoretical framework. It must be said that the attempt is not altogether successful, largely, I think because he does not develop his theoretical apparatus at sufficient length, which in turn, perhaps, reflects a fear of scaring off the general reader.

Such statements, for example, that "as development and politicization" "modernize" tell us nothing about the process of development, or what modernization is. Similarly, to assert that traditional elites are attached to traditional values, and source material. It is often too detailed, for anyone except the very specialized student, who may relish the minutiae, and it often gives the impression of having been written in a hurry and rather unconnectedly. Again, this is hardly surprising, since Mr Serfontein must have had to fit its compilation into such irregular gaps as can be made in the busy life of a working journalist.

For the minutiae are fascinating, if only for the specialist. The cast of actors on the Namibian political stage is not large, and I have met, rather superficially, many of those

In the wake of Idi Amin

By Michael Twaddle

ALI A. MAZRUI :
Soldiers and Kinsmen in Uganda
The Making of a Military Ethnocracy
325pp. Sage Publications. £9.

NELSON KASFIR :
The Shrinking Political Arena
323pp. University of California Press. £16.45.

MAHMOOD MAMDANI :
Politics and Class Formation in Uganda
339pp. Heinemann Educational Books. £8 (paperback: £2.90).

Uganda has not been the easiest of African countries for scholars to study since Idi Amin seized power three seven years ago. Several university teachers murdered, at least one vice-chancellor abducted in the boot of a car, local students mutilated, and expatriate researchers also killed—Uganda has hardly been the kindly patron of social and political research in recent years that both Makerere College and the East African Institute of Social Research so notably made it during the 1950s and 1960s. None the less, scholars interested in Uganda have not been entirely idle in the past seven years. Some books published on the country recently have certainly seemed more sensational than scholarly. But others have been scholarly. Ugandan scholarship as a whole, however, has been forced to shift its focus. From being essentially concerned with assembling and publicizing facts about a small but intensely complex country, scholars have increasingly been forced to concern themselves with analysing and reanalysing already published data on the country—at a safe distance from Uganda itself.

One set of hypotheses to receive a very severe battering from the rise to power of Idi Amin has been concerned with the role of soldiers in new states. The suggestion, so popular among professional students of African politics during the 1960s, that African armies inevitably constituted potential alternative governments to civilian regimes by virtue of their organizational solidarity, has hardly received much support from the experience of Uganda. Milton Obote's immediate predecessor as ruler of Uganda, made sure of that. Following the army mutinies that erupted throughout East Africa in 1964, Obote deliberately fragmented the organizational solidarity of the Ugandan armed forces, to such effect that it was only with great difficulty that Amin's immediate supporters were able to seize power from him in 1971 while Obote was away at a Commonwealth Conference. In so far as it was military organization that ensured the success of the coup, it was the fragmented rather than the cohesive character of military power in Uganda at the time that was the salvation of Amin's supporters. For while with organizational fragmentation it was not at all easy for any one segment of the Ugandan armed forces to seize control of the state armoury, for the very same reason it proved impossible to stop a seizure of power once one had actually been set in motion. Similarly, the notion that African armies constitute potentially better modernizing forces than civilian regimes in post-colonial states is not one that has been noticeably strengthened by information trickling out of Uganda during the past seven years.

Indeed, so complete has been the theoretical turn-around in academic analyses of the military and politics in Africa necessitated by the disorderly violence and vulgarity exhibited by the Amin regime, that Ali Mazrui is right to ignore most earlier vapourings about this subject and to devote his essays collectively published as *Soldiers and Kinsmen in Uganda* to an exploration of a wide range of other questions. These include several political and social problems raised by the mutual interpenetration of military, economic and religious spheres in Amin's Uganda and the extent to which Amin's troops may be said to constitute an African "ethnocracy" after the expulsion of Asian traders from Uganda. To be sure, it cannot be said that Ali Mazrui exhausts discussion of even these themes in this particular collection of essays, but such is his intelligence and wit that there is much here both for the specialist student of African affairs and for more general readers. Indeed, so superior is Mazrui's writing to the indifferent prose of the average professional writer upon African politics that *Soldiers and Kinsmen in Uganda* must surely be considered to be (along with David Martin's *General Amin*) one of the two or three very best general introductions to Amin's Uganda presently available.

Another set of questions raised in more intense form by Amin's advent to power in Uganda concerns the political significance of "tribalism" there. It has been known for a long time that tribal differences have caused political problems in Uganda for both linguistic and historical reasons. Straddling within its own comparatively restricted territory those deep divisions between the Bantu, Nilotic and Sudanic families of languages, Uganda has had a very considerable problem in politically integrating peoples speaking one or other of these disparate sets of African languages ever since Britain formally declared its protectorate over what is nowadays Uganda. To these basically linguistic problems of political communication were then added resentments and fears associated with the British/Buganda treaty of 1900 (whereby the continuance of the Buganda monarchy, a quasi-freehold land-tenure system, and a limited form of tribal self-government were all ensured), the numerous mission schools established within the Buganda kingdom compared with the remainder of the Uganda Protectorate, and the disproportionately generous occupational and economic opportunities afforded the Baganda people by the presence within their tribal homeland of the greatest number of British colonial officials and buildings in Uganda. Baganda politicians were most concerned that as many as possible of these privileges should continue into the post-colonial period too, and the result was ethnic war between the kingdom of Buganda and the Obote government in 1966.

All this is comparatively well known. What is less well known is the character of ethnic competition within the Ugandan armed forces under both Obote and Amin, and the changes which Amin's seizure of power in particular has prompted in the pattern of ethnic conflict and convergence elsewhere in Uganda. It is for light shed upon these among other questions that *The Shrinking Political Arena* should be welcomed as well as *Soldiers and Kinsmen in Uganda*.

The Shrinking Political Arena is really not one book but three. The first part of it carefully compares earlier theorizing about political participation in new states by political scientists with recent analyses of ethnicity mostly by social anthropologists (and the final section deals with what is called "depoliticization" in African politics). Nelson Kasfir quotes approvingly the comment by Jean La Fontaine in the symposium on *Tradition and Transition in East Africa*, edited by P. H. Gulliver in 1969, that among the Banyu-speaking Bagisu people of Uganda

> "tribal culture" provides an ideology of unity rather than any real identity of interests, by symbolizing the moral community. The Gisu are not united by a common language and rituals, rather they are united when opposed to non-Gisu and represent this by reference to language and culture. The cultural symbols of tribalism are thus abstractions from cultural reality, not its basic elements.

Ethnic identifications are therefore comparatively fluid entities in this particular area of Uganda.

The second part of the book takes us through a number of detailed case-studies of ethnic conflict in Uganda, though there is inevitably more information provided about developments under Obote than under Amin. It is only now that memories by former military colleagues of Idi Amin are beginning to appear. These deeply underscore the extent to which the "Lost Counties" dispute between the kingdoms of Bunyoro and Buganda at the very end of the British colonial period prevented many otherwise well-qualified Bantu-speaking young men from joining the then rapidly expanding Ugandan armed forces, and thus inadvertently gave a further fillip to ethnic competition between speakers of Nilotic and Sudanic languages within the Ugandan army and air force. It is also only now that it is becoming really clear how dependent Idi Amin has been for his continuance in power upon the essentially urban-related stratum of poor Africans living in Uganda, principally Islam and speaking Nubi. These people are commonly called Nubians, and are frequently confused by outside observers of the Amin regime with its other supporters from the southern Sudan. But although Amin has relied upon such townsmen and near-townsmen for political support to a much greater extent than upon any of the other (essentially rural) ethnic categories of people living in Uganda, the name is misspelt by Mamdani as *Bufuuge Bua Buganda*, and then mistranslated as "The Common People of Buganda". Now for a radius of more than fifty miles around Makerere University the word *bufuuge* is also used as the common response to an everyday greeting; given in reply to the question "How are you?" it means, roughly, "Fine". The really incredible thing about this particular double error is that while inadvertently it tells us quite a bit about linguistic non-communication between one very highly educated Ugandan Asian and the Baganda people living around him (Mahmood Mamdani is also the author of *From Citizen to Refugee : Ugandan Asians come to Britain*), it tells us absolutely nothing about class formation among the common people of Buganda.

There have been some pretty awful books written about Ugandan history and politics in recent years, as well as a few respectable ones, as is perhaps inevitable in such intellectually underdeveloped fields as African history and African political studies, but *Politics and Class Formation in Uganda* must surely be one of the very worst. Why then bother to review it? Because it is published by a highly reputable publisher of Africanist scholarship, and because its jacket is dignified by the following :

> A specialist asked to assess the manuscript before publication commented : "It is in my view very nearly a perfect piece of work, as a work of art as well as a work of scholarship. Mamdani's work does for Uganda what no other work on that country has done before, which is to offer a rigorously systematic and convincing interpretation of its politics. . . ."

If reviewers are rightly required nowadays to attach their names to their reviews, surely we also deserve to know exactly who composed this particular piece of rubbish:

The drama delayed

By Julius Lewin

PATRICK O' MEARA and GWENDOLEN M. CARTER (Editors) :
Southern Africa in Crisis
Indiana University Press.

[illegible] is hardly the right word to describe a condition that is likely to last for a decade or even two. Many journalists who report on South Africa but also scholars who [illegible] seem to expect a denouement to take place before long. An [illegible] the Oxford don, R. W. [illegible], whose recent book asked the title "How long will South Africa survive?" His answer was—the 1990s; and he gave good reasons for this opinion.

The eight contributors to *Southern Africa in Crisis* had had the advantage of reading Johnson's book before writing their own contributions, and some of them have been emboldened further than useful description and analysis and forecasts. Two of them reach the conclusion that what is [illegible] today or tomorrow is a new convention; to such an [illegible] would, by some miracle, produce an agreement by the whites to "share power" with the black leaders in attendance, presumably after emerging from prison or exile. Neither of the two writers makes a serious effort to measure the obstacles that prevent the sort of change which would be fundamental, not merely cosmetic. Both attach importance to the small groups of black students and others who are trying to raise their voices in the political wilderness. For their pains these have suffered penalties out of all proportion to their efforts. Having edited previous volumes of documents, Gwendolen Carter, of all people, knows how ineffectual African protest and even non-violent resistance have proved throughout the course of this century. For some years the temptation has been for observers of the South African scene to depict black groups in dimensions much larger than real life permits them to grow to. The parallel temptation has been for militant Africans to think in terms of "black power", echoing the cries of American blacks. They have not yet realized that in the United States the most vocal black leaders of the 1960s did not succeed in building up an enduring movement.

This is not to argue that South Africa can carry on regardless of the international pressures now rising against it. But the strength of these pressures in the 1980s will depend less on internal resistance in the police state than on British, American, and French policies. To date there has been little indication that these three key countries, by applying economic sanctions vigorously, intend to make Pretoria "share power" in any forms going beyond legal fictions. That is why white power, confronted only by black rage, has not yet begun to tremble. Those who wonder why will surely find in Rhodesia a rehearsal for the delayed drama further south.

The best contribution to this symposium comes from John Marcum, who writes on Angola. He finds the dominant aspect of the MPLA government in the prominence of white and mestizo ministers and the corresponding paucity of black Africans in senior positions. Since he wrote, the abortive coup last year has underlined his point because its leaders were evidently moved by this particular grievance. Any hope of building an integrated Angola without coercion is slender, especially while there remains a residual military challenge to the authority of the MPLA.

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Peninsular Dorset

By Denys Kay-Robinson

PAUL HYLAND:
Purbeck
240pp. Gollancz. £6.50.

The English are fond of giving the title "island" to pieces of land that have either long ceased to qualify for it, or never did quality by more than the width of a stream: Ely, Thanet, Athelney, Purbeck, even the Isle of Dogs. Of these, Purbeck, the peninsula that forms the southern side of Poole Harbour, is easily the largest, measuring twelve miles from east to west and eight from north to south, with a land area of about sixty square miles. The non-maritime boundaries consist of the River Frome and its very modest tributary the Luckford stream, called for some reason too obscure for even the knowledgeable Paul Hyland to reveal, Luckford Lake. Between its sources and the sea to the south the land was never cleft by water.

Many, even among those who believe they know the area, will be surprised to learn from Hyland's book: *The Ingrained Island* that it is divided into five "provinces". Basically the divisions, which all run roughly from east to west, are geological, but since each type of rock produces its own type of scenery, the provinces are reasonably distinguishable at surface level. Tubal, the northernmost and by far the largest, is nearly all gravelly heathland, an extension of Hardy's "Egdon" and, like "Egdon" proper, nowadays partly covered with conifer forests. There are also valuable clay and oil deposits. Hurdle Province comes next, a narrow belt of chalk, much of it pushed up into high ridges that break off in spectacular cliffs at the seaward end. Here are Ballard Down, Nine Barrow Down, Knowle Hill, and other conspicuous heights, with Purbeck's most celebrated feature, Corfe Castle, scowling across the gap in the middle, and the seaside resort of Studland at one corner. The central province, Plough, is a lush pastoral region, with Swanage Bay at one end and Warbarrow Bay at the other. To the south lies Biddle, the area from which the famous Purbeck stone and Purbeck marble have been quarried for the enrichment of centuries of English architecture. Finally, the south-western coastal strip of Purbeck forms Drill Province. This is a scenically thrilling coast, but treacherous, subject in certain climatic conditions to huge falls from the clay cliffs.

After an introductory section the book is shaped around the five provinces, taking each in turn and dealing, with almost every conceivable aspect of it. A start is made with Wareham, which lies on the wrong side of the Frome to belong technically to Purbeck, but which has formed its front gate for so long that to omit it would be like describing a castle and ignoring the barbican. Mr Hyland's style is succinct—it has to be—often condensing into one sentence facts that another writer would need a paragraph to set forth; yet it is compulsively readable, only occasionally making too high a demand on the average reader's knowledge. I doubt whether many non-specialists will know what "dibbling, drushing, and wimming" the Tubal bogs require, or what is left growing in the area of Tyneham Gwyle Arish so much erudition it is also something of a shock to find Mr Hyland apparently unaware that the singular of "strata" is "stratum". However, these small blemishes are lost in an ocean of virtues. One is the author's ability to pass from noticing, say, the species of birds frequenting a certain area, to the history of local smuggling and from this to the prospects for the ball-clay industry—all without any disjointedness but furnishing a remarkable all-round picture in a few sentences. Another virtue is the publishers's by subdividing a whole book on so small an area, they have allowed encyclopedic compression to be exchanged, where the subject demands it, for full-blown narrative. Thus the long, dark history of Corfe Castle is unveiled at length, scattered with gripping stories such as that of the murder of King Edward the Martyr, or Lady Bankes's splendid defence for the Royalists during the Civil War.

The controversial subject of the army's continued occupation of the coastlands east of Lulworth Cove is handled fairly and without hysteria; the advantages to wildlife are set out, but the author does not excuse the perfidy of Whitehall in promising, in 1943, the return of the evicted inhabitants to Tyneham as soon as practicable—a promise still unfulfilled more than thirty years after the end of hostilities. The book is up to date in details of improved access for visitors to the army area, although these arrangements, and the leasing of Tyneham Church as a museum, were not put in train until 1976-77. Only the decision to make a survey of the flora and fauna throughout the country's military areas is too recent for inclusion.

Local industries are intelligently discussed. To the agesold export of stone, marble, and ball clay is now added oil, mainly found on the opposite extremities of the Isle, at Kimmeridge and at Arne, near the mouth of the Frome. The Arne field was already the country's largest onshore source of oil before recent estimates doubled is expected capacity. But Purbeck is still above all else a tourist attraction, and small though it is, the quarries, clay-pits, oil-rigs, and army exclusions leave plenty of room not only for the bucket-and-spade brigades who stream annually into Studland or Swanage, the hordes who debouch daily in summer from their coaches in Lulworth's hideous car-park and stomp, with their ice-cream cornets and quickly deteriorating feet, down the steep hill to the sea and back, but also for those who love the north-coast creeks and saltings, the lonely stretches of cliff still to be found in the south, and the beautiful yet (away from Corfe and the coastal downs) largely ignored interior.

The book is illustrated with adequate but unexciting photographs by Bob Graves. The endpaper map looks rather as though the original was drawn on a greengrocer's bag during a stop at the local on the way home with the shopping, but it locates almost all the places mentioned in the text.

A Field

In the Bogle Holm
in that long narrow field
where the dark is laid
early, hedged with thorn,
you can tell the layers of lives
and I know as I stare and stare
that I amn't wrong to remember,
to know that I know
those generations
those lives about
whom nothing is known
but something however
faint can be felt—
firemakers, farmers,
huddlers on the land
their fearful flames
burning slowly
stronger.

Christopher Salvesen

Sussex by the sea

By Nicholas Wade

ERIC UNDERWOOD:
Brighton
176pp. Batsford. £5.95.

Brighton is a more interesting town than most. It has the natural advantage of a fine setting, being built on hills and by the sea, and a diverse reputation; renowned for the splendours of the Regency architecture and the Royal Pavilion, and notorious for its *Brighton Rock* of fairground and the dirty weekend. Eric Underwood's history of the town, beginning before the Norman Conquest and describing the emergence of the present-day Brighton from the little fishing village of Brighthelmstone, is written with "several types of reader in mind": residents, visitors from abroad, and those who have never visited Brighton "yet enjoy the past". Since this is his aim, his book must be judged on its potential appeal to these varied groups, and it must be said that the unifying factor that would make such a work of interest to such a wide readership, a lucid and attractive style, is notably lacking.

Nor is the author's obvious enthusiasm for his task sufficient recompense, for it carries him away to the point of including material that is not only irrelevant to the subject, but historically dubious ("probably", "possibly", and "presumably" are words that figure large in Mr Underwood's vocabulary), and some of the more romantic figures of popular history are dragged in merely for the thrill of dropping their names. Thus we have "Arturius, a Romanized British Squire", who, we are told breathlessly, is "none other than King Arthur, whose adventures . . . etc, and so on, and nothing whatever . . . to do with Brighton; any more than is Charles II, on whom we get a whole chapter based on the tenuous connection that he spent a night there before escaping to France from a beach near Shoreham—hardly an event that has left its mark on the social history of the town. Anyone who can describe John Buchan as a writer of "Boots and Saddle romances", or Edward VII as symbolizing "commonsense" must have his credentials as a writer of history called seriously into doubt.

Mr Underwood explains much that is either common knowledge or self-evident: Daniel Defoe, we are told, wrote *Robinson Crusoe*; a "murrain" is an infectious disease (the foreign visitor would have his dictionary to tell him this); travellers climbed onto the roof of a stagecoach by a "long ladder"; and the "chairs on the sea-front" are actually "deck-chairs hired to holiday-makers". Whereas things a visitor might really want to know—why St Nicolas's Church is spelt without an "h" (something Mr Underwood does not seem to have noticed); or why North, West and East Streets in the town centre are so called though they travel in directions other than those indicated by their names (they once marked the respective boundaries of the town) have to be sought elsewhere. What information there is is deadened by cliché; coincidences are "almost incredible", things are "sensational", "extraordinary", "astounding", and "startling", Pepys "comes" to his diary, and people "claw their way up" the social ladder, all tricked out with plenty of italics in case anyone has missed the point.

Regrettably this book will satisfy none of the groups it is written for, reading as it does like a bad guidebook, but with the length of a history. The author tells us that "newspapers are a particularly useful source of material for the historian", and one feels that the reader interested in Brighton would learn more about it from the pages of the local weekly paper, and at a far lower cost. The most valuable section is the appendix directing the reader to some works that *are* worth reading, notably Clifford Musgrave's *Life in Brighton*. It also has a very nice picture on the dust-jacket.

Colonial days

By Joan Liversidge

JOHN WACHER:
Roman Britain
286pp. Dent. £6.95.

GRAHAM WEBSTER:
Boudica: The British Revolt Against Rome AD 60
152pp. Batsford. £5.95.

Archaeology moves so fast these days that books which provide up-to-date summaries of how fresh discoveries are altering preconceived ideas are very necessary. Such a one is John Wacher's *Roman Britain*, primarily designed for the general reader but full of interest for those with a more advanced knowledge of the subject. A brief introduction describes pre-Roman Britain, the first contacts with Rome, and the reasons which led Claudius to decide upon invasion. There follows a succinct account of Romano-British military history, adding new forts and fortresses and also elucidating the periods when the army moved to and fro between the Hadrianic and Antonine Walls, a matter about which there have been years of argument. Likewise current ideas for the development of urbanization from the Iron Age to the end of the Roman period are reviewed, with interesting speculations about the nucleated settlements recently all classed together as "small towns", obviously an over-simplification. Urban fortifications, their presence or absence, are also considered.

In the country lack of sufficient excavating still makes it difficult for Mr Wacher to add much to our knowledge of the development of villas, but he places an interesting emphasis on their owners and their difficulties, as well as their connection with other rural settlements. Fresh material from the Fenland, where a new research programme is being carried out, is included in the discussion of imperial estates. Students will appreciate the clear description of provincial administration and find his comments on the logistical problems of the army partly based on a study of lists from the wooden tablets found at Vindolanda, illuminating. This forms part of a chapter on "Work", both military and civilian: trade and the development of markets; metalworking; and sea, river and land transport are other topics which are covered. Lastly Mr Wacher turns to the beliefs connected with religion and burial. This section was written before the publication of the silver treasure from Water Newton throwing fresh light on the importance of Christianity in Roman Britain, but a suggestion that the disasters caused by the British barons Boudica and his doctrines may have been one of the causes for the ultimate decline of Roman Britain is an interesting one.

Boudicca has been a figure of myth and legend ever since Victorian times and in 1965 Graham Webster himself produced an earlier work on her in collaboration with the late D. R. Dudley. Is there really room for a second treatment, even if her name is now corrected to Boudica? On the whole it would appear that it is, as new discoveries shed new light on this period.

Mr Webster's account of the Roman Britain shows how a complex picture of the life can be provided by the literature and the earlier research is beginning to be elucidated. Further work on the Gallo-Belgic and later British coinages has uncovered new facts, as has extensive research on imported and native pottery. Claudian raids were preceded by waves of refugees from Gaul (likely to be his continental successes), gained a footing on the Medway and Colne estuaries, and from the mid-second century BC onwards it seems that this Gallic element was responsible for an even greater expansion of trade than was previously realized. Imports from Gaul and the Mediterranean, such as North Italian pottery, Arretine ware and amphorae, all found their way here. Trading posts like the one at Skeleton's Green, Bradwell, are now being identified, rather than the well-known example of the first century AD fort at Bagendon, where the imports appear to be Central Gaulish rather than Italian.

For supporting evidence for events after AD 43, aerial photography and excavation are constantly providing new material. West of the Severn a network of forts and roads should, if they are found, bear witness to Caesar's campaigns against the Dumnonii. Details of *Papillinus's* campaigns are also obscure as yet, but topographical evidence (Maiden Castle now a candidate for the site of the final battle with Boudica and the means of deployment) cannot be turned up there. Other sites probably associated with the punitive measures taken in East Anglia after the rebellion are also forthcoming, while excavation has shown that the fort of the Lunt at Coventry may have developed from a horse-training establishment, possibly using horses taken from the Iceni. Mr Webster's clear and readable study gives us a reasonable picture of current knowledge of Britain in the mid-first century AD.

The inspectors call

By Christopher Taylor

M. R. APTED, R. GILYARD-BEER and A. D. SAUNDERS (Editors):
Ancient Monuments and Their Interpretation
Essays presented to A. J. Taylor
271pp. Chichester: Phillimore. £15.

Each of the essays in Ancient Monuments and Their Interpretation has been written by a member of staff of the Inspectorate of Ancient Monuments, in appreciation of the work of its former Chief Inspector, A. J. Taylor. The essays cover the broad scope of the Department's work, ranging in time from Neolithic settlement sites to nineteenth-century bobbin mill in Cumbria, and in method from excavation, through preservation and conservation, to recording prior to destruction.

All the contributors throw new light on their subjects. Some of these are well-known places such as Hadrian's Wall, the Tower of London, Kenilworth Castle and Kirkwall Cathedral. Others, such as the mid-sixteenth-century fortified Craigcethan Castle in Lanarkshire with its unique system of defences, Upnor Castle on the Medway, built in the reign of Elizabeth I to protect the naval base at Chatham, and Tredegar House, Newport, a remarkable seventeenth-century courtyard house, will be less familiar to many people. Each essay contains a careful description of the monument under discussion accompanied by clear plans, but they are not just archaeological or architectural studies. In most of the writers have searched for relevant documents and clothed the structures with personal events and legends. They have filled the monuments to tell their own history.

The Inspectorate of Ancient Monuments is not the most glamorous organization in British archaeology and has, in the past, been severely criticized for the way it does its work. The Department's task of conservation, of giving advice on developments, of giving advice on planning, of writing popular works of guidance, of keeping very limited funds so as to meet the most pressing and demanding archaeological work as well as much else; all this within a small staff constrained by unsatisfactory legislation, has sometimes seemed to force it into a see that staff in a new light—as bureaucratically minded civil servants, but as scholars in their own right.

The essays in this book show the care and concern for the monuments of the past equal to any in the world, and an ability to interpret these remains which is of the highest order. It is not only scholars who should be grateful for their masterly work on these monuments, but the general public directly the fabric of the monuments is in their care. With people such as these in charge of our heritage this book in charge of our heritage we ought not to fear for the future of our past.

Smaller yet, and smaller

By Alan M. Meckler

The microform (microfilm or microfiche) is not going to replace the book. But it is certainly now part of the scholarly publishing scene, and the fact should be acknowledged. Micropublishers live in a shadow. They want to be recognized as "publishers", but are still thought of as mere technicians by the traditional publishing fraternity.

Micropublishing has its roots in the mid-nineteenth century. An Englishman, John Benjamin Dancer, produced the first microphotograph in 1839. The first suggestion that microphotography could be used for scholarly purposes came from another Englishman, John Glaisher, in 1851. Writing in the *Yale Review* in 1935 the American historian Robert C. Binkley saw the need for a radically new approach to the publishing of scholarly books:

> Today the Western scholar's problem is not to get hold of books that everyone else has read or is reading but rather to produce materials that hardly anyone else would think of looking at. This is, of course, the natural consequence of the highly specialized organization of our intellectual activity. As a result, so far as Western culture is concerned, the qualities of the printing process that began in the fifteenth century to make things accessible have now begun in our different circumstances to make them inaccessible. . . .

Scholarship is now ready to utilize a method of book production that would return to the cost system of the old copyist, by which a unique copy could be made to order and a very few reproductions supplied without special expense.

Eugene Power, a sales manager for an American bookprinting firm, recognized the commercial possibilities in Binkley's ideas. He saw microfilm as the best means of producing titles on demand, thus limiting the investment in any given title. Power filmed books printed in England before 1640, doctoral dissertations, etc, and eventually he cornered the market for the microfilm rights to seriuls (complete runs of journals). Today, University Microfilms International offers over 10,000 serial publications on microfilm and/or microfiche. By the late 1940s there were several American scholarly micropublishers. But at that time no micropublishing organization existed outside the United States. The Second World War delayed the emergence of micropublishing in Europe; the more conservative nature of European scholarship was another factor.

What type of organization is involved in micropublishing today? An analysis of the 237 organizations listed in the latest edition of *Microform Market Place* reveals the following: eighty-seven are commercial firms which were created specifically as scholarly micropublishers; eighty-two are non-commercial organizations (universities, societies, etc); twenty-seven are journal publishers offering one or more of their own titles in microform; twenty-one are commercial firms which began micropublishing as an adjunct to their original business of scholarly book reprinting; and twenty are subsidiaries of conventional book publishing firms (nine of these twenty are university presses). Sales of scholarly micropublications in the United States have grown from a few thousand dollars to nearly $70m for 1978 and library microform holdings have increased significantly since 1960. While the majority of micropublishers are in North America, scholarly micropublishing is an international business; it influences the resources of every research library in the world.

Future growth in the use of microforms will obviously be largely determined by rising production costs, as well as by increased familiarity with the medium. The replacement of library card catalogues with computer output microfilm (COM) catalogues will undoubtedly lead to more rapid acceptance of microforms. COM combines the best features of the microform and the computer—the speed of the latter and the reduction capabilities of the former. Depending on the reduction ratio utilized, one reel of microfilm can contain the equivalent of a good-sized library's card catalogue (about 250,000 items) and still have space remaining. In addition, COM catalogues can be readily duplicated and updated, and they cost less than book catalogues to maintain.

The user will also be affected by COM in its reference book application. It has been estimated that 20 per cent of United States trade book sales each year are for reference books. However, because of the nature of book production, by publication time the contents are dated. A fine example of the updated COM reference book is *Whitaker's British Books in Print*. Prior to 1978, *British Books in Print* was an annual. Now this "bible" of the book trade is a COM publication, and the user receives monthly updatings of *British Books in Print* on COM fiches.

Several scholarly journals are published only in microform, for example the *International Microform Journal of Legal Medicine*, the *American Journal of Computational Linguistics*, and the *Sociology Microjournal*. The Chemical Society (England) and the *Journal of Modern History*, published by the University of Chicago Press, have experimented with publishing abstracts of articles in microform. The American Chemical Society has begun a programme whereby "supplementary material" is micropublished and made available to individuals interested in "extreme details and/or data".

The publication of books with microfiche (attached to the inside back cover) is another use of microforms. This "hybrid publication" offers the publisher the ability to publish material which is difficult to typeset (such as charts, tables, and illustrations) in books. An example of the combination of print and microfiche is the recent publication of the *Papers of Benjamin LaTrobe*. Recent years have brought forth a number of printed editions of papers of historical figures. The major drawback to printed editions is spiralling production costs. The cost for 1,500 sets of a ten-volume collection has been calculated to run between $170,000 to $185,000. These figures do not include editorial, promotion, and distribution costs. An additional disadvantage of printed editions is the number of years it takes to complete such projects. The LaTrobe Papers is the first collection to be published in microfiche. In addition, there will be a companion printed edition of related items. The editor explains the rationale behind two formats for the LaTrobe Papers:

> The microfiche edition . . . is designed to serve two purposes. First, it will make the complete collection of LaTrobe's works available to librarians and individual researchers in a convenient format, at an affordable cost, and within a reasonably short period of time. Second, it will enable us to publish a selective, rather than a comprehensive printed edition. Because a complete record of LaTrobe's life will be available in microform, we shall not feel obliged to publish in our printed edition every item that survives from the architect's hand.

The index to the La-Trobe Papers is printed. It is packaged with the 315 microfiches.

It is clear that microforms offer the scholarly publishing community many advantages: lightness of weight; compactness; portability; cheapness; storage benefits; preservation of decaying original documentation for later research; convertibility to paper as needed, and rapid updating in combination with a computer; and ease of replacement. Additionally, microforms are insurance against the day when the prohibitive economics of scholarly book publishing prevent monographs from being readily published.

The secrets of the trade

By D. J. McKitterick

The Archives of Richard Bentley and Son 1825-1898 on Microfilm
109 reels. Cambridge: Chadwyck-Healey. £1,498.

Lists of the Publications of Richard Bentley and Son 1829-1898
94 microfiche. Cambridge: Chadwyck-Healey. £58.

ALISON INGRAM:
Guide to the Archives of Richard Bentley and Son 1829-1898
Cambridge. Chadwyck-Healey. £24.

MICHAEL L. TURNER:
Index and Guide to the Lists of the Publications of Richard Bentley and Son 1829-1898
Cambridge: Chadwyck-Healey. £15.

Publishing History Number 1
Cambridge: Chadwyck-Healey. Biennial subscription £10.

It is a salutary fact that the last (only general history of publishing and bookselling in England took account of both the London provincial trade was Henry Curwen's *History of Booksellers* (1873). If none has appeared since, it is not so much that there is little to add, as that there is too much to be more deeply we delve into the subject, the more glaring is our ignorance to be, and more material is either unsought or seen to be of little relevance. The 1873 approaches to the subject changed, and so far from being a topic of perhaps limited interest the subject has come to be seen as having repercussions for economic, political and religious history alike.

Two years ago Chadwyck-Healey began a programme of issuing the private archives of major British publishers on microfilm, a project which will transform work on the subject. Something of what can be achieved by sifting through such archives has appeared in studies of Longman by D. F. McKenzie and A. Gettmann on Richard Bentley, but for the most part, these remain to be properly explored. The relationship of major authors with their publishers is admittedly attracting wide attention at last, but the bulk of work done on publishers' archives, or their influence on authors (despite such classic studies as that by R. D. Altick) is very small.

The pioneering book *A Victorian Publisher*, published in 1960, by Gettmann overcame some difficulties resulting from the loss of the Bentley archives from London to Los Angeles, and the gathering of materials indexed by Alison Ingram takes account of the collections in the British Library, the University of Illinois and the University of California at Los Angeles; materials in the Bodleian Library and the Berg Collection in New York Public Library were not filmed, but a synopsis of the contents of these is included. The rest of the Bentley papers, dispersed in several libraries, is sadly not unique among publishers' archives, and to have reunited so much on film is to have performed a double service. The archive, one of the largest and most important of its kind, is very considerable indeed, and for any detailed work on the firm Bentley's own annual lists of publications are essential. Haphazard and previously unindexed, they contain a wealth of biographical and critical information not otherwise easily available.

The number of libraries able to afford these series cannot be great, and it would be a worthwhile task to publish in the near future a list of those which do possess some or all of the series. Both Publishers' Archives on Microfilm, of which the Bentley archives form a part. The most obvious place for this is *Publishing History*. This new journal is a natural offshoot from the publishers of the microfilm series, and comes at an opportune moment. Its manifesto is explicit, and summarizes the purpose better than the contents of the first issue. It is

> devoted to the social, economic, organizational and literary history of book, newspaper and magazine publishing. We hope to consider such questions as the relationship between author and publisher, the influence of the publisher on literary trends, publishing as a reflection of the social and cultural influences of the time, publishing and politics, publishing and religion, together with the economic and business history of the trade. This last aspect, how the trade was organized and how it worked, will become one of our chief concerns.

Perhaps by accident, the first issue is devoted solely to the eighteenth century, but future issues will range further both chronologically and geographically. Of all periods of English publishing this is the least well mapped, and it is understandably receiving increasing attention from historians. So there Terry Belanger offers an annotated edition of an undispersed but fairly useful poem, Henry Dell's *The Booksellers* (1766), using various annotated copies as a structure round which to build a portrait of most of the leading members of the trade in that year—a portrait that adds very considerably to any that can be derived from Plomer's *Dictionary* published in 1932. John Feather gathers together the known facts about the ill-fated Logographic Press of John Walter, founder of *The Times*, and provides a convenient list of its output. He points to the need, long felt, for a proper study of the hack writer John Trusler (whose *Clerical and Universal Almanack*, not identified in Mr Feather's list, ran apparently until 1789, and thereafter was printed at the Literary Press). On Walter's other hack, William Combe, he might have been able to note a little more had he absorbed Harlan W. Hamilton's *Doctor Syntax* (1969). The connection between Walter and the Minerva Press, hinted at in *The History of The Times*, is not pursued: Walter is said to have sold off his stock of books to Lane, but did he in fact do so? It seems plausible, for Lane was increasing in prosperity at just the time that Walter was in difficulties, but Trusler took at least one of his titles away with him to the Literary Press.

Of all the articles, that by Elizabeth Swaim on book auctions in eighteenth-century Yorkshire breaks most new ground. Auctioneering and publishing (or distribution) were in this context often inseparable, and she deals with sales of both old and new books. That there were many auctions for which we have no catalogue extant comes as no surprise, but that so few catalogues should have survived provides matter for reflection. She has based her work partly on newspaper advertisements, partly on Thoresby's diary and similar sources, and from 1691 to 1781 lists nearly 240 sales either by auction or at "fixed prices" (sometimes allied to auctions). Aside from peculiarities, such as the sale at Sheffield in 1714 of the Greek and Latin books of John Laughton, Cambridge University Librarian, who died at Cambridge in 1713 (many of his English books having been left to Trinity College), the series raises a number of questions of interest. Was it that, in a society that could not support the cost of bookshops, book auctions and fixed-price catalogues were the only realistic method of selling either new or secondhand books? To what extent were new books sold in this manner? Was the decline in the number of auctions in Yorkshire after about 1780 due simply to improved connections with London and the major auction houses there? Or was it affected as much by the structure of the ordinary local retail trade?

These three are all important articles and, supplemented by a series of reviews, they make a brave beginning for what promises to be a journal of major importance. The first issue was (as the footnotes reflect) long in the making, but later issues will break more international ground. It should not be neglected.

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Building on Foxwell

By Kenneth E. Carpenter

Today the vast expansion in the study of history has resulted in the collection, recording and preservation of materials which would have been considered worthless in the past. Economics is no exception: for example, items such as pamphlets, or catalogues of manufacturing firms, were once sold for next to nothing (if they escaped being thrown out, which was the usual fate of such materials); now they are eagerly sought by historians.

In the acquisition of such materials it is not institutional libraries which have been the pioneers. To be sure, certain great libraries have long been omnivorous collectors, but the institutional library, even if it takes everything which comes its way, will not form a collection the equal of that with a devoted individual behind it. The daily, monthly, and yearly dedication to a collection will result in stronger holdings, and this is as true of economics as of other fields.

The most important collector of economics literature was Herbert Somerton Foxwell (1849-1936) of Cambridge and London. Foxwell was a passionate bibliophile; his day was ruined if he learnt that an order for a book had arrived too late. He would get up at four in the morning to be first in line at a bookshop which had acquired a likely library. To the interest of his collecting he often expected his family to make material sacrifices, and in the same cause he partly sacrificed his own career. Collecting deprived him of the time necessary for research and writing; and indeed it was in collecting that his creativity found its true outlet.

Foxwell began his collection in 1875 with a purchase made for 6d. He became not the first collector of economics literature but the first to collect on a grand scale. To the two libraries he formed there were altogether between 50,000 and 60,000 titles, the vast majority printed before 1850.

He was able to collect on such a scale, despite having only a professor's salary, because he was so early in the field. Although he lived to complain of increased competition and high prices, in the early days of his collecting he was often able, both in London and Paris, to buy books for their value as paper. To his foresight and informed judgment we owe the preservation of unique copies of some works. The literature of economics is inherently rare. It often consists of pamphlets or leaflets on passing questions of the day. Instead of substantial tomes intended for leather bindings, much of the material was ephemeral in form and content and was not expected to be kept on library shelves. No one before Foxwell made any consistent attempts to preserve such material.

His two main collections formed the nucleus of two of the greatest economics libraries. Although Foxwell had intended to present his library to the British people, in 1901 he found himself compelled to put the collection up for sale in order to provide for the children of an "unexpected but happy marriage". Although an American university was eager to buy it, it agreed to allow time for an English purchaser to be found. Just before the period had elapsed, the Goldsmiths' Company purchased the collection, and later chose the University of London as the repository for it. The Goldsmiths' Library is now housed at Senate House. For a number of years Foxwell continued to collect on behalf of the Goldsmiths' Library; in 1914, his connection with Goldsmiths' ceased, and thereafter he collected only for himself.

In 1929, Foxwell offered another collection for sale. Representatives from Harvard University examined it, and the dean of Harvard's Business School agreed to purchase the collection. Foxwell was to retain possession until his death, at which time payment would also be made. In 1936, Claude Kress agreed to buy the collection for Harvard, and the library which houses it now bears his name.

The collections which Foxwell formed were very broad, as is indicated by the subject-headings under each year in the Goldsmiths' Library catalogue: for example, agriculture, colonies, commerce, corn laws, finance, politics, population, slavery, social conditions, socialism, trades and manufactures (including technology), and transport. Although Foxwell's collections are primarily useful to the economic historian and the historian of economic thought, there can be few historians or social scientists working on the period before 1850 whose research could not be enhanced by his achievement as a collector.

Great as Foxwell's initial collections were, they did not, of course, attain completeness, an impossible goal. No matter how finely meshed a net a collector may cast, some material inevitably falls through, and the rarity of economic literature is such that a pamphlet missed one year may never turn up again, even over a long lifetime of collecting. Indeed, with amazing frequency, books which are not recorded in the major library catalogues and bibliographies and appear to be unique continue to come on to the market. There is always something to collect, and both the Goldsmiths' and Kress libraries have continued to add to Foxwell's accumulations.

The Goldsmiths' Library has emphasized English-language publications in its additions. The Kress Library has eagerly sought English works but has emphasized expansion of other language holdings. Foxwell's collections were by no means limited to English books. The French holdings were outstanding, and there were also significant materials in other Continental languages. On the base created by Foxwell, Kress has formed a collection which makes possible some kinds of comparative work that could not be carried out when holdings are scattered. Curators of the Kress Library have hoped that bringing together material from many countries would help historians perceive opportunities for research that might be missed in a less broad collection. Kress now collects in Danish, Dutch, English, French, German Italian, Latin, Portuguese, Spanish, and Swedish.

These libraries have not stopped at collecting. Each has gone on to the recording which is so necessary for preservation. Foxwell had visions of a universal bibliography of economics literature. Because he was a pioneer in his collecting, there were, of course, few bibliographies in the field, and those were inadequate when Foxwell began to notify this. He obtained the funds, on both sides of the Atlantic, which made possible the compilation and publication of Henry Higgs's *Bibliography of Economics 1751-1775* (Cambridge, 1935). Higgs's work on the early part of the eighteenth century provided the start for L. W. Hanson's superb *Contemporary Printed Sources for British and Irish Economic History 1701-1750* (Cambridge, 1963). The Kress Library has published its catalogue in four volumes (1940-68), and more recently (1970-75) the Goldsmiths' Library has issued the first two volumes of its planned three-volume catalogue.

Only one measure has remained that could virtually assure the permanent preservation of the texts in these two libraries—their reproduction. This is now being carried out by Research Publications Inc, of Woodbridge, Connecticut, in one of the largest microfilm projects undertaken. Foxwell's two libraries are being combined on microfilm. The first segment, printed books up to 1800, is now available; the second segment, printed books from 1801 to 1850, is being prepared. It is expected that serials and manuscripts will form a third segment.

Not only does this project guarantee survival of the texts, it helps to preserve the physical artifacts themselves. Studies of binding, paper, typography, and printing techniques all require original books. Intangibly, a book which looks as it did on the day it left the printer or binder might help a historian enter into the spirit of the age. If books in such condition are to be preserved for future generations, they cannot be copied again and again. Microfilming now by a trained camera operator means that new copies will be made from the original be necessary, and both can be reproduced from the microfilm copies which both Goldsmiths' and Kress have received. This project helps the libraries carry out their twin responsibilities of preserving the books while making them available.

Surely the great collector who started out a hundred years ago to preserve neglected material would be pleased that his life's work has been taken on this unity, that the completeness of the collections has been expanded many times over, and that it will be virtually impossible to destroy this aspect of the historical record.

Details of the project can be obtained from Research Publications Inc, 12 Lunar Drive, Woodbridge, Connecticut 06525, or Newspaper Archive Developments Ltd, Holybrook House, Castle Street, Reading RG1 7SN.

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Monumental studies

By Stuart Fleming

The 1903-1907 Brensted Expeditions to Egypt and the Sudan

Volume 1: 13pp with 6 fiches. £9.05.
Volume 2: 16pp with 7 fiches. £9.40.

URSULA SCHNEIDER (Editor): Persepolis and Ancient Iran

49pp with 13 fiches. 17.80.

The Oriental Institute, University of Chicago, 1155 East 58th Street, Chicago 60637.

A notable innovation in micropublishing is the use of microfiche for cataloguing works of art. Prominent in this field are the University of Chicago Press, Oxford Microform Publications, and Verlag Dokumentation of Munich. UCP's list includes *American Art in the Barbizon Mood* (an exhibition held at the National Collection of Fine Arts, Washington DC in 1975) and *Selections from the Permanent Collection* covering the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York, while OMP have reproduced major documents in the Bodleian Library including *The Ormesby Psalter* (c 1300) and the *Bible Moralisée* (c 1250). Verlag Dokumentation have embarked on the *Marburger Index*, which is intended to reproduce the half-million photographs of fine arts (some more than a century old) stored with the Bildarchiv Foto Marburg and the Rheinisches Bildarchiv in Cologne.

The 1905-1907 Brensted Expeditions to Egypt and the Sudan amply underlines the merits of microfiche. J. Breasted had little interest in excavation, preferring to document monuments and their inscriptions. During trips to Nubia in the winter months of 1905/6 and 1906/7 he amassed nearly 1,100 photographs (many on glass plates), often working in appalling conditions in very hot, badly aired tombs, and constantly distracted by the clamour of frightened bats. He covered not only the now familiar sites of Abu Simbel, Karnak and Meroë, but also the Amun Temple at Soleb, the South Temple at Buhen and the sanctuary complex at Amada. It seems that little or none of this photographic archive has been previously published, a remarkable fact in view of the insight it provides into everyday life in ancient Egypt. Perhaps more for the anthropologist than the archaeologist, there is a series of contemporary scenes gathered en route, including a delightful camp "invasion" by awe-struck Nubian children.

Persepolis and Ancient Iran deals with something of much more general appeal, illustrating well the potential of microfiche for colour illustrations. The palace of Persepolis was founded by Darius I, c 518 BC, at the foot of Kuh-i-Rahmat in the plain of Marv Dasht (some 400 miles from present-day Teheran), not as a fortress but also as seat of government for the Achaemenid kings: the splendour of its audience halls and residential quarters was designed to convince neighbouring lands that the Persian Empire was secure and permanent. Such an image was sustained for only two centuries; Alexander the Great looted and burnt the entire complex in 330 BC. The site, though frequently described by travellers after its re-location in AD 1620, was not systematically excavated until 1931, when Ernst Herzfeld, assisted by the architect Fritz Krefter, explored the reliefs on the Stairway of Apadana and the Harem of Xerxes. When Herzfeld left in 1934, Erich Schmidt took charge and, after extending work on the palace, Persepolis terrace, covered the ruins by sites Naqsh-Rustam and Naqsh-i-Rajab (which are renowned for their Sassanian rock reliefs of the third century AD) with the help of a novel aid of aerial photography, excellent details of reliefs and inscriptions itself (in colour) and a unique collection of aerial site-photographs. This compilation by Erich Schmeider a highly important archaeological publication.

While these fiche packages are admirable in photographic terms, both suffer from an inherent weakness: the lack of even a brief bibliography that could allow the non-specialist to put the work into perspective. In the case of Persepolis, is the general history of Nubia and Iran.

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That's entertainment

By Peter Davison

A. A. FOAKES (Editor): The Henslowe Papers

Volume 1. 472pp.
Volume 2: 742pp.

Scolar Press. £95.

The importance of Henslowe's Diary and the documents to be found with it at Edward Alleyn's foundation, Dulwich College, has been recognized since J. P. Collier's *A Collection of Original Documents Illustrative of the life and times of Edward Alleyn* was published in 1841 and his edition of the Diary appeared two years later. In this century, scholars have been indebted in particular to Sir Walter Greg for his editions of the Diary (1907) and the Henslowe Papers (1907) and also to those who have worked on the part played by Henslowe and Alleyn in the theatre of Shakespeare's day: to find a selection of their publications is given by Professor Foakes). A third edition of the Diary was edited by R. A. Foakes and R. T. Rickert in 1961, attesting to the continued significance of this source. Now we have a further edition of the Diary, together with many of the manuscripts held at Dulwich College, but this time the documents are presented in facsimile, "blanks and all", without transcripts. Professor Foakes argues, rightly, that as all earlier editions are selections, they were "filtered through an editor's transcription and presentation". Apart from the simple fact that we now have the evidence as nearly before our eyes as facsimiles of high quality can permit (and there is no doubt that the originals could not survive the handling of all those who will now be able to study these facsimiles, even were they able and inclined to make the journey to see them), the availability of documents in this form is sure to inspire further study and that this material can bear—and the puzzles of interpretation will be laid before the individual researcher for resolution.

Thus on June 19, 1609, Thomas Dutton wrote to his very assured friend Edward Alleyn, the Master of the Beargarden at his house on Bankside, asking that a mastiff be sent to him at Roehampton. This is straightforward enough. It is but one of a number of letters concerned with the management of the Beargarden—asking for the return of a bear (MSS, II, 11), to buy three or four dogs at bull baiting (MSS, II, 14), or to borrow a wolf ("And for his keeping I will speake with you" here—MSS, II, 32). But Bowker's letter is covered with accounts and notes (and as most of these (possibly all of them) can have nothing to do with this particular transaction, they pose a number of puzzles as well as information of various kinds. There is, for example, a list of names and we learn that the cost of a pair of gloves—is 4d—is the same as the cost of a bit for a horse.

The two volumes contain every scrap written upon and blank, of the Dulwich College Manuscript collections I and II (the Theatre and Fortune papers), and VII (the Privy Council papers). In addition, there are two volumes containing five related manuscripts at Dulwich and nine fragments no longer at the College. There are endpockets to each volume of facsimiles and these include Edward Alleyn's part for Orlando in his play *Orlando Furioso*; the Rose Playhouse contracts; the contract for the building and rebuilding the Fortune (1613); and articles of agreement for a new company of players (c 1613).

The eight Manuscript volumes I, II, III, IV, V, VI and VII are printed *in toto*, and, as Professor Foakes explains in his introduction, several of the volumes of manuscripts at Dulwich College containing documents relevant to Henslowe and Alleyn. Thus, Manuscripts XI contain a warrant for payment for a warrant on behalf of Lord Worcester's men, a letter concerning the management of the Beargarden, a letter into royal patronage at the beginning of the reign of James I, and Manuscripts XVIII contain Alleyn's part-book for the role of Barabas in Marlowe's *The Jew of Malta*. So although these volumes are not complete (and, of course, they could not be complete), they do exhaust the materials at Dulwich College relevant to Henslowe and Alleyn.

Professor Foakes provides a short introduction in which he explains what has been done and sets it in context, giving details of the origins and lives of Henslowe and Alleyn. He issues an important caveat, warning us not to allow the judgements of either man which we have inherited to determine our interpretation of what is in the documents. This is surely correct and study of the facsimiles may cause us to modify our attitudes in this respect. For instance, the Henslowe papers contain many letters from Robert Daborne in which he requests advances of money and makes promises that he will deliver parts of the plays upon which he is working by certain dates. These letters are familiar to us from Greg's transcripts and one has tended, doubtless, to cast Henslowe in the role of harsh entrepreneur and to see Daborne as a hard-done-by creative artist. But is this wholly fair? The facsimile of Daborne's letter of November 13, 1613 (MSS I, 89) may challenge those assumptions, if only slightly. Daborne is nothing if not fluent in his letter-writing, but the first sentence of this letter has a significant word—"me"—added above the line and the inclusion of the definite article before "breach" is awkward. Henslowe had evidently accused Daborne of failing to keep his delivery date and the playwright reacted sharply: Mr Hinchlow y accuses me with the breach of promise. . .". What disturbed Daborne's natural flow? Anger? Petulance? An awareness that Henslowe was justified? Simple aberration? One's judgment here cannot but be subjective but reading Daborne's hand in facsimile may prompt different responses than will a printed transcript.

It is this same letter, incidentally, that anticipates by a dozen years the use of "foul" in the sense recorded in the phrase "foul papers" given in the *Supplement to the Oxford English Dictionary*, I, A-G (1972). This dates "fowle papers" as c 1625; Daborne refers to the "foule sheet" and the "faire" which he was writing out when Henslowe's man called (which, as ever, if "great business had not preuented" that night, he would have finished).

All but two of the facsimiles are reproduced full size (the exceptions are noted) and special care has been taken to show the varying tonality of the originals. The facsimiles are neatly numbered following G. F. Warner's pencilled-in numeration. The one weak feature of these volumes is the "Guide to the Contents". This is the only list of contents and it could be greatly improved. First and foremost, the Guide is only to be found in Volume 1, whereas all but two of its sixty-two column inches refer to the second volume. These are large, bulky, and heavy volumes, and it is inconvenient to have to refer to Volume 1 when consulting Volume 2.

No description whatsoever is given of the fourteen related manuscripts and fragments which form the two appendixes to Volume 1, and although very brief descriptions are given of the documents reproduced from MSS I and II, these could be amplified to advantage. It is odd that very occasionally fuller descriptions are provided: thus MSS II, 21-22 adds a note indicating the kind of assistance the constables are to give Thomas Radford—to "take upp . . . dogges . . . beares and bulls . . .". As such trouble has been taken with the facsimiles, it is a pity that fuller descriptions are not given more frequently.

The contents of the endpocket to Volume 1 are listed but the existence of an endpocket to Volume 2 is not even noted and one has to look to item 138 to discover what is in that pocket and even then the number of sheets is not given. Finally, the typography for noting munimen numbers of the sheets in endpocket 1 is identical with that for numbering facsimiles in Volume 2 and this, though of minor significance, might have been better avoided.

But enough of quibbles. These two splendid volumes are full of riches, from a dialogue on love between a man and a boy, to verses about a jealous husband, and thirty-five (written) pages of a memorandum book containing the receipts and payments of a travelling bearward from August 13 to September 20, 1608. Perhaps most intriguing of all, and requiring to be seen in facsimile (as the contrast with the next, printed item, an advertisement of a prize for shooting with musket or longbow, makes plain), is a handwritten advertisement for the Beargarden. In large, clear letters, it promises, after the bear-baiting, "to weare a bull dead at the stake and for your better content shall haue pleasant sport with the horse and ape and whiping of the blind beare/Viunt Rex".

Novel on blue paper

By Philip Collins

The Manuscript of Great Expectations

283 frames. Scolar Press. £50 (plus VAT in UK).

The manuscripts of most of Dickens's novels survive, chiefly in the Victoria and Albert Museum. One of the two which became detached from this main Dickens archive is that of *Great Expectations*, which the novelist gave to his friend Chauncy Hare Townshend, to whom this novel had been dedicated. Townshend bequeathed it, on his death, to his local museum, Wisbech, Cambridgeshire, where it remains, somewhat to the inconvenience of scholars and to the chagrin of the Museum's trustees—or at least to their predecessors in 1946, who wanted to sell it, and devote the proceeds to other purposes; but the Charity Commissioners barred the sale. The V & A manuscripts and proofsheets have been made available on microfilm (EP Microform) and it is all the more convenient—given its relative inaccessibility—that the *Great Expectations* manuscript now joins them: and this manuscript is particularly important textually, because the surviving galley-proofs of this novel happen to be unusually fragmentary and of secondary interest.

The microfilm is in colour, the Scolar Press having developed its publicity material informs us, new techniques to preserve delicate colour balances. Thus readers can see the blue ink which Dickens favoured and which Mr Dickens's Young Men, on his periodicals, all affected in imitation of the Chief. Technically it is a pleasing and efficient production.

How, one wonders, would Joe Gargery have fared if his name had remained, as it appears in the opening pages, George Thunder? With a name like that, he might have become a prime suspect when his wife is felled in Chapter 15. But on this, and on more substantial questions about what can be learnt from this manuscript, the publishers offer no help. Granted that readers wishing to consult such a microfilm do not need to be spoon-fed, some indications about significant, or peculiar, features of this manuscript should have been provided—or, at the very least, some references to published scholarly discussion. (Edgar Rosenberg, editor of the forthcoming Norton Critical Edition of *Great Expectations*, has written admirably on this matter in two recent essays.) All that is provided here, however, is a single frame entitled "Description", which records basic particulars of the manuscript's size, etc, and what is oddly called the "Index", a sheet of paper, duplicated on both sides, giving the frame-references for the various Books and chapters.

This shortcoming is the more grievous when one notes the price. The cost of microfilm, like other commodities, rises with inflation, and doubtless colour-film comes more expensive than black-and-white. The V & A manuscript microfilms referred to above will cost, after an imminent price-rise, £13 for a reel with an average number of 800 frames, which works out at 1.65p per frame. The present item costs over 17½p per frame, plus VAT. Penny plain, tuppence coloured, it used to be. A tenfold increase of price is hard to bear, even in inflationary times and even if this microfilm does remind us that *Great Expectations* was written on blue paper in Stephen's Dark Blue Writing Fluid.

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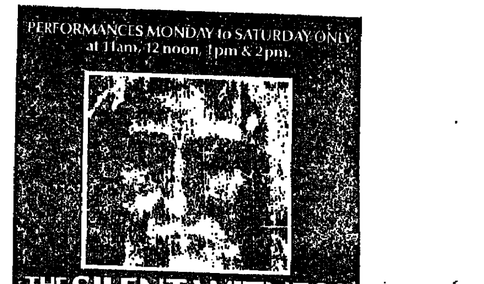
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A career in Cubism

By Christopher Green

DOUGLAS COOPER :
Juan Gris
Catalogue raisonné de l'oeuvre peint établi avec la collaboration de Margaret Potter
Two volumes
515pp with 801 illustrations, 8 in colour. Paris : Berggruen, 3,100fr.

For anyone interested in Cubism Douglas Cooper has been a constant presence since the last war, a presence full of contradictions. When he writes art-history he is almost always constructive : he can see the most complex historical developments with clarity and communicate what he sees. Yet, in a long career he has produced relatively few major publications, which is the result in part of his energetic and effective activities as an exhibition organizer, but also perhaps of a more destructive penchant for controversy. The appearance of his catalogue raisonné of Juan Gris is, therefore, something of an event. This is the product of research begun nearly forty years ago which has been brought up to date with the highly skilled help of Margaret Potter ; it is an achievement of incalculable value (although the publishers have been excessively ruthless in calculating a monetary value for it ; the price sets new standards of unreasonableness, however beautiful the books and however limited the number of copies printed).

Catalogues raisonnés (indeed all monographs) have been the target of much indiscriminate aggression in recent art-historical discussion. Such enterprises are dismissed as nothing but services offered to the art-market and as irrelevant to the art-historian's most significant task, which is to work within a larger frame of reference than the individual artist towards the discovery of much more than merely the facts. Certainly deeper and broader historical relationships must be found than those disclosed by a simple record of a single artist's achievement ; the facts thus limited cannot be enough. But there are areas in the history of art where some of the most significant discoveries can only follow the accumulation of such records. I am convinced that the history of Cubism is one of these areas.

There is undoubtedly a sense in which Cubism can be seen as a style. Between 1909 and the mid-1920s there were many individuals whose art could be called Cubist because of a fundamentally similar aproach to the relationship between the work of art and its subject-matter. Yet the differences between these individuals were manifold and often dramatic, for instance between Delaunay and Picasso in 1911 or between Gris and Léger in 1918. There is, therefore, a sense in which Cubism can be seen as a succession of many very different styles. In 1921 Pierre Reverdy, a long-time friend and ally of the leading Cubists, commented on "two contradictory characteristics of our time" ; the first was the need for a common direction", the second was "an absolute individualism, a thirst for excessive originality".

Picasso and Braque always stressed the individuality of their art. As Braque put it in an interview of 1923 : "It is nothing but the achievement of a single personality. The schools come afterwards, this is vulgarization." Gris came closer than they to balancing his need to identify with a common direction (or "aesthetic" as he called it) against his need to find a direction of his own, but his art remains on one level at least the result of a sustained personal pursuit of new pictorial inventions. There is a "papier collé" of 1914 on which he has stuck a piece of newspaper with the fragment of a head-line for us to read : "ces explorateurs", it announces. He, Picasso and Braque were all individual explorers within Cubism ; and the characteristic of divergent exploration is a central characteristic of Cubist art as a whole, one that the artists themselves recognized.

An essential way of comprehending Cubism historically, therefore, is to discover the variety of different routes followed in each Cubist's explorations. In 1923 Picasso attacked the very idea of the transitional work of art, and certainly it is true that each Cubist work can and should be seen as complete in its own right ; but at the same time to see each work as transitional, as part of a continuing process of individual invention, and to become aware of the sheer rapidity of change in the art of all the leading Cubists is to understand something essential to Cubism as a whole. It is the catalogue raisonné that makes this possible, and it does so in direct proportion to its comprehensiveness and the accuracy of its chronology.

In his "Avis au lecteur concernant le catalogue", Cooper claims that there can only be a very few works by Gris not included among his 621 entries. This is true. The photographic archives built up by D-H. Kahnweiler and Léonce Rosenberg (both of which resources, thankfully, are accessible to researchers) provide a firm basis for a comprehensive record, but Cooper has contrived surprises even for those who have combed these sources for themselves, because he has traced a number of works that never passed through the hands of Gris's dealers, usually works given to the painter's friends and accordingly unmoured with the most durable of provenances. The small but expansive "L'Harmonium" of 1913 (No 29) and the "papier collé" "Le Violon" of 1914 (No 121) are just two such surprises published here for the first time. Also for the first time a high proportion of the unfinished paintings that survive on the backs of several of Gris's canvases are illustrated, providing important insights into the workings of the creative process in his art, especially during 1913 and 1914. This was a time when he produced images of such finality that they can seem not to have been hand-crafted at all, but to have arrived in the world ready-made and perfect ; the backs reveal something of the openness and flexibility of the methods that actually made them possible. They reveal the intuitive inventor that Gris continued to be, even when he was most certain about his pictorial ends.

I would have liked included the two groups of important works on paper of early and late 1913, since their size and degree of finish indicates that, like Braque's first "papiers collés", they were considered close in status to the oil paintings of this year, despite their medium. This apart, however, the catalogue presents a remarkably comprehensive record, and the information given on the present whereabouts of pictures is up to date, accurate and complete to an equally remarkable degree.

Of all the leading Cubists Juan Gris is the easiest to follow work by work through the whole of his career in Cubism, since for long periods he showed a level of consideration for future art-historians which is rare, by dating most of his pictures not only to the year but also to the month. The practice started in 1913, stopped unaccountably in 1914, then resumed in March 1915 to continue all the way until the summer of 1922, whereupon, again unaccountably, it stopped until the artist's death in 1927. Simply by being comprehensive, therefore, the catalogue gives us a record of the chronological sequence of pictorial events in Gris's artistic life which for over half its length is wonderfully accurate. No other Cubist has left so clear a trail to be followed by any who want to understand the always changeable nature of such art, and Cooper, helped by Margaret Potter, has left that trail with scrupulous clarity. The possibility of such precision is another reason for the special usefulness of a catalogue raisonné in this case.

Yet, there is, of course, room left for that kind of quibbling which art-historians find the more engaging the less open it is to final resolution, and naturally I shall indulge in it a little. Thus, I see no reason for placing "Guitare et pipe" (No 30) before February 1913, when it so directly relates to "La Guitare" (No 42), which is dated May. More significantly, "Verre, tasse et journal" (No 46) is, in my opinion, obviously out of place in the summer of 1913, and so probably are "Violon et verre" (No 47) and "Verre et carte" (No 48). Composition (especially in No 46), the stained quality of the wood-graining, the way it is set against thickly painted areas of rich colour made substantial by tonal modelling, in all these aspects these paintings compare with work of the turn of 1913-14 like "Le Jacquet" (No 71), which suggests that they were done then and not before Gris's summer trip to Céret. Lack of research into the dating of the newspapers used in the "papiers collés" of 1914 has led to one small but certain error and a couple of possible ones. "La Chope" (No 89) is here dated "entre février et avril 1914", when the newspaper fragment pasted on it was actually published on April 26, indicating a slightly later date between the end of April and the end of May, while the splendid "Compotier et carafe" (No 113) is here placed among the very last done in Paris before Gris left for Collioure, when its newspaper fragment was published on April 27 being one of the earliest such clippings used and indicating (though not proving) a significantly earlier position in the sequence. These are quibbles concerning very small chronological differences, but they are not petty, for the fact is that such small differences can alter very profoundly the picture we have of change not only in Gris's art but in Cubism altogether.

I have few disagreements to offer regarding the chronology presented for the period 1915 to 1922, but while acknowledging its probable accuracy, I do have a complaint to make about the way in which the chronology for 1922 to 1927 is dealt with. Referring to this later period, Cooper admits that his dating is "obligatoirement approximative", but he claims that it is guided by Gris's letters, stylistic comparisons and by information from the artist's first dealers. On this basis, he divides the work of 1923 onwards into groups of pictures done in defined periods of about six months each, rarely including question marks to suggest uncertainty. A glance at the sequence and the groupings he arrives at alongside the sequence of Kahnweiler's stock numbers (usefully published here too) gives the impression that the over-riding basis for certainty in these groupings was neither the letters nor stylistic comparisons but Kahnweiler and the numbers. If this is so, it should have been made much clearer in Cooper's "Avis au lecteur", and if it is not so the basis for certainty in the grouping of these later works should have been presented as much as possible in the individual entries. Cooper has assumed rather arrogantly that his decisions will be accepted on trust without question as to how they were arrived at in individual cases.

Yet, though complaints can be made and quibbles continued (probably for ever), it must be stressed that the catalogue is in general as chronologically precise as it is comprehensive, and a rich layer of supplementary material has been added. There is the photograph illustrated (No 95b) of one of the "papiers collés" "Fleurs" (No 93), without its paper fragments and with all its pencil underdrawing exposed, which contributes much to understanding how Gris actually made these flimsy marvels. Then there are the many lessons about taste to be learnt from the provenances given so thoroughly here. It is fascinating to learn, for instance, that early in the 1920s Paul Eluard owned "Le Lavabo" (No 3[illegible] painting whose aloofness and ri[illegible] superficially could not seem m[illegible] out of tune with the pursuits of the Surrealists ; and it tightens [illegible] grasp of the relationship between Cubism and the public to re[illegible] how small was the circle of C[illegible] purchasers in his life-time.

The drawings and [illegible] illustrated also generally deepen understanding, but it should be [illegible] marked that Cooper has sometimes been less careful with this material than is necessary. It is likely, for instance, that the drawing (No [illegible] related to the "Portrait de Ma[illegible] Raynal" (No 4) was a sequel to [illegible] painting and not a "dessin préparatoire" as stated here, because the oblique linear network into which the head is neatly fitted in the drawing relates to painting which are obviously later. More ser[illegible] the drawing (No 183a) [illegible] alongside "Carafe et bol" (No 183), despite its [illegible] "7-16" date, cannot [illegible] be accepted as done in 1916, [illegible] items extracted from a printing of 1920 (No 327) are made an integral part of the composition. And, in last instance among several of the lower standards applied to the re[illegible] of drawings and gouaches—a standard perverse to have illustrated a drawing (no " Violon at guitare" (No [illegible] alongside " Violon et dauhe" (No 60).

Besides the catalogue Cooper publishes a fuller biographical [illegible] than the one he supplied for Kahnweiler's *Juan Gris : His Life and Work*, an illustrated selection of letters, which (except just possibly one) are indeed letters, three letters, which are brief but remarkable a short introduction to the artist's work, and some photographs, which provide a moving physiognomical record of Gris the man, from the fight-weight charm of youth to the [illegible] out mask of terminal illness at thirty-nine. The introduction, in addition with Cooper's usual [illegible] tious clarity, and in it he takes one problem, that of Gris's [illegible] failure of nerve between 1922 and 1925, with insight and originality but overall he adds little new [illegible] and in places he overstresses rather than clarifies.

It is the catalogue that counts the greatest respect. The [illegible] are presented with an economy which might at first appear [illegible] mean, but their content is rich [illegible] every single work recorded is illustrated except two. This is a [illegible] logue which must be fundamental to any understanding either of Gris or Cubism as a whole. It is a massive achievement.

Alexandria at second hand

By Michael Greenhalgh

PHYLLIS WILLIAMS LEHMANN :
Cyriacus of Ancona's Egyptian Visit and its Reflections in Gentile Bellini and Hieronymus Bosch
34pp (47 illustrations). New York : J. J. Augustin, [illegible]

The major part of this lecture (which is supported by substantial notes) investigates the sources for Gentile Bellini's painting of *St Mark Preaching at Alexandria*. This immense work, now somewhat cut down, was made for the Scuola di San Marco in Venice, and shows the patron saint of that State preaching in the city of his martyrdom, whence his bones were supposedly brought in the early ninth century. Gentile tries to bring alive for his fellow-citizens the sights and the people of Alexandria, and provides a work which is a learned mixture of history-painting, topography and patriotism. He had never in fact visited Alexandria, but his work for the Sultan Mehmet II in 1479 and 1480 allowed him to absorb some oriental atmosphere in Constantinople. It is the author's task to elucidate the mechanics of Gentile's acquaintance with Alexandria at second rather than at first hand, and her argument hinges on the possible availability to Gentile of manuscripts and illustrations by Cyriacus of Ancona.

Cyriacus, who probably died in the later 1450s, was a tireless traveller who copied inscriptions, drew architecture and sculpture, and generally tried to build up a picture of the ancient world—particularly the Greek world. A certain difficulty of access to parts of Greece after the Fall of Constantinople surely highlighted the importance of Cyriacus's manuscripts for the antiquarians and painters of Italy. Indeed, Phyllis and Karl Lehmann have already shown, in their *Samothracian Reflections*, how Andrea Mantegna must have made use of some of Cyriacus's material for the dancing nymphs and the figure of Mercury in his *Parnassus*, now in the Louvre. Andrea and Gentile were brothers-in-law, and the suggestion in this lecture is that Andrea, the prince of antiquarian painters, could have shown some Cyriacus material to Gentile from the Mantuan collections. A subsidiary thesis is that Bosch's *Garden of Eden* also betrays evidence of exposure to the same material, and that, consequently, it is now definite that Bosch did in fact visit Italy.

In order to prove her theses, Phyllis Lehmann concentrates on objects, animate and inanimate, in the background of the *St. Mark Preaching at Alexandria*. Some of the features, particularly obelisks and minarets, Gentile could have remembered from Constantinople; others, such as the Pharos and the Column of Diocletian, are certainly described by Cyriacus, although not illustrated in the extant manuscripts. However we do have illustrations after Cyriacus of a giraffe, and the author suggests that this was copied by Gentile in his painting.

There are obvious difficulties, however, which make this idea somewhat uncertain. Gentile's giraffe has been much overpainted. We know of Cyriacus's illustrations of animals only *via* inferior copies. Both giraffes and elephants were used in games and triumphs by the Romans. And, as the author acknowledges, there were certainly live giraffes in Italy, and painted representations, long before Gentile's work, which was commissioned in 1504. The same difficulties apply to Bosch's inclusion of a giraffe and an elephant in his *Garden of Eden*: certainly, Cyriacus did draw both animals, and Bosch's creatures are close to the manuscript illustrations in both features and poses. In other words, it is a pity that the argument cannot rely upon Cyriacus's recording of a unique, inanimate and immovable object like the Pharos, instead of upon animals. Equally, we might wonder whether, assuming Gentile created his Pharos (surely the cylindrical tower with the outside spiral staircase) and other monuments from a mixture of ancient literary accounts and his own observations and antiquarian knowledge, he would have felt any compunction need to refer to anything Cyriacus. However, perhaps he *did* have Cyriacus's drawings Alexandrian monuments—drawings of which we know nothing.

Phyllis Lehmann does not, in fact, overstate her arguments, but uses them as separate parts almost as pieces of jigsaw pieces. Thus Mantegna certainly relied on Lucretius for his Parnassus and, between this, Gentile could also have been given access to Cyriacus's manuscripts ; and Bosch applies to Bosch. The whole are therefore provided to a of probabilities, by the piling the same detective [illegible] made *Samothracian Reflections* delightful to read. And, even if remain a little sceptical about tile's giraffe, the author has us another demonstration of importance of Cyriacus artistic and scholarly life fifteenth century. [illegible] scholars ; like Cyriacus [illegible] foundations, would there have painters like Mantegna, or Gentile have painted [illegible] and complicated canvas?

Giacomo Rizzoni, in [illegible] Cyriacus, hailed him as [illegible] of antiquity" and [illegible] title would surely be [illegible] him by posterity. Scholars [illegible] Bodnar, would be [illegible] assured for him his [illegible] the history of antiquarian [illegible] This lecture is [illegible] the important task of [illegible] his achievement and his [illegible]

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Application forms and further details for all the above posts from the Chief Personnel Officer, Norgate House, Norgate Way, Ashton-under-Lyne, Greater Manchester. Tel.: 061-330 9388 ext. 2. Closing date 6th October.

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Suffolk County Council

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AP3 (£3,420-£3,834+£312)

Further details and application forms from County Librarian, Leicestershire Libraries and Information Service, First Floor, Thames Tower, 2 Navigation Street, Leicester, LE1 3TZ.
Closing date 6th October, 1978.

Libraries and Information

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Please quote ref. 136.

Nottinghamshire County Council

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The initial appointment will be for six months, after which time the situation will be reviewed. The post will be based at West Riding House but the successful applicant may be called upon to visit Divisional offices.

Application forms may be obtained from the Regional Personnel Officer, Yorkshire Water Authority, West Riding House, 67 Albion Street, Leeds LS1 5AA. Tel. 448201, ext. 269, to whom they should be returned not later than 4th October, 1978. Quoting Ref. No. RN.515.

Yorkshire Water

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plus the supplement of £312 p.a.

Application forms and further details are available from : The Staffing Officer, Westbrook Building, Bradford College, Great Horton Road, BRADFORD BD7 1AY, and should be returned by Friday, 6th October, 1978.

Bradford College

THE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

Bibliographical and Information Systems Officer

The Library Association Council has approved the creation of a new post in the Association's Secretariat, reporting directly to the Deputy Secretary, of Bibliographical and Information Systems Officer. The post will be responsible for the Association's concerns in bibliographical standards and bibliographical systems and services, on-line developments, computer software and hardware developments, including the creation of a national forum for the discussion of matters related to systems (including Post Office aspects and costings), co-ordination of the user's view of nationally provided services, and also to ensure professional involvement in current international developments in those areas, e.g., Unesco and Council of Europe programmes.

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Persons interested should apply in writing to the Deputy Secretary's Department, The Library Association, 7 Ridgmount Street, London WC1E 7AE, for a detailed job description. Previous applicants should not re-apply.

CLWYD COUNTY COUNCIL
Clwyd Library Service

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Application forms obtainable from the Director of Administration and Legal Services, Shire Hall, Mold, Clwyd (Tel: Mold 2121, ext. 394). To be returned by October 10, 1978.
E. R. LL. Davies, Director of Administration and Legal Services.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

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REF : MD/13/621
RECRUITMENT ADMINISTRATION
ELECTRICITY SUPPLY BOARD
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Dublin 2.

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DURHAM COUNTY COUNCIL

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PRINCIPAL: LEONARD G. BEWSHER

CHIEF LIBRARIAN

Applications are invited from graduates holding an appropriate professional qualification for appointment to the above post in the College.

Experience in a college and extending over a range of learning resources is sought and will be an advantage. The post is a new one in the college and gives an opportunity to the successful candidate to take charge of a developing library service.

The salary is on the full senior lecturer scale of the current Burnham Report, i.e., at present £8,661-£7,872.

Further details and application form, returnable by 6th October, 1978, may be obtained, on receipt of a stamped, self-addressed foolscap envelope, from the Principal, New College, Framwellgate Moor Centre, Durham.

COLLEGE OF LIBRARIANSHIP WALES

Applications are invited for the following posts :—

1. **Director of Liaison and Training Services**
2. **Liaison and Training Officer**

Liaison and Training Services are responsible for a wide range of College activities, including the organisation and supervision of student Field Work and the co-ordination of Study Tours, the organisation of a programme of Short Courses, College press releases and publicity, careers guidance for students, in-house training and the College's relationship and continuing contacts with the profession and with individual libraries of all types. Candidates should be Fellows of the Library Association or graduate chartered librarians or hold equivalent librarianship qualifications.

Salary for the Director's post will be on the Principal Lecturer Scale (£7,047-£7,818 [earlier £6,844 per annum) and for the Liaison and Training Officer within Lecturer 2 Scale (£4,101-£6,858 per annum). An essential car user allowance is provided in both cases.

Further information may be obtained from the Registrar (Telephone Aberystwyth 3181) and prospective applicants may visit the College informally before applying.

Applications stating age, present post and salary, educational background, professional and other qualifications and previous experience, with relevant dates, together with the names of three referees, should be sent to the Registrar, College of Librarianship Wales, Llanbadarn Fawr, Aberystwyth, SY23 3AS, Dyfed, to reach him no later than 6th October, 1978.

Cheshire

School Librarian

AP4/5 £3,933-£4,761 plus £312 p.a. Supplement

(Re-advertisement)

Required at the Catholic High School, Old Wrexham Road, Handbridge, Chester.

Applicants should be qualified and experienced Chartered Librarians.

Previous applicants will be reconsidered.

Application forms and further particulars are obtainable from The District Education Officer, Cheshire County Council, 16 Whitefriars, Chester CH1 1NZ.

Closing date : 6th October.

T.L.S Subscription Rates

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TLS Subscription Dept., P.O. Box 7, New Printing House Square, Gray's Inn Road, London WC1X 8EZ.

The Polytechnic of North London

Library and Information Service

Applications are invited for the following professional posts :

REF. 1

Site Librarian—Holloway Road

Our largest site covering most areas of science. Proven managerial ability essential and familiarity with the literature desirable.
Librarian 1 Scale.

REF. 2

Site Librarian—Essex Road

A very busy library with a demanding group of users. Ability to work under pressure a useful asset.
Librarian 3 Upper Scale.

REF. 3

Subject Librarian—Business Studies

Subject librarians are responsible for a wide range of liaison functions between the library and academic colleagues. The Business Studies Department is shortly to transfer from Camden Town to Holloway Road and there are possibilities of promotion in connection with the move.
Librarian 3 Scale.

REF. 4

Cataloguer

PNL is a member of BLCMP and requires a cataloguer/classifier to work as part of a team in the Central Processing Unit. Familiarity with or willingness to learn about BLCMP automated procedures desirable.
Librarian 3 Scale.

Salary Scales :
(inclusive of London Allowance)
Librarian 1, £6,256 to £7,231;
Librarian 2 Upper £4,225 to £6,082 ;
Librarian 3, £4,225 to £5,155.

Application forms and further details from Chief Librarian, Polytechnic of North London, Holloway Road, London N7 8DB. Telephone 607 2789, extn. 2105.

Closing date for applications October 2, 1978.

NORTHERN IRELAND WESTERN EDUCATION AND LIBRARY BOARD

1. Assistant Librarian

YOUTH SERVICES—LONDONDERRY DIVISION

Salary Scale : £3,420 to £3,834 plus £312 supplement per annum

Applications are invited from qualified librarians for the above post.
Duties of the post include :
Involvement in the service to schools and colleges within the Division and the development of work with young people outside the school environment.

2. Assistant Librarian

TYRONE DIVISION—OMAGH

Salary Scale : £3,420 to £3,834 plus £312 supplement per annum

Applications are invited from qualified librarians for the above post.
Duties of the post include :
Professional input of stock management, staff control, promotional work and reader advisory functions within the Division.
This is envisaged as a first professional post with wide spectrum duties and training elements included.

Application forms from the Personnel Officer, Headquarters Office, 1 Hospital Road, Omagh Co Tyrone returnable by Noon, October 9, 1978.

LONDON BOROUGH OF BARNET

Library Services

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN,
Hampstead Garden Suburb Library

A Librarian, who has recently qualified (examinations in progress) is required to be second in charge of this small but demanding library which is due to be transferred in purpose-built premises in a few years' time. Ref. 6078.

CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN,
Golders Green Library

A Librarian who has recently qualified (examinations in progress) is keen to work with children and required to be responsible for this unit within the children's section. Ref. 6077.

Salary, for both posts, is APT&C (£2,367-£3,834 + £285 London Weighting + £312 supplement). Closing date : 7th October, 1978. Further details and application forms from Borough Librarian, Ravensfield House, The Burroughs, Hendon, NW4 4BE.

CHESTERFIELD COLLEGES OF ART & TECHNOLOGY

Applications are invited for the full-time post of

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

in the Library of the Joint Communal Block.

Further particulars and application forms from the Chief Administrative Officer, College of Technology, Chesterfield, to whom completed forms should be returned by first post on WEDNESDAY, 4TH OCTOBER, 1978.

CITY OF WAKEFIELD METROPOLITAN DISTRICT COUNCIL

EDUCATION DEPARTMENT
PONTEFRACT AREA LIBRARY

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

Librarians Scale/APA £2,823-£4,632

(Inclusive of supplement)

Applicants, should be Chartered Librarians but applications will be considered from Librarians who have completed professional examinations but are not yet Chartered.

Requests for application forms and further details (accompanied by a stamped addressed foolscap envelope) should be addressed to The Chief Executive (Personnel Section), Town Hall, Wakefield, to be returned by 4.10.1978.

Oxford 1478 1978 University Press

Deputy Managing Editor – Directories

Salary scale £3867-£5101, subject to revision

An enterprising person is needed to head a small team and work very much on his or her own initiative. The Directories Department is based in N.W. London. It collects, edits, and processes information with the aid of a computer; helps maintain production and publication schedules; and helps to promote sales and control stocks of directories published. The person appointed will have some editorial administrative experience, must be methodical and accurate, and should enjoy detailed work.

Flextime hours system, four weeks holiday, and pension/life assurance scheme. Lunches are inexpensive and so are books. Smart office block, pleasant views and parking space; buses and Tubes nearby, and there is quick access to the M1, North Circular Road (and Brent Cross Shopping Centre).

Please write with details of education and experience to The Personnel Manager, Oxford University Press, Press Road, Neasden, London NW10 0DD.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

North-Eastern Education and Library Board

Applications are invited for the following posts :—

HEA LIBRARY HEADQUARTERS, DEMESNE AVENUE, BALLYMENA

AUDIO-VISUAL LIBRARIAN

Salary Scale £4,245-£4,632 per annum.

The person appointed will be responsible, under supervision for education, expansion and development of the present audio-visual library services to schools and colleges and for the co-ordination of the record/cassette service to the musical public via both libraries, schools/public service outlets—although the stocks of the two services are not integrated.

Applicants must be chartered librarians.

The post is open to both men and women.

Application forms may be obtained, on receipt of a stamped addressed foolscap envelope, from the Personnel Officer, North-Eastern Education and Library Board, County Hall, Ballymena, BT42 1HN, and must be returned not later than 5.00 p.m. on FRIDAY, 6 OCTOBER, 1978.
Canvassing in any form will disqualify.

THE MEDICAL COLLEGE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL

(University of London)
West Smithfield, London EC1A 7BE

Applications are invited for the post of

LIBRARIAN

to be in charge of two libraries, one in the Pre-clinical School and one in the Clinical School on the St. Bartholomew's Hospital site. The Medical College possesses a comprehensive medical and scientific library with an important historical section, and an access to computerised sources of information. With the aid of a strong Audio-Visual Department, a range of teaching programmes is being developed with the aim of providing a comprehensive source of information for teaching and research. The College is seeking a professional librarian, preferably with experience in the medical field, who would be interested in modern methods of collecting, presenting and distributing information to staff and students. Salary, in accordance with age and experience, on the University scales for senior library staff. Applications (five copies), together with the names of two referees, should be sent by 9th October to the Dean of the Medical College at the above address, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

AUCTIONS

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Valuable books in bibliography ... many first editions, extended PYNSON ... Sporting ... and WHITTAKER; MUSEUMS ... Architecture, Biography ... illustrated by HINRICH RIDLINGER, the Swiss Reformer, 1598 ...
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Botanical and Natural History books, including G. H. KNOWLES & FREDERICK WESCOTT, *Floral Cabinet & Magazine of Exotic Botany*, 3 vol. 1837-40, C. P. SOWERBY, *Illustrated Catalogue of British Plants*, 1841, JOHN WALCOTT, *Floral Botanical Delineations*, 1776, JOHN WORTHINGTON, *Arcticon Horticulture*, 1841, H. NEILL BRIGHTWELL, *Rose Gardens, being an Account of the Best Methods of Cultivation*, 1854, *Forget-me-not Flowers*, 1857 ...
British and foreign topography and travel including several ATLASES, MAY travel journals and diaries, A good collection of the Lake District, THOMAS TAYLOR, *History and Antiquities of Kentmere*, 1829, JOHN STOW, *Survey of London*, 1st EDITION, W. J. *Tours of Cumberland and Westmorland*, 2 vols. (extra-illustrated), 1805 ... Several works ...
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On View : Tues., 3 October 10-5 p.m. Wed., 4 October 10-4 p.m. (please note that there will be NO VIEWING on morning of sale)
Illustrated catalogues available from the Auctioneers (price £1.50 by post)
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OUT OF PRINT books found and sold (no fees) ; best prices paid for libraries and collections.—Peter Taylor, 44 Walter Grove, Bath, Avon.

BOOKS WANTED

ALFRED KOTTLER
98 Mansfield Street
London WC1A 1LH

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The World Today.
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Mind, Critical Quarterly.
Modern Languages.
Rare and old volumes always required.

REVIEW and other books in mint condition bought.—Peter Eaton, 185 Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4. 01-248 3538.

The Greenlet Periodicals. 3,000 books in each issue. Samples copy free.—Write : Greenlet, Richfield, Stafford.

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CATALOGUES

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AUCTIONS

BOOK AUCTION—every month. Free collection service in most areas including London.—Telephone or write : Saunders & Sidwell Street, Bristol 1 (0272) 29 4951.

CONSTRUCTION INDUSTRY

SENIOR ASSISTANT required for small working for Construction Industry based in London S.W.1. Applicants should possess a professional qualification in librarianship or information science ; ability to undertake a wide range of information tasks ; considerable indexing or classification experience.

Present importance of technical library work is expanding. Starting salary £3,000 to £3,500 plus £312 supplement. Please send full details of experience and qualifications to : Construction Information Services, 180 Brooke Road, London E.5.

KENSINGTON AND CHELSEA AND WESTMINSTER A-HA (T)

South District

KENSINGTON AND CHELSEA LIBRARY

MEDICAL LIBRARIAN

Enterprising librarian wanted to run readily expanding group of libraries for medical staff. Duties include committee work, liaison with other departments and communications. Experience in computer cataloguing desirable. Knowledge of computer systems would be an advantage.

Candidates should be chartered librarians, preferably with previous experience in a medical library. Salary scale : £3,420 to £4,779 per annum (inclusive of London Weighting) plus £312 supplement. Subsidised lunches. Assistance with removal expenses will be considered.

Details from and applications to Alan Durham, Personnel Officer, St. Stephens Hospital.

BEDFORDSHIRE COUNTY LIBRARY

CHARTERED LIBRARIANS with drive and imagination are required to join the progressive, lively and friendly Bedfordshire District of the following posts :—

NORTH BEDFORDSHIRE DISTRICT :
1.1 **ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN**—Bedford and Kempston Library as part of the Practice and Development Team of North Bedfordshire District, with duties responsible for the Kempston Library and in association with the Senior Services Librarian the day-to-day operation of three mobile libraries.

1.2 **ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN**—LUTON DISTRICT :
As a member of the Lending Team at Luton Central Library the successful applicant will be closely involved with readers' advisory work on a busy lending desk, and have responsibility for a specific area of the library lending. Some knowledge of modern library computer operations would be an advantage.

While preference will be given to candidates with some experience of this kind of work, applications will also be considered from librarians who have recently completed their librarianship training.

Salary : Qualified Librarian A.P.4.3 £3,279 to £3,651 (inclusive of Phase 1 supplement). Chartered Librarian A.P.5.1 £3,654 to £4,026. Career Grade, £4,782 to £5,073 (inclusive of Phase 1 supplement). Progression beyond £4,026 and £5,634 dependent upon responsibility and experience.

Closing date : 14 days after the appearance of this advertisement.

Further details and application forms from Miss Beaton, County Library, County Hall, Bedford. Bedford 66181, extension 58.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

INSTITUTE OF ADVANCED LEGAL STUDIES

APPLICATIONS are invited from recently qualified graduate librarians for a POST OF SENIOR LIBRARY ASSISTANT. Salary on scale £3,018-£3,657 plus £456 London allowance. Superannuation scheme.

Apply with names of two referees to the Deputy Librarian, 23 Russell Square, WC1B 5DR, by 6th October.

LIVERPOOL POLYTECHNIC

LIBRARY SERVICES

CATALOGUER GRADE A.P. 2

CENTRAL SERVICES UNIT

Duties include classification and subject indexing. The cataloguing is provided in an integrated computer format. Cataloguers also undertake classification duties in the various subject libraries. Opportunities exist for work in reader services areas. Applicants for this post must be qualified librarians, should be capable of cataloguing all book formats.

Salary scale : £2,967 to £3,339, plus £312 per annum.

Application forms and further details from the Personnel Office, Liverpool Polytechnic, Byrom Street, Liverpool L3 3AF. Telephone : 051-207 3581 Extension 403.

Please quote reference LP 2320. Closing date is 14 days from the appearance of this advertisement.

LONDON BOROUGH OF HARINGEY

LIBRARIES, MUSEUM AND ARTS
ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

APT Supplement £2,017 per annum.

Applications are invited from graduate or non-graduate librarians who have a reasonable knowledge of library practice and duties at the appropriate level.

Details obtainable from : Controller of Libraries, Museum and Arts, Central Offices, Bruce Castle, Lordship Lane, N17.

Applications returnable 2 weeks from date of advert.

METROPOLITAN BOROUGH OF SANDWELL

WARLEY COLLEGE OF TECHNOLOGY

Crankhall Lane, Smethwick, Warley, B66 1BU, West Midlands.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the appointment to the full-time POST OF LIBRARY ASSISTANT at the Oldbury Building.

Salary is in accordance with the National Joint Council Scale for Technical Grade A.P.3 (£2,583 - Sup. of £207 to £312 - Commencing at a point according to age and experience.

Application forms and further particulars (quoting reference No. 78/31) may be obtained from the Acting Principal at the above address. Completed applications, should be returned by 2nd October, 1978.

TRENT REGIONAL HEALTH AUTHORITY

LIBRARIAN
£4,191 to £5,226

CHARTERED LIBRARIAN required for the above post in the headquarters of the Authority.

The successful candidate will be responsible for continuing the development of a library and information service consisting of two units : one covering administrative aspects of the Health Service and the other medical subjects.

Modern offices in pleasant surroundings ; 5 day week ; flexible working hours ; active sports and social club.

Further information and application forms (returnable by 6th October, 1978) from the Regional Personnel Officer, Old Fulwood Road, Sheffield, S10 3TH, quoting reference 3/7/78.

LONDON BOROUGH OF HARINGEY

LIBRARIES, MUSEUM AND ARTS
ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN
(Publications and Display)

AP 3 + (Post No. 2861)

Salary Scale : £5,220 to £5,820 plus £312 supplement

The successful candidate will be responsible for designing and using publications, displays, exhibitions and other means to support full exploitation and promotion of the many services and facilities on all floors of the Palace/Park. Applicants should be qualified librarians and/or hold the DipAD or equivalent and should have experience in one or more of the following : exhibitions and display work, design, layout, typography, audio-visual aids, photography.

Rebates for an application form in working units. Please, to the Recruitment Section (Ref. 2861), Personnel Department, Sheffield City Polytechnic (Dept. TLS), Heritage House, Trafalgar Square, Shemfield S1 2SB. Closing date for completed applications is 6th October, 1978.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL COLLEGE

Keeping a LIBRARY ASSISTANT busy. Salary £3,420 plus £312 supplement (inc. London Weighting). Post suitable for school leaver with good clerical qualifications and common sense or for graduate. Some typing. Applications, with two referees, to Medical College, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, West Smithfield, London EC1A 7BE, by 6th October.

SHEFFIELD CITY POLYTECHNIC

LIBRARY SERVICES

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN
(Publications and Display)

AP 3 + (Post No. 2861)

Salary Scale : £5,220 to £5,820 plus £312 supplement

The successful candidate will be responsible for designing and using publications, displays, exhibitions and other means to support full exploitation and promotion of the many services and facilities on all floors of the Polytechnic/Park. Applicants should be qualified librarians and/or hold the DipAD or equivalent and should have experience in one or more of the following : exhibitions and display work, design, layout, typography, audio-visual aids, photography.

Rebates for an application form in working units. Please, to the Recruitment Section (Ref. 2861), Personnel Department, Sheffield City Polytechnic (Dept. TLS), Heritage House, Trafalgar Square, Sheffield S1 2SB. Closing date for completed applications is 6th October, 1978.

PRESTON POLYTECHNIC

HIGHLY COMMENDED

Promotory ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN required at the Chorley Campus of the Library Service to assist in reference collection of audio-visual materials. Salary on APT&C scale reviewed to June 1978.

Starting salary APT 3+ £3,711 to £4,356 plus supplement of £312 per annum.

37½ hour, 5-day week. Post superannuable.

Further details and application forms from Staffing Officer, Preston Polytechnic, Corporation Street, Preston PR1 2TQ.

Closing date : 6th October, 1978.

ARCHIVE
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